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THE

STRANGER IN AMERICA;

OR,

LETTERS

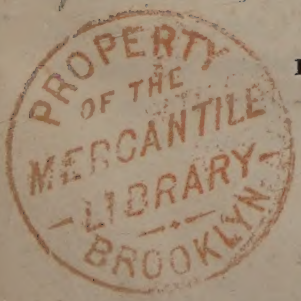
TO

A GENTLEMAN IN GERMANY:

COMPRISING SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS, SOCIETY, AND NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY

FRANCIS LIEBER.



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TO

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

Sir,

In dedicating the following pages to you, I know that I have but acted in accordance with the view of the author, which in this case entirely coincides with my own. Whether, in doing so, we meet your wishes is another question: but it seemed so formal, to ask your permission to dedicate so trifling a work to you, and this previous permission appears so decidedly to counteract the intended courtesy of a dedication, that I preferred to grace this volume with your name without your consent obtained beforehand. However you may differ from some opinions stated in the work, I beg you to accept its dedication to you, as a token of admiration, which the author and his editor feel for the productions with which you have enriched the literature of two great nations. The token, I am aware, is very disproportionate to the meaning it is intended to convey, but may not even indistinct characters express a glowing sentence?

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Francis Lieber.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1834.

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

So you wish me, my dear friend, to write a whole "series of letters." Why, you seem to have studied with the Franciscans, with whom "begging boldly" is *constitutional.* "*Vadatis pro eleemosyna confidenter,*"* says their founder and saint in the constitution of the order. And on what shall I write? On the United States? You give me a subject as vast as their territory, and surely you do not wish a series of letters running through six volumes as big and heavy as a novel of old! Besides a book of that size would be quite out of season. Nowadays every thing, even commentaries on a code, must be twelve-moed out to the public. Nay, this diminutive size is too troublesome for many, may I say for most, people? They require their intellectual dishes to be chopped and minced into a newspaper pie. "Sir," said an old and thoroughly experienced editor lately to me, "an article, calculated for being read, ought never to exceed half a column," and he knows the palate of the public as well as any man in the meat or fruit market. Were I to write a history of modern civilization, I should follow the most philosophical rule, by making

* "Go and beg boldly."—Editor.

my division into periods according to striking manifestations of powerful and characteristic principles. I would call one of the great divisions the period of folios; the time when controversialists knew of no more poisonous arrow to bury in the heart of their opponent, than to remind him that he had written but a quarto! See D'Israeli's Curiosities, where he speaks of Nominalists. This huge folio age might go down to Cartesius or thereabouts.* Whatever was the subject, folio was the requisite form. Next is the epoch of quartos and the dawn of newspapers—small and single leaves, half of the first page occupied by a quaint title in letters phantastically ornamented. The discovery of a new world and the news of all the wonders successively appearing to the European there, were given to astounded mankind in little diminutive sheets, true "flying leaves,"† not so large as now the smallest handbill which informs you of a pocket having been picked or a colt having leaped the fence. Next, comes the period of octavos; newspapers grow rapidly, so does the quantity of books. It is succeeded by the age of twelve-mos (as the booksellers classically call duodeci-

* Though our author seems to take the whole in joke, there is much scope for reflection in his remark; and not only is the size of books characteristic of an age, but also, and, perhaps in a still greater degree, their price. But a few centuries ago, a breviary would be left to one heir as an equivalent for all the other personal property, even of considerable value, bequeathed to another. At present, we have Penny Magazines, Cyclopædias, Gazetteers, &c., accessible by the meanest. Knowledge, whilst soaring, on the one hand, to the highest regions, and expanding with increasing vigor in all directions, has, on the other hand, followed the general tendency of our age, that of *popularization*, while, at first, it greatly co-operated in bringing it about. It is of no use to speak of "penny literature" with the sneer of learned aristocracy. The cheap catechisms which contain the simplest and most important principles of Christianity, belong to the "penny literature;" and complaints, too, were raised in early times against the Christian religion, on account of its having no mystery for an initiated few.—EDITOR.

† The bookbinders call fly-leaves the blank-leaves between the printed pages of a book and its cover.—EDITOR.

mos;) newspapers expand with the quickness of a new-born butterfly, and stretch from the tree of knowledge like far-reaching palm-leaves, to overshadow civilization, which grows beneath; and, at length, we arrive at our own time; books have shrunk to 24mos, (yes, my friend, encyclopædias have been issued in 48mos,) and newspapers have grown so large that Dido would have made a better bargain than she did, had she asked for her colony as much land as can be covered by a London Extra Times, or a handbill of an American menagerie. I have lately seen one of eleven feet by nine and a half, and well executed, too.* A German philosopher might develop some profound reasonings on this peculiar diminution on the one side and growth on the other. There must be some mysterious principle in this tendency to the inverse ratio. Formerly, knowledge was hidden in deep and inaccessible wells, or it ran in contracted but deep channels; now literature often flows, like shallow water, over a whole country, sometimes irrigating, sometimes inundating, sometimes choking the germs of noble plants by the steril sand which it deposites. In olden times, folios and quartos were often written on the most trifling things; now loquacious editors tell us of a big pumpion, a large turnip, a monstrous cabbage, or of an excellent hat in that store, and good confectionary in another, (which smacks of tasting it.) Of kings and princes other people tell us of their every step, and of every breath they draw. The emperor of China manages this matter the best; he has his biographer close at his heels, who notes down every trifle of his majesty's life. Editors do all this for themselves, they are their own historiographers; make us participate in all their personal difficulties and quarrels, or tell us that they went a few days ago to such a place and found the dinner abundant, &c.

* This must have reference to the enormous handbills (whose size is perfectly incompatible with their name) of June, Titus, Angevine, & Co., nearly as large as the elephant they advertise.—Editor.

Ecco a fair specimen of what you have to expect in letters of mine—excursions to the right and left, adhering to the subject like a member of congress. I am in ordinary accustomed to such dead ahead scribbling, that in my letters I must be permitted to tack about after the manner of Commodore Trunnion, and to get at my point as besiegers do—in a zigzag. Do you agree to this? I lay down my pen; draw up your spectacles and weigh the matter well. It must be a treaty as solemn as the *paix d'auberge* between Yorick and the Piedmontese lady, clearly defined, well understood, and strictly observed. You say, yes? you will not grumble and scold, if I sometimes leap about like a chamois in its mountains; or would the comparison with the noisy grasshopper be more in keeping? You say, yes? Very well, then I return to my first subjest: on what shall I write? It is easy to take a passage in Liverpool for New-York, to enjoy the aromatic rolls at breakfast, to go about and philosophize on every handbill, generalize every straw, explain every push you may get in a bustling street by the elementary principles of the government under which the society around you lives; to deliver letters of recommendation and see how they operate, to talk about jolting stages and chewing passengers, to meditate on a baby and a hog, to deplore the want of wigs on the bench,† or pronounce a

† We think the author must here have in his eye Captain Basil Hall, who, in his Travels in North America, raises a lament for the United States because the judges of this country have cast off their wigs. Every one to his taste! But what must have been the captain's feelings when the papers of his country informed him that the whig chancellor appeared in the house of lords with a wig of considerably smaller size, and *horribile dictu*—when he read that the Bishop of Carlisle appeared in his place in the house of lords without a wig, and *magis horribile dictu*—when he found, after a short time, that the Bishop of Oxford had followed the example of his right reverend brother of Carlisle? Thou too, Brutus! Orthodox Oxford!

Before we had become acquainted with Captain Hall's Travels, we read in the biography of Jovellanos, that he was the first Spanish judge who attempted to appear without a wig, and that it required the whole support of the

wise opinion on the number of copies of the fathers of the church in the United States, or sweepingly to declare all New England to be inhabited by wretches prostrated before Mammon, their only god; it is easy (I now speak of the

premier, Count Aranda, to carry this innovation. We smiled, we laughed at the strong predilections of mankind, at the tenacity with which we cling to errors, follies, evils, sins, hugging them as our dearest blessings, but now we are better informed, we believe Jovellanos a demagogue, and his opponents sound politicians. They, with Hall and all who believe the British empire would crumble to pieces the very moment when no wig should be seen on the woolsack, have, undoubtedly, studied Lichtenberg's Physiognomy of Cues, in which that distinguished writer not only proves the great importance of cues to the general welfare of mankind, but also shows how closely connected their form, twist and bend, are with the dispositions, views, and desires of the wearer. The work is embellished with engravings representing the most important cues; it was written at the time, when, with innovations of all kinds, the cutting off of cues, spread from France eastward. A continuation of this instructive work ought speedily to be written, and who would do it better than the author of the above mentioned travels? To say the truth, we have stopped sometimes at the windows of the hairdressers near the learned inns in London, and silently meditated on the variety, beauty, utility, and superior importance of the wigs in *la haute politique*. There was the short and closely trimmed covering of a counsellor's vertex, the weightier one to cover the weightier head of the judge; the flapping periwig of the chancellor, like a lion's mane, and,—what is not surpassed in venerable beauty,—a bishop's wig! Shall all this splendor pass away? Shall nothing remain with us but naked prose? Shall life be stripped of all its characteristic ornaments, on which the poet may seize, by taking the sign for the thing? Shall we be obliged to see all heads in hideous democratic nudity? Shall the portrait of a Turenne soon stand before us as a beauty unattainable, yet admired, an Apollo of times gone by? Did not Frederic the Great conquer with the long spiral cues of his grenadiers? Has Napoleon not won his victories with the short stout cues of his guards? Has Eugene not won his battles with flowing locks, slightly tied together? Did Marlborough expect assistance from Mars, with a head shorn like a sheep in June? If the Romans have conquered the world trimmed like blackguards, what is it to us; they were heathens, and we are Christians. If Magna Charta was extorted by unpowdered heads, it is by well-wigged ones that it was expounded, developed, and applied. Can you imagine Blackstone or Mansfield looking differently than a weasel peeping out of a haystack? It is blasphemy to imagine them for a moment clipped and stripped of their exalted costume! Honor for ever to the wig!—
EDITOR.

most refined and exalted traveller that ever visited this country, a reverend gentleman,) to crowd a book with statements, which, to name them by their only befitting name, would require three little letters not very frequently used among gentlemen, though of great import; or to tell us of foreigners in this country placed by the Yankees as outposts before their private fortresses, in order to examine visiters before they are allowed to approach the autochthones themselves, (pooh! what an ass a man must be to use such a simile, which has no sense, to imagine the possibility of such an absurdity, or to believe others so brainless as to give credit to this clumsy story;) it is very easy to make a trip of six weeks through the country and yet write a quarto volume, like the clever author who described a journey round his table, but to speak sensibly of a people and their institutions, to let the "guessing" and the chewing for a moment rest, and occupy ourselves with matters of substantial value, to treat them merely with becoming attention and not in a flimsy flippant way, calculated to catch the many, not to gain the thinking, is, I say by no means impossible, yet not very easy. It requires thinking, patience, a manly calmness, and some pains—requisites not as often met with as the extraordinary faculty enjoyed by some, who can throw off a book as readily as the deer throws off yearly its antlers. Such travellers resemble inexperienced youths, to whom every thing is new, every thing important; to whom every thing affords the delightful pleasure of proving to themselves and the world their great sagacity by connecting every trifle with deep, hidden motives, first discovered by their own sharp-sightedness. They have not that experience which leads us to look at the essence of things, and to expect less variety in the ground-plan and springs of human affairs than their superficial appearance would induce the staring novelty-hunter to expect.

Two kinds of silly travellers (I do not speak, you will observe, of all the travellers who have written on this country; very excellent men indeed have been amongst them) are,

from time to time, thrown on our shore, almost periodically like the eruptions of the Geysers on Iceland. The one class arrives here with a ready made opinion against the country they have yet to see, and a very high one in favor of themselves. They have not formed their opinion after a careful examination of all the necessary data, but, because this opinion suits them, or, because they start from a preconceived idea, vulgarly called prejudice. Whatever they are or may have been, students of mankind or not, whether they have read or seen much or little, as soon as they set foot on this shore, they are suddenly initiated into all branches of human industry and knowledge, know the principles of all occupations, and are judges of all sciences, all arts, and all institutions. But one art which they have never endeavored to learn and practise is to take things as they are. A gentleman has been an officer in the army and has written a novel—two very good things; he arrives here, and forthwith begins; he speaks, now in a flippant, now in a dogmatic style, in one breath, about every thing that comes under his eye, and very many that do not come within the horizon of his vision—about science, arts, politics, trades, commerce, statistics, society, education, industry, history, laws, canals, railroads, scenery, agriculture, cookery, navigation, horses, morals, prisons, pauperism, about every thing on, above, and under the earth; he is an adept in every subject cognizable by man. A *polyhistor* like Leibnitz would be but a schoolboy compared to a traveller of this kind. You know me, my dear friend, too well to suspect me of criticizing others merely because they criticize the United States. Nothing is farther from me; do I always praise this country? If a man prefer a monarchy to a republic, why not; let him state his reasons, and try to make out his case by taking the Americans as an example. One of my best friends in Rome was a Dominican, and with more than one royalist I am on terms of intimacy. Let me but see sincerity, the wish to arrive at truth and readiness to acknowledge it, and I am satisfied. I am, indeed,

not one of those who believe that every institution here is incomprehensible to all human beings except the natives of this country. The institutions of the United States are the work of man, and can be understood by men, if they are founded in reason; but the action of a cotton spinning machine cannot be comprehended in half an hour by one previously unacquainted with it, nor a nation with all its various aspects within a day. I love spirited animadversion dearly, but let it be spirited, and not a bubble of vanity, and above all, let it abstain from positive falsehoods with which the reverend tourist has seen fit to grace every page of his classical production.

The other kind of travellers arrives with an opinion equally ready, but enthusiastically in favor of the country. They expect—heaven knows what. The most phantastic illusions fill their brains. They believe to find at every corner at least one Aristides, on every farm a Cincinnatus, and every street sweeper with silk ribands *coleur de rose*, flowing from his liberty cap, which he would be as far from doffing before Gessler's hat on the pole, as was William Tell. When I was in Liverpool, I visited, with a friend of mine and another young man, a self-deceiver of this kind, the packet which was to carry me the next day to this shore. The first thing we happened to see on board of this noble and elegant vessel, was an old hat belonging, perhaps, to the "doctor."* "What," exclaimed my friend, apparently surprised, "an old hat in youthful America!" I thought it a good hit, but it had no effect on the enthusiast; he continued to believe that heroes and matchless citizens were stalking about here arm in arm with pure philanthropists and never-sullied politicians. He crossed the Atlantic, and what was the consequence, I need not say. I undertake to foretell of every European arriving here, what he will think and say of this country a year hence, if he will fairly tell me at the time

* It is a strange, yet quite general custom with American and English sailors to call the cook, especially when a black man, "the doctor."—Editor.

what he expects to find. I have done it often, and never failed.

With me it was different. I came here expecting little, because I expected little from man. I had lived in many countries and in a great variety of situations; I had already learned to sail when occasion required it, with a jury-mast on the wide sea of life, nor was its daily treadmill altogether unknown to me. Experience and reality had already forced upon me, young as I was, that patient shoulder-shrugging way of regarding matters and things, which, bitter as it may be, no thinking man, whose lot it is to see mankind through the microscope, can help arriving at. Recollect what men of all ages have said, from Solomon down to the last sage. I think, then, that I took things a little more as they are than many others do; and this may be the cause of my having arrived at different conclusions. I found that the Americans have their good and bad points of character. I have won friends among them, whom I shall dearly love wherever I may be, even among the proscribed New Englanders. Their country I have found wanting in many interesting things and abounding in others. It is true, here is no gallery of pictures or great collection of statues to delight your friend, whom you know to have spent days and days in the Vatican, feeding his soul upon those realized perfections, which nature seems continually to strive for, but which to conceive is left to the human mind. Suppose, however, I were obliged to live in a European provincial town, what should I have there? Say, what has a man who lives in Manchester or Breslaw? I find that people often compare America with *Europe*, when they mean London, Paris, or Rome.

The great interest of this country lies in its institutions. There the observer of society and student of mankind finds enough with which to occupy himself. You may observe at once, in this country, some of the boldest applications of principles, the most recently developed, and the first manifestations, the first pulsations, so to speak, of those

drinciples of life which lie at the bottom of every political society. You may see in the farthest west, beyond the boundaries of organized society, the incipient stages of political relations, of law and justice laid bare, as if prepared for the student of history, and of the gradual development of man as a member of political society. Perhaps all this would become clearer to you, should I write you about the *regulators* and the manner in which communities, beyond the limits of established law, meet the imperious necessity of dealing out justice; of this kind was one of the most interesting cases that ever came to my knowledge, when, lately, the assembled men of a district, arrested, tried, and executed a murderer. By what right?—By the right to punish crime, natural, indispensable and inalienable to every society, and growing out of the necessity, both physical and moral, of punishment.

The United States form a republic of thirteen millions of inhabitants, founded on broader principles of liberty, than any former political society. This is a fact, and is it not interesting to study how so great a fact came to pass? But you will agree that, with a subject matter of this kind, institutions and their operations must be studied, which is what most travellers are not very willing to do. My habits and occupations have afforded me the opportunity of collecting more materials in regard to the United States than, perhaps, ever a native of a foreign country had either the disposition or opportunity to collect, whilst my long residence here, together with some additional causes, have rendered me intimately acquainted with the whole social life of the Americans. I can say, in this respect, of them what Byron said of his acquaintance with the Italians.

If, then, you do not think me quite destitute of skill and a habit of observation, you may possibly, as you in fact intimate in your letter, consider me, in some measure, qualified to give a correct picture of this, at least, interesting country. But I could not do it, even if so many travellers had not given me a distaste for this kind of authorship. I dislike

the idea of being classed among the travellers by profession. They are, besides the Bedouins, the most dangerous class of people to deal with, and I no longer permit one of them to approach me with his pencil unsheathed. "Lay down your arms," I cry, "come like an honest man, but no stabbing in the back, and you are welcome; don't drink my wine, and go many thousand miles off and say you drank cider; and put things into my mouth which never dropped from my lips."

Yet I might give a work, treating of the country, its institutions, and the true state of its civilization, without any gossip of the kind. This could be properly done only in a work similar to that of Goede on England;* and still deeper than that ought it to enter into all important matters. The time to do this has not yet come for me, and I dislike exceedingly to be half understood. A true and clear picture of the state of religion, theology, and church affairs, alone would require half a volume. If I say that theology, catholic and protestant, is at least a century behind the theology of Germany,— I speak here of the science as such, and of the *general* state only, because who does not know the distinguished merits of a Stuart in Andover,—that we meet with the same controversial views and limited philological knowledge, which existed with us at that time, my assertions would be immediately extended, and conclusions made, to which I should be very unwilling to subscribe. How would it be possible to treat thoroughly of law and jurisprudence in a short chapter? You may unqualifiedly praise or censure in very few words; I am not willing to do either; truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on subjects of this kind, requires a detailed investigation.

You must not then expect me to give you a connected account, claiming to show the United States like a well-dried plant laid out on the blotting paper of a herbarium. For my views on some single institutions, I must refer you to

* It has been translated into English.—Editor.

single works of mine. However, as I have just made a trip to Niagara, I will write, for you and our private circle, some letters on subjects as they may happen to occur to my mind in recalling the events of my journey. But do not forget two things; it is summer, and a summer in Philadelphia is no trifle—and you know that mercury and the human mind are like the two buckets in the well, when one is up the other is down. For several weeks we have been forcibly reminded of the situation of the three men in the fiery furnace; yes, I have thought that we shall stand in need of some such annealing place, in order to pass with safety from this heat into the cooler days of autumn. When the air we inhale is as hot as the steam in the *Stufe di Nerone*,* when from the bed which receives us, parched and arid, in the evening, after the trouble of falling asleep, we rise in the morning unrefreshed and unrestored to elasticity of mind, to drag ourselves through the same existence for the next twelve hours, which is rather a permission of breathing than a real life—you must not be surprised, should you find Dante's heavy, leaden mantle of mediocrity hanging round my mind. I am astonished that we do not all become beau-ideals of morality, since this heat ought to purify the basest metals.

Without ice we should undoubtedly melt, and it is fortunate that the active farmer of the north omits not to lay in a quantity during winter, and that the enterprising merchant of New England ships it in summer to the south, to the Carolinas, Georgia, New Orleans, and Havanna. By the way, have you seen in the papers, that an ice-merchant of Boston has sent a cargo of his goods to the East Indies? It arrived well-conditioned, and the captain of the vessel received a silver tankard with an appropriate inscription from

* This, it is hardly necessary to say, is an exaggeration. The baths of Nero, near Pozzuoli, are so hot that it is necessary to undress in order to approach their wells. Few travellers dare to follow the guide who is in the habit of fetching water from them, in order to boil eggs. We remember how scorchingly hot the air felt in the lungs when we visited the place, and succeeded in penetrating to the end with our guide.—Editor.

the governor at Calcutta. Other cargoes have followed. What an enterprise! Vasco did not dream of discovering the way for Kennebec and Boston ice to the "land of spices," when he doubled the Cape. Compare it to the paddling and creeping along the shores of the ancients, and yet Ulysses had his Homer. Some years ago, I remember, some ice arrived in London from Sweden, and the custom-house officers did not know what rate of duty to demand. They were as embarrassed as the officers here some years ago when a mummy arrived from Egypt. Was it a manufactured article? Did we want protection for our mummies? These were the important questions. Certainly it ought to pay duty. If salt pork pays duty, why not smoked emigrant? It was lucky that the spiced man, being accustomed to waiting, did not suffer from delay like the Swedish ice, which melted, and, before the decision had arrived what duty should be paid, the article which was to pay, had vanished, a situation similar to many law-cases.*

In addition to heat and other things, I have to plead want of time; I must steal an hour here and an hour there, and you cannot expect that spirit which a man may give to his writings, who has the whole twenty-four at his disposal, and may choose the time when his mind is the brightest—with myself, after I have taken that decoction which Voltaire could not obtain strong enough and Leibnitz not weak enough. I will write most piously, in the sense of Sterne: begin, and trust the rest to the gods, as many politicians do. I know not how many letters you will probably receive, for I cannot speak with the precision with which the author of the Fredoniad was able to sing:—

> "Songs thirty I have sung, yet ten remain,
> Crude, undigested, written in the brain."

* It is not a little characteristic of the enterprising turn of the Americans, that, while Bostonians send their ice to distant shores of Asia, a keeper of a menagerie sends an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope; to catch new and interesting animals. It has succeeded, and we have now here some of the rarest and most interesting animals.—Editor.

He knew how much his indigestion would allow him to produce. Have you seen the Fredoniad? All I knew of it for a long time was, that it was an absurd concoction not looked at by any one, until chance threw it into my hands at an auction. If he who makes us laugh be really our benefactor, this poet deserves a more flourishing wreath than Esculapius himself. How I have enjoyed this grand poem! It is hardly known now; and this is a pity, for it is eminently fitted to shake the diaphragm.

LETTER II.

A BALL ROOM the morning after the feast; the *giostra* after the bull-fight is over, and the people have left the place; a stage from which *tableaux vivans* have delighted gazing friends with their fairy-like charms, and upon which now falls from without the glare of every day reality, disenchanting green baize into green baize, and white gauze into white gauze, are sights which never failed to produce peculiar impressions upon me. I have stood on the evening of the 18th on the battle-field of Waterloo, when, as one of my company said, "the fun was o'er," and made my Hamlet contemplations, which forced themselves even on the mind of a lad; but nothing equals, I think, a morning after a closely contested election in a populous city. Rise early on the morning after and walk through the quiet streets. Walls and corners are yet covered with flaming hand-bills, witnesses and documents of the high-running excitement, which but yesterday seemed to roll like an agitated sea. You are told in large capitals that if the candidates of the other ticket are elected, the commonweal needs must perish; our liberty, happiness, national honor are lost: close by sticks another huge paper which declares, in equally measured terms, that the opposite side is composed of a set of Catilinas at least, a nest of designing demagogues, corrupt, sold, and panting for the people's money. They tell you that orphans and widows, whose money has been squandered away, call upon you to vote against the opposite candidate; they warn you to look well

at your ticket before you throw it into the ballot box, because spurious ones have been circulated by their opponents, to whom all means appear fair.* Above these placards are others of a somewhat earlier date, calling upon the citizens of a certain party of such or such a ward to attend a meeting, where election business of great importance will be transacted, and the chair be occupied by some old revolutionary crony, for they have their Marathon-men (may not μαραθωνομαχοι thus be translated analogous to Waterloo-men?) here as well as the Greeks had, and wherever an old honest revolutionary soldier can be hunted up, he is sure to be used for the chair of some meeting or other.† It is na-

* Elections in New England are much calmer than those described by the author; indeed, they are, of all elections we have seen, both in Europe or America, by far the most orderly. Without popular elections, we mean elections by large bodies, whoever may compose them, no true representation is possible, and wherever popular elections are, there will be at the time of the election excitement, yet, as is also our author's opinion, much more in appearance than in reality. It is like the agitation of the atmosphere, necessary from time to time, in order to clear it. We may add, however, that of all elections we ever have seen in the United States, nothing is to be compared to a well-contested English election in a large place; for example, a Westminster election. The excitement, the overbearing rudeness displayed by the populace, and the knowledge of the immense system of bribing which is carried on in an English election, render it one of the most interesting spectacles to the observer.—Editor.

† The battle of Marathon was, as may be imagined, a subject of peculiar pride with the Athenians, and the glory of the heroes of Marathon, (μαραθωνομαχοι or Marathon-warriors,) was ever in the mouth of their orators; so that, at last, it degenerated into the ridiculous, as is often the course of similar things. The sweetest airs of Mozart have been so mercilessly hackneyed by street organs, that we run as soon as we hear the tune.

Lucian, in *Rhetorum Præc.* c. 18, makes a teacher of elecution impress his pupil with the importance of never forgetting Marathon, however alien to the subject. "If you speak," he says, "at Athens of an adulterer, relate what was done with the Indians and in Ecbatana; but before all, mention Marathon, and Cynegirus, without which it will not do. Let always vessels pass through the Athos, and soldiers tread upon the Hellespont; let the sun be darkened by the Persian arrows, let Xerxes flee, and Leonidas be admired, the inscription of Othryades be read, and sound the names of Salamis and Artemisium and Platæa often and close together."—Editor.

tural; how could it be otherwise? They are, in one respect, more than Marathon-men, because they did not only defend liberty but conquered independence, and the rarer an article, the higher the price. Carroll of Carrolton, for a long time the last surviving signer, received more honor than many others together, who were more active in the sacred business of declaring independence; and the farther we recede from the time of our "blessed revolution," and the rarer "revolutionary soldiers" become, the more they are sought for. I think there may be a time when people will run after me to see one of the last Waterloo-men, as my brother used to say that he had no doubt but his face, marked by the small-pox, would become in time so great a rarity that people would take it for a beauty. But to return to our election.

A noise is made before every election, proportionate (or rather disproportionate) to its importance, from that of the president down to a constable; sometimes the uninitiated would think the whole country in a dangerous fever; new papers are established, if the importance of the election warrant it, pamphlets circulated, articles written, letters published, handbills printed, "sumptuous" dinners got up, meetings held, correspondence with committees of the same party kept up, whole districts deluged with printed speeches and political publications, all of which is expensive, and yet supported by contribution without coercion. And in order to arrive at the true statement of the expense of a government with elective representatives, I think that allowance for the expense of electing should be made, since it cannot be avoided, is inherent in the nature of this kind of government, and is paid after all by the nation; though I allow it is a tax which falls solely on the wealthy. Yet do not believe that our elections are at all as expensive as the English; nothing like it; nor is the kind of expense the same. Positive bribes are not known with us, and the candidate himself has no expenses to incur.*

* Our expenses, indeed, sound hardly worth mentioning, when we read in English papers of instances as the following:—"Mr. Fuller stood success-

The morning after the election all is quiet, the sea is calm as if a heavy rain had fallen upon it. There hang the staring handbills with their enormous imputations and caricature exaggerations, now lifeless, tasteless, and without any farther effect or use than haply to point a moral. Soon after the rains of heaven wash down these traces of man's passion. In Paris some old woman would scrape them down, and soon placards of all parties would be mashed in one vat, peaceably to combine in the formation of a new sheet, destined perhaps to the same fate.

These periodical excitements lead to curious considerations. Is it not strange that year after year the same thing is acted over, and year after year brings the same bustle, noise, and clamor? That man never seems to gain in experience? That again and again excitement rises to a high pitch, though we know, to-morrow it will appear like labor lost. But, pray, do not misunderstand me, as if I were desirous for political apathy; nothing is worse in a free country than a lifeless disregard of its politics; I would prefer even an undue excitement. Ambition, bad as it often is, is far better than supercilious disdain of the politics of one's own country; one thing only is worse than both—greediness for money in politics. Wherever this corruption is found, the commonwealth is irretrievably lost. Rome and France afford the proofs. I censure only that party spirit, which makes unjust assertions, and that clamor which knows its assertions not to be true. And how often—though I willingly allow by no means always—is it a trifle, a bubble, a mere nothing, that consumes so much activity, and energy, and leads to such doubtful views of political morality! You see, man is man every where; the same spirit, though in another form, is observed at courts, among sects, in families, with schoolboys, scholars, and artists. Oh, the tabourets, the tabourets

fully a severely-contested election with Colonel Sergisson, which lasted sixteen days, and cost the former 20,000*l.*, in addition to a subscription purse of 30,000*l.* made by the county. The expenses incurred by Mr. Sergisson were, we believe, equally heavy."—Editor.

of Retz!* The "Our Father," and "Father of us," of the Calvinists and Lutherans!† The blue and green caps! The white and red roses! The Nominalists and the Realists! The big-endians and little-endians, who are indeed no caricatures, at least, no fictitious caricatures. Who has not seen them acted in real life? But a few years ago, one part of a congregation, in a considerable town of New England, was for the erection of a stove in their meeting-house, whilst the rest strenuously opposed the measure; and stovites and anti-

* The author must refer to a passage in the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz. It is so amusing throughout, particularly to us republicans, that we consider ourselves justified in giving a translation. On page 23, vol. ii., of the Geneva edition of 1752, the Cardinal says: "The prince had engaged to cause the *tabouret* (a chair, without back, on which certain privileged ladies were allowed to seat themselves in the presence of the court) to be given to the Countess de Foix; and the cardinal, (Mazarin,) who was much opposed to it, excited all the youths of the court to oppose all *tabourets* which were not founded upon brevets. The prince, who suddenly saw opposed to him the nobility of the court, at the head of which the Marshal L'Hospital had placed himself, was not willing to cause public excitement against himself for interests which where indifferent to him, and he thought it enough to do for the house of Foix, if he upset the *tabourets* of the other privileged houses. That of the house of Rohan was the first of the number; and imagine how unpleasant a shock of this nature must have been to the ladies of this name! They received the news on the same evening, when the Duchess de Guimené returned from Anjou. Ladies de Chevreuse, de Rohan, and de Monbazon, repaired the next morning to her. They pretended that the affront offered to them was only to take vengeance against the Fronde, (the party to which the Cardinal de Retz belonged.) We concluded upon a counter-party among the nobility for the support of the *tabouret* of the house de Rohan. Mademoiselle de Chevreuse was much pleased that she had thus been distinguished from the house of Lorraine; but the consideration of her mother was the reason that she did not dare to contradict general feeling. It was proposed to try to shake the prince, before it should come to an open rupture; I undertook the mission, and went the same evening; my pretext was my relationship with the house de Guimené. The prince, who understood me before I had ended, said, 'You are a good relative; it is right to satisfy you. I promise you that I shall not oppose the *tabouret* of the house of Rohan.'"—EDITOR.

† Luther had translated the beginning of the Lord's Prayer by "*Father of us*," (analogous to the Greek original,) Calvin, however, by "*Our Father*," and this difference was insisted upon with great pertinacity in the controversies and contests of the two sects in Germany.—EDITOR.

stovites allowed themselves to be carried to a degree of excitement unexampled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In former times, it would have led to bloodshed, and put a whole province in fire. I once found the inhabitants of a small town in England in great agitation, because the rector's wife had appeared in church with a fashionable hat from London; half of the female inhabitants sided with her, half were against her. A goose is a goose, and a monkey a monkey; an ass is an ass, and a tiger a tiger, but a man—I do not know what he is, certainly not a man. Would you believe that, in 1830, a man was killed at an election in Nova Scotia? What a tremendous tornado in a tea-kettle! Losing a life in a Nova Scotia election! This is carrying the fun too far, particularly for one of the party, though, according to Pierquin, dying is a "delicious, nay, voluptuous sensation," and no greater inducement to crime can be held out, than the sweet tickling of a guillotine,* or the smiling little abbreviation: *Susp. per. col.*

Again, it is remarkable what excited language is used by the papers and public speakers in these times of political contest, whilst every body knows that not half of it is meant in reality. It reminds me of a picture which I found in one of my pedestrian journeys, in a Silesian tavern. It represented a fellow with a knowing face, and, as spoken by him, were written the words: "Who knows whether it is true!" thus throwing a serious doubt over every thing that was said by the garrulous guests of the inn. I happen to know here three families, in each of which there are two brothers, directly opposed in politics, and manifesting their political opinions in public and very decided speeches; some of their sons are for, some against the father; yet they stand on the most amicable footing with each other. On the whole, I like this much. I believe that nowhere else do men allow,

* Pierquin, in his work De la Peine de Mort, thinks to prove that, as the author states, dying is a voluptuous pleasure and that capital punishment is an incongruity since torture has been abolished, if it be the intention of the legislators to inflict pain, and deter by it.—Editor.

with so much good humor, every one to have and follow his political opinion. You may see senators and representatives in Washington fighting deadly battles, and an hour later, walking and joking together. Not that this always indicates that all their political course flows from interest, and not from conviction; I have seen instances where no such suspicion can exist. No, it is because people here have always been accustomed to acknowledge in every one the right politically to act as he thinks best. It is a manly quality which I love to see, as long as there is no real political crime imputed. But in the newspapers all, of course, wears a heightened aspect; there every thing is rouged to the utmost.

We must be fair, however, and consider that all language, if used out of the narrowest circle of our family or long-tried friends, is exaggerated, and that not in politics alone. Is not our language in social and polite intercourse equally exaggerated? "I am extremely happy to see you," "your most obedient servant;" is this not language equally overcharged with any newspaper article, for or against a candidate?*

* We think all exaggerations of this kind find their beau ideal in the letter which Ibrahim-Pacha of Egypt wrote to the sultan in 1832, after having beaten him soundly, and exacted a peace on conditions sufficiently onorous for the sultan. There is such insolence in this oriental civility of a successful rebel to his master, that we cannot help inserting it here. Ibrahim thanks the sultan for the investiture of the government of Adana:—

"My sublime, magnanimous, awe-inspiring, mighty, great Sovereign, our benefactor, the benefactor of mankind.

"May God grant to your Sublimity a life without end, and make the august shadow of your Sublimity a protection for all men, and especially for my humble head.

"Your inexhaustible goodness has induced you, most gracious Sovereign, to grant me the government of Adana as mahassilik (in farm.)

"Animated by this new favour of your Sublimity, the duration of my frail existence shall be wholly devoted to praying to God for the prolongation of your life and reign. As my heart is pervaded by a feeling of happiness, I entertain (God is my witness) no wish but to act so as to obtain the gracious approbation of your Sublimity, and to find occasion to devote myself to your service. For the purpose of expressing my gratitude to your Sublimity, and

The comparison could be carried through many branches, and it must be, therefore, borne in mind, particularly by people abroad, who wish to judge of the political state of a country by its papers and other publications, that much of all the violence and contest exists on the paper alone; there it remains and there it dies. There was a man, at the beginning of the French revolution, who edited two newspapers at the same time; one for the popular party, one for the king, and both in violent language. I do not mean to say that he is a fair specimen of all editors and public orators, but most of them have a passion which they can pull out like the stops of an organ. Promises, proclaimed by monarchs when they assume the sceptre, are not the only things which are to be taken as words of course, though, I confess, I think editors might be a little more civil with each other, since the sultan has given them a good example in prohibiting, as early as 1830, by a regular fetwa, the calling of Christians, Christian dogs.

Thirdly, those very bills on the corners of the street, and the perfect, good-humored calmness as soon as the contest is over, show that the Americans, the least excitable nation* I know of, are eminently qualified for a government of law. It is my full conviction, founded upon the little knowledge of history I have, and on constant and close observation, that there never was a nation so fitted for it, in ancient or modern times, so calculated to solve a number of difficult political problems, as the Americans, descending as they do from that noble nation to which mankind owes nearly all those great ideas, the realization of which forms the aim of all the political struggles on the European continent, and

to express my most humble thanks, I venture to lay this humble petition at the foot of the throne of the sublime, magnanimous, awe-inspiring, mighty, great padishah, our august sovereign and benefactor, the benefactor of all men."

This letter was written by Ibrahim-Pacha with his own hand, and sealed with his seal.—Editor.

* Hence there is little of what is called *fun* in America.—Editor.

which the historian will single out as the leading and characteristic political features of the present age—namely, elective representation, two houses, an independent judiciary, liberty of the press, responsibility of ministers, a law standing above the highest ruler even if a monarch, and a proper independence of the minor communities in the state—that great nation which alone sends along with its colonies a germ of independent life and principle of self-action, (rendering the gradual unfolding of their own, peculiar law, possible,) and above all, that nation which first of all elevated itself to the great idea of a lawful opposition.* Descending, as the Americans do, from this nation, which seems to have civil liberty in its bones and marrow, and situated as they are, in a boundless country, allowing scope to the bold-

* Reading over my letter, I will hastily add, here on the margin, a few ideas of mine on opposition. Do you recollect that about eight years ago a member of parliament, I forget his name, used in the house the expression, "His Majesty's opposition." Now, this sounded very ridiculous, but there was a deep sense in this apparent paradox. Opposition is an ingredient part of a free government. The minister cannot act without—but the scanty paper will not allow me to say all I should wish to say. Only thus much will I add. A systematic and lawful opposition shows a high state of political development, and if the future historian knew nothing of the English but that they first elevated themselves to this idea, he would conclude that it must have been a nation in a very high stage of political advancement. The Turks formerly did not even know of such a thing as the mere official discharge of a minister; he was turned out of office and life at the same time. Now they have arrived at this stage of civilization, yet the minister is banished. In France the discharge of a minister was formerly called disgrace. There was always the idea of something personal between the monarch and the minister connected with the dismissal of the latter. In Spain a minister receives his discharge and banishment from the capital at the same time. In England, and now also in France, when a minister is discharged, he goes quietly to the house, and, in all probability, takes his seat with the opposition. No one dreams of conspiracies and revolutions. The monarch even has been known to have a personal liking for a minister, and to show it after his removal from office.—So much greater is moral security than physical. In Asia every dismissed vizier is supposed to meditate rebellion, he must die; in Europe a monarch is dethroned and allowed peaceably to make his exit. Antiquity never elevated itself to the idea of a lawful and organized opposition.

est enterprise without causing discontent and political *friction*, (which, in countries closely populated, cannot be avoided,)—at a great distance from Europe and all her intricate questions and diplomatic influences, yet blessed with the civilization of that part of the world by means of the all-uniting sea, over which they have thrown their flying bridges, the fleet messengers of the Atlantic, conductors and reconductors of civilization, and, in addition to all these advantages, possessed of their calm and sedate disposition—truly, if they are not made for a government in which the sway of the law alone is acknowledged, then tell me what nation is or was so? As a thousand things co-operated in ancient Greece to produce that unrivalled state of perfection in which we find the fine arts to have been there—a happy constellation of the most fortunate stars—so a thousand favorable circumstances concur in America, to make it possible that a far greater amount of liberty can be introduced into all the concerns of her political society than ever was possible before with any other nation, or will be at any future period, yet also requiring its sacrifices, as the fine arts with the Greeks required theirs.

The influence of this nation has been considerable already; it will be much more so yet in ages to come: political ideas will be developed here and have a decided effect on the whole European race, and, for aught I know, upon other races; but as the Grecian art has kindled the sense of the beautiful with many nations, but never could be equalled again (as a national affair,) so it is possible that political notions developed here and received by other nations, will have a sound influence only if in their new application they are modified to the given circumstance; for it is not in the power of any man or nation, to create all those circumstances, under the shade of which liberty reposes here. Politics is *civil* architecture, and a poor architect indeed is he who forgets three things in building: the place where the building is to be raised, the materials with which he has to build, and the object for which the structure is erected. If the

materials are Jews of Palestine and if the object of the fabric be to keep the people as separate from neighbors as possible, the architect would not obtain his end by a constitution similar to that of one of our new states.*

It was necessary for the Americans, in order to make them fit to solve certain political problems, which, until their solution here, were considered chimerical (take as an instance the keeping of this immense country without a garrison,) that they should descend from the English, should begin as persecuted colonists, severed from the mother country, and yet loving it with all their heart and all their soul; to have a continent, vast and fertile, and possessing those means of internal communication, which gave to Europe the great superiority over Asia and Africa; to be at such a distance from Europe, that she should appear as a map; to be mostly Protestants, and to settle in colonies with different charters, so that, when royal authority was put down, they were as so many independant states, and yet to be all of one metal, so that they never ceased morally to form one nation nor to feel as such.

You may say: "Strange, that an abuse of liberty, as this apparent or real party strife in election contests actually is, should lead you to the assertion that no nation is fitter for a government of law." Yet do I repeat it. How would it be with other nations? It would be *after* an election of this kind that the real trouble would only *begin*; we see an instance

* We know the author well, and are thoroughly acquainted with his political views. He is far from agreeing with those politicians who use the above argument in order to impede exertions for liberty among different nations, as if it were a mere aping of other people. On the contrary, it is his firm belief, that from the beginning of the middle ages the European race had always in common certain broad political principles, and that, at the present time, one of these is that of representative government. And we would ask the absolutists, who designate the desire among nations to profit by the example of others as mere aping, when there was ever a more "tedious uniformity" among European states than in the feudal times? All the author wished to express is, that his true love of liberty made him regard its essence as more important still than its form.—Editor.

in South America. Here, on the other hand, as soon as the election is over the contest is settled, and the citizen obeys the law. "Keep to the right, as the law directs," you will often find on sign-boards on bridges in this country. It expresses the authority which the law here possesses. I doubt very much whether the Romans, noted for their obedience to the law, held it in higher respect than the Americans.

A traveller who goes from the European continent to England is struck with the respect paid to the law in that country. I conversed once with an English stage-coachman on a certain law, which I thought very oppressive: "Yes, said he, but such is the law of the land." You might travel all over Austria and Prussia before a postillion would give you such an answer. He would say, in a similar case, "Yes, but they take good care that you do not get round them." If you go from England to the United States, you find that there the law is held in still higher respect. But to see the whole truth, to feel the full weight of what I say, it is necessary to see the law administered on minor occasions, to see riots quelled by citizens themselves sworn in for the occasion, to see banks and mints without sentinels, to travel thousands of miles and never meet with a uniform; and farther, to observe that what the law requires is here held honorable. No man looks upon a district attorney as upon a tool of government because he prosecutes in the name of the United States.

I was once with Messrs. ——— sent by their government to this country to inquire into our ———, in a Boston party. A gentleman of fine appearance attracted their attention; "who is he?" they asked. "The sheriff," I replied. "The sheriff?" said one of them: "is not the sheriff the officer who directs the infliction of capital punishment?" "He is," I answered. "And did he superintend the execution this morning?" "He did," was my answer. "And he here! *ma fois* that is rather too much!" exclaimed my friend, in whom, though a gentleman of clear mind, all the European prejudices against every person who has any

thing to do with the administering of capital punishments were excited; but reflection soon came to his aid, and he was struck with the rationality of this state of things. The more civilized a nation the fewer are the prejudices against professions and classes. In Spain, the business of the butcher, and even the business of the wine-merchant, is considered as dishonorable; in Germany, but a few years ago, the executioner had his own small table in the inn, and his own glass fastened by a string to the wall.—What was a merchant in France before the revolution? what a mechanic all over Europe in the beginning of the middle ages?

Speaking of the good traits of the Americans I may as well mention here, that they are ever ready to acknowledge and make use of ability come whence it may—a Jew, a Christian, a publican, a bricklayer, a man whom nobody knows whence he comes, will meet with encouraging acknowledgment of his capacity if he knows any thing which they consider worth knowing. Of course, in this you will not misunderstand me. I am not now speaking of the Americans in their more social relations. *Pour le reste* the Americans are no more angels than other people, nor am I blind, I trust, towards the deficiencies of this country or the faults of its inhabitants. I know that the criminal code of Delaware is a disgrace, consisting of laws which cold interest and cruelty combined to enact, and that the unfathomable mud of the capital has at immense expense been changed for impenetrable dust, arising in large clouds from a road, made under the very eye of government, and of stones, which it required gross ignorance to use for the building of a highway or street.

I visited yesterday our Eastern Penitentiary, the place where the only practical and essentially merciful and philosophical system of prison discipline, that which is founded on solitary confinement with labor, was first successfully begun and continued. You have read or may read my letters to ——— on this important subject. I hope he has been

able to found the criminal code which he is charged to draw up on this theory of discipline. A penal law, which only provides for the number of years of imprisonment that are to be awarded for a certain infringement of the laws, without strictly determining the kind and manner of this imprisonment, is much like a bill which would give you the prices in mere numbers without informing you to what units these numbers refer. The nature of the punishment ought to be accurately defined, unless we choose to leave it to the *discretion* of the judge, as the *Carolina* does in so many cases. As to that matter, the Spanish law, formerly in use in Louisiana, determined only the crimes for which capital punishment is to be inflicted, but leaves it to the judge whether the criminal shall suffer by "decapitation of the sword (for the statute, with great humanity, forbids the saw and the reaping hook,) or burning or hanging, or casting to be devoured by wild beasts;" very nice discretion indeed! and all this after confession had been squeezed out by appropriate means. (*Escudriñar la verdad* was the Spanish expression for getting at the truth by torture, or as it still is, for aught I know.) My motto for all penal justice is, *lex clemens, judex certus, pœna sapiens.** That practical sense in which the Americans, as I think, excel all other nations, has shown itself in nothing more than in their making the manner in which punishment shall be inflicted a matter of the penal law itself. But it is not my intention to read you a lecture on penitentiaries, my dear friend; I only intended to tell you a story.

When I was walking in the long corridor of one of the blocks of the prison, I heard two weavers, each in his lonely cell, evidently striving to outdo each other in the swiftness of their shuttles. My excellent friend the warden, seeing that I noticed the rivalship, told me that they were often observed running this race. Now this simple fact has in it something

* Mild laws, sure judges, wise punishments.—Editor.

unspeakably touching to me. Two men of active minds, to whom nothing of all this vast world remains but the narrow cell of their prison-house, and to neither of whom is left, of all the possible spheres of activity in which to engage, but a rivalship with his neighbor, of whom he knows not even the name or face, in the rapidity of his shuttle! They can perceive of each other actually nothing but the sound of this little instrument as it flies from one hand to the other, and this sound is sufficient to stimulate their ambition. Perhaps the mere mentioning of the fact here upon paper may not affect you as the actual sight of it did me; but to my mind there was certainly something indescribably painful in the emulation of these imprisoned hermits at their solitary loom. It affords one more illustration, of which daily life and history give so many, that man cannot deny his nature; it will show its original and deepest traits in situations where you expect it least. Vanity has broken forth on the guillotine; a mother's tenderness has shown itself in spite of certain ruin, the acknowledgment of superiority of mind in the black hole.

That principle, which God has planted deep in the human heart, in order to *propel* mankind, and without which all would stagnate—call it emulation, ambition, envy, pride, jealousy, what you will, it is originally the same,—the desire of separating ourselves by some distinction from the crowd, and of outstripping our neighbor—this *onward principle*, as it might be called, this original ingredient of the human soul, manifests itself in this case in a most striking manner. Two men who know nothing of each other, who are confined, and whose exertions will be applauded by no one, whose labors bring them no gain, and whose toiling is for the benefit of no favorite, but is immerged in the produce of other and less active; two men with whom no stimulus can operate that commonly incites to exertion, and who only know that both are weavers by the rattling of the busy shuttle, yet exert themselves to surpass each other in the only kind of

activity which affords them the possibility of rivalship! Here is a strong instance of that principle in our soul which gives life blood to society, and which, if not bridled, brings its ruin; here are Cesar and Pompey.

LETTER III.

"Why shall we go to Europe's bloody shores
To seek the herbs which grow before our own doors?"*

Quoth I, to a friend of mine, a Swiss, who pines for his towering Alps and their glowing summits, when the last rays of a setting sun slowly take their leave of the snow-capped peaks. "Let's go to Niagara, that seems to be no trifle, either, in its way." My friend smiled at the grandiloquent lines quoted above, which I found on a catalogue of herbs and medicines gathered and prepared by the Moravians of Bethlehem; there these good folks had put it as a sweetener for bitter draughts.

"Cosi all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di suave licor gli orli del vaso."†

The couplet at the beginning reminds one of a poor German peasant, lately crushed under a barn, and who was dragged from out the ruins with twenty-seven fractures; yet he was cured! Nil desperandum! So do not despair of the motto; it may, and, in all probability, does, stand at the head of very salutary preparations. Considering the immense and various mass of rhyming in the present time, from the foregoing distich to the poetry of King Louis, of Bavaria, one

* A true copy.—Editor.

† Thus we give physick to a sick child, by covering the brim of the vessel with sweet liquor. Tasso, canto i. iii.—Editor.

might almost wish that all mankind should decree as did once the constituent assembly in Paris: "*Que dorénavant on n'entendra plus à la barre de la convention que la raison en prose.*"*

My friend agreed; the day was fixed; the day arrived; he could not go, and—so I went by myself. Of a voyage round the world, the first half mile is always half the way. I have been many years in this country; every spring and every autumn I intended to go to the Falls, but always something or other prevented me. Once, I was on my way in the winter, but was called back. Now, something entirely alien, brought me, at last, to execute my long proposed jaunt. Animals which think themselves vastly superior to boar-hunting dogs, do, nevertheless, equally with these, require "barkers," or "finders," to stir and excite them to action.† Some stand in need of the barker to incite them, others require the little ass, which, in Lyons,

* In future, nothing shall be heard at the bar of the convention but reason in prose.—EDITOR.

† Boar-hunting, in several respects the most interesting hunting in Germany, requires two kinds of dogs—the finders or barkers, which find the boar and follow the animal, barking all the time, and *packer*, (from the German *packen*, to seize forcibly.) The latter are very strong and heavy dogs, bold enough to attack the boar, when they come up with him, and bring him to the ground. The animal often inflicts serious wounds upon them, by tearing their flesh with his tusks. The hunter always has, for this purpose, a thread and needle to sew up the wound, if possible. The boar tries to rip open the belly, and it is astonishing to see how serious wounds, when even part of the intestines protrude, are cured in this way. The hunter has besides a small instrument, with which he breaks open the jaws of the dogs, which are so furious in their attacks, that, if they have once obtained a hold on the boar, a cramp generally renders them incapable of opening their mouth. Boars are shot with balls and rifles, but, when wounded, or the sow, when she sees her young ones endangered, fearlessly attacks man. It is when the hunter uses his cutlass, places it in position, that the enraged boar runs it into his body; this requires much courage and is extremely dangerous. Wild boars will call together their tribe, as tame hogs do, and if a hunter has fled to a tree, it is not uncommon for these animals to uproot it with great perseverance, and bring down the hunter.—EDITOR.

is put before the horses merely to induce them to a steady pull.

Suppose me then on board a Delaware steamboat, leaving Philadelphia early in the morning. "Sir, do you go to New York?"—"Yes sir; why?"—"Please take these letters, and throw them into the post-office." I did not know the gentleman; I took the letters, at least five in number, and had no sooner opened my carpet bag to put them in, than letters rained in from all sides as if epistolary matter had broken loose from the clouds. The liberty which every one takes in this country, in asking you to carry letters, bundles, and, now and then, a bandbox, though very great, is what every one is equally ready to do for you, and so, on the whole, the matter neutralizes itself, and is rather a convenience. I believe, this is the only civilized country in which no law exists prohibiting private persons from carrying sealed letters. It would be considered a strange interference with private concerns if ever a law of this kind should be attempted here. The convenience of the public is the only object of posts; if the public find a more convenient way for themselves, let them make use of it. It is only forbidden to employ the regular means of conveyance in the carriage of letters, unless a previous agreement to that purpose be made with the post-office. This is but fair. If other governments would be unable to carry on the mail-establishment, were private persons permitted to take letters, it is well to forbid such: to forbid it, and yet derive a revenue from the postage, is what many people consider a very unjust law, but to seize upon a traveller's unsealed letters of recommendation, as so much smuggled goods, as was the case with myself when I arrived in England, I hold to be barbarous. Equally arbitrary was (or still is) the law in Prussia which prohibited a traveller, who set out by extra-post, from continuing his journey by private conveyance, unless, indeed, he chose to pay a fine.

I was on the upper deck, when five lads arrived; without

saying a word, each of them took a chair, tilted it over, placed himself in a position worthy the pencil of a Cruikshank, and took out a paper or book. This leads me to remark upon two characteristics of the Americans, their lounging habit, and their eagerness to read. It is strange that Americans are as unable to sit like the rest of the European race as a Turk when he first arrives in Vienna. Whatever may be the reason, and however strongly self-indulgence may plead in its favor, it is an uncouth custom; and, though not practised in the higher ranks, you meet even there with the same disposition, only refined by manner. A lady of my acquaintance carried the thing, as a joke, so far as to have in one of her rooms twelve chairs, not one of which was like the other, and that abomination, the rocking-chair, was not wanting. If the ladies but knew how ill they look in it with contracted shoulders and raised knees! However, you do not find these mongrel chairs in the parlors of the better houses in New York and Philadelphia. Their use is much more general in the eastern states, where I once saw a judge on the bench rocking himself in his easy chair. That practical philosopher, Franklin, has the credit of their invention.

The following is characteristic in its way:—When the steam-cars on the rail-roads pass each other, and this often at the rate of fifty miles an hour, newspapers—these necessary surrogates for the market of the ancients, where every thing was transacted orally—are exchanged, so that passengers coming, for instance, from Philadelphia, receive the news of New York, before they arrive even on board the second steamboat, which takes them up to that city; this is effected by twisting the paper into a long roll, and holding it out of the window of the car, when it is caught by the passengers in the car passing in the opposite direction. I was once present when a young chap wished to deceive the others, and held out an old paper, but what was our merriment when we found that the paper we had received in turn, was of still older date.

But to proceed with my travels. The boat was full; comfortable situations were sought, groups of acquaintances formed, and soon all was pretty quiet. Foreigners often complain of this silence; but besides the taciturn disposition of Americans in general, it must be remembered that a steamboat is a moving street. Would you talk to every one in a street? People of all trades and classes meet in the steamboat, and as there can be no great familiarity on an open square, so is it impossible on board "the boat," on which crowds of people collect together but for a short time. On the Mississippi, indeed, the case is different.

Much has been said about steamboats, and very naturally so. They save time, and that, alone, is saying much. Steam has become the handmaid of civilization. Steam has not only quickened the intercourse of men, but has united things which, without it, would have remained separate forever. Steam, I do not hesitate to say, has cemented our union. How would it have been possible for states, at such a distance from each other as Louisiana and Maine, Missouri and Delaware, to remain firmly united, had these distances continued to signify what they formerly did, had, in short, a mile remained a mile? They would have pulled one this way, the other that way; what interested, moved, or disturbed the one, might not have affected the others; the conductors of the political fluid would have been wanting, and the parts would naturally have been shivered asunder. It was by roads as much as the forces which used them, that the Roman empire was kept together for a time.

When I was in Buffalo, I saw a steamboat and asked the captain where he was going. "To Chicago," was the answer. How far is that? "Eleven hundred miles by water," he replied. Half the way across the Atlantic! And this he said in a tone in which a waterman on the Thames would answer a similar question, by "To Greenwich, sir." People go to and fro between Chicago and Buffalo. There are steamboats for greater distances yet. But I probably shall touch

upon the *distances* in the United States again, and give you some more remarks upon the subject. Let me only add here, that, in my opinion, the history of civilization runs parallel with the history of communication, both physical and intellectual, as roads, canals, steamboats, printing-presses, newspapers.

For this reason, and because Fulton made the remote regions of the west easy of access to us, thus opening an immense field of enterprise to the fast-growing population, and preventing for a long time that discontent and uneasiness, so dangerous to calm and firm liberty, with which a crowded population will ever be pregnant, I consider him a true benefactor of this Union and the liberty of the American people; separate the Union, and you will have jealousies, misunderstandings, war; have war, and you will have armies and taxes and consolidation, and then—good bye to liberty. Were I asked for an inscription on the pedestal of a statue of Fulton, (which ought to stand, if possible, on the spot from which his first steamboat started,) I should propose this:—

ROBERTO . FULTON . PENSYLVANIENSI
FLUMINA . LACUSQUE . SUBEGIT
ET . IN . TERRAS . REMOTAS
ARATRUM . TULIT
NECNON
EXTREMAS . PATRIÆ . REGIONES
JUNXIT
ITAQUE . FIRMIUS
SACRUM . FŒDUS . NOSTRUM
PEPIGIT.*

There is a circumstance connected with the invention of

* In honor of Robert Fulton, of Pennsylvania. He subdued the rivers and the lakes, and carried the plough to remote regions. He united the extreme parts of his country, and thus made firmer the sacred covenant of our union.—EDITOR.

steamboats, which it has in common, though not in the same degree, with the invention of the art of printing. Most great discoveries have been made by chance or suffering. What would the world be to this day without bills of exchange? It was cruelty that goaded men to this invention.* What would the world be without posts and post-roads? It was tyranny that invented them. What would the world be without division of power? It was oppression that led to it. But the art of printing was not invented in order to multiply the decrees of a monarch or the orders of a minister; it was the free invention of the human mind, which had arrived at that stage of maturity where it required this means of multiplication. Nor was the steamboat invented in order to injure an enemy, or as a means of domestic tyranny; nor was it the result of chance. It was the invention of a private individual, who foresaw the immense advantages which his country would derive from a navigation, able to brave wind, tide, and current, and which in speed would leave all other means of navigation far behind.†

Yet in giving their due to modern inventions or brilliant discoveries, let us not forget old ones or those which now appear so natural that millions are benefited by them, without ever reflecting upon the immense influence they have exercised upon mankind for centuries. He who invented the saw, in imitation, probably, of the jaw of some large fish, was, to say the least, no fool; the inventors of the wheel

* The Jews, against whom the European race in the middle ages committed crimes as enormous as those perpetrated at a later period by the same race against the Africans, were driven from time to time from one or the other country, that their master, whether monarch or feudal lord, might appropriate their property to his own use. At last, these persecuted men, when Philip Augustus and Philip the Long drove them out of France, trusted their property to Christians in France, and when they found a resting-place in Lombardy, gave to foreign merchants and travellers secret letters directed to the persons who held their property in trust, drawing thereby upon them.—Editor.

† Let us never forget John Fitch, when we speak of steamboats.—Editor.

and screw conferred as great benefits upon mankind as did Fulton, but history mentions not their names, as she passes over all these early and great benefactors in silence. We know the bold woman who taught us to protect our children against the small-pox, and Roscoe celebrates the mother who dared to return to nature.* But who invented the distaff? When was the complicated process of making bread completely discovered? Is it certain that Ctesebes contrived the pump? A bold man, indeed, he must have been who first conceived the idea of nailing a piece of iron to the hoof of a living animal. We forget the file, the knife, the sail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk.† And yet how important is a milking cow to our whole comfort. Consider what a part milk, butter, and cheese play in our domestic, and, hence, political economy. Think of a farm without milk! Cobbet justly attaches, in his Cottage Economy, the greatest value to a cow; and Finke‡ calls this good animal, in a report, on his province, to the king, invaluable to the poor man, and he thinks that the capacity of providing food for a cow, should form the standard of lawful divisibility of land. You have only to observe how much a

* The Duchess of Devonshire, who nursed her child, mentioned in Roscoe's translation of the *Balia*.—Editor.

† It is very frequent to see, in South America, cows either with sore udders, because the calves having already teeth, injure them in sucking, or with very small udders, because they are left in a natural state, in which cows have not much larger udders than mares.—Editor.

‡ Von Finke, a distinguished Prussian statesman, is President of Westphalia. The work to which the author alludes, must be, "Report to the Minister of the Interior on the Division of Farms and Splitting up of real Estates in the Province of Westphalia, in 1824." Mr. Von Finke is known, also, by a work on the domestic government of Great Britain, edited by Niebuhr, the historian, Berlin, 1815.—Editor.

milking cow is valued by a family, especially where there are children; how parents feel a real gratitude towards "the good old animal," "the old lady," how every member of the family takes an interest in her meals.—And, then, who can name the inventor of that sweetest of all things, *sleep*, toward whom Sancho, the wise fool, felt such intense gratitude. Ah, honest Panza, if thou wert here, in our summer, thou wouldst not say "Sleep covers a man all over like a cloak;" its covering capacity hardly exceeds that of a short pea-jacket.

The Delaware has always been to me the picture of gentle peace and calm enjoyment. Its banks are low, nothing striking appears to you whilst you glide along; but as far as you can see back into the country you behold cultivated land and fine vegetation. Many farmers here are quakers, and capital farmers they make. You should see their neat wives with their clean and polished vessels and nicely kept produce in the Philadelphia market. It must be a pleasure to buy butter from them; you imagine all the neatness that prepared it. Some parts of the Delaware present very fine pictures, for instance when you cross from Burlington to Bristol, but I promised no description of my journey; I write in my own way, and must be allowed to meander about. There is a rail-road at present between Bordentown and Amboy through New Jersey, whose sand reminds me of my native Mark Brandenburg. This is not the only artificial communication between the Delaware and the New York waters. I send you a map of Pennsylvania and New York, from which you will see that there are several canals and rail-roads which connect or will connect the eastern part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey with the waters around or leading to New York. Look well at this map; I believe, as long as history records the deeds of men, there has never been a territory equal in extent to Pennsylvania and the western part of New York, where human activity and ingenuity have done equally much in so short a time for internal communication; much as I honor the grand and manifold improvements of the an

cient Egyptians. Some years ago Pennsylvania alone had spent twenty millions of dollars on her canals and other artificial means of communication. And all this is done by a self-taxing people; it is not a powerful government with any coercive means either over the money or the labor of the people at its disposal, but a pure representative government, which resolves upon these great undertakings: it is a subject of pleasing contemplation.

When I first came to this country, I went from the Delaware to the Chesapeake, across the little state of Delaware, (which, not unlike the rotten boroughs of England, has produced more able men than, her size considered, might be expected,) in a confounded and confounding stage-coach. A few years later I had to go again to Washington, and found a canal cut through Delaware state, and got on very comfortably; a year or so later, I crossed the same state on a rail-road; now I wait impatiently for a passage *over* the state, for aerial navigation is the next in order, all other means being exhausted. An American distinguishes himself from the inhabitants of all other countries by a restlessness, a striving and driving onward, without which this country would never have shot up in such an unexampled growth, and which opens to thousands of men, possessed of nothing but their energy, a successful career; whilst it also extinguishes in many individual cases the calm enjoyment of what they have and possess, a disposition the very opposite of that which gives to the Italian such deep enjoyment in his *dolce far niente*. So strangely are we constituted! Have the one, and you must resign the other. The same disposition which, in this country, renders the word *enterprising* a most popular and laudatory epithet, and which leads a Daniel Boone* farther and farther to the west, or guides a small New England craft to the New

* Not alone young men and poor emigrants seek the distant West; many families in comfortable circumstances leave the places where they have enjoyed all the pleasures of social intercourse, and to which they are tied by all the bonds which usually *fix* a man in life, and proceed to the fertile

Shetland Islands, where her crew chase the seal, and from whence they sail for London, because they happen to hear that the market for their skins will be best there—this same disposition makes the American little satisfied with what he *has*, and therefore little fit for the calm enjoyment of any thing; while, on the other hand, the turn of mind which makes the Roman blacksmith look out of his shop door, turn round to his hands with—"boys, let's go to Monte Testaccio," and then send for a coach into which he jumps with his journeymen and all, and dance and drink away the afternoon happy as a child: that same disposition makes him dance in rags and sleep in a house that is no home. But if one or the other *must* be, give me, I say, the *man*, the striving, enterprising man. There is, besides, a happiness in toiling and braving of difficulties. Who rules? the Babylonian on his couch or the Mede? The Mede or the hardy Persian? The degenerated Persian or the stirring Macedonian and enterprising Greek? Voluptuous Asia or manly Rome? The luxurious inhabitant of the south, or the active Englishman?

An American cannot make a piece of machinery, twice, precisely the same; he endeavors always to improve, sometimes merely to change. How beneficial an influence this disposition must, on the whole, exert on all mechanical and material affairs, you can easily imagine; it has a different effect upon those subjects which lie beyond the sphere of the mere material world. Often sufficient time for necessary development is not allowed to an institution; its roots have

plains of Illinois and Missouri, which they have yet to clear, and where they have to begin with the log-hut. It was but lately that a friend of mine, a gentleman born and bred in one of the largest cities of the Union, who is highly esteemed by his fellow citizens whom he represented repeatedly in Congress, whose family enjoyed the best standing, who is "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," who had a most agreeable country seat and a farm conducted on the best principles, warranted by *his own* experience,—broke up his establishment and set off with his whole family for Illinois. It is an instance which could not possibly happen any where but in the United States.—EDITOR.

hardly begun to spread, when changes are begun. This is owing also to the peculiar situation of Americans in a new country which calls continually for the application of new forces, and which leads them to look upon changes and novelties in a totally different light from that in which they would appear to the inhabitant of an old European state. But as to the improvement of the material world the beneficial influence of this disposition cannot be doubted, especially as the Americans are as great hands for division of mechanical labor as they are for uniting the different branches of mental labor. A few days ago I found out at my book-binder's that the gilding and marbling of books is done by men who do nothing else, and not by the book-binder himself. The same is done in England; I never heard of it on the continent. So do the butchers occupy themselves with killing but one and the same species of animals. Pork butchers I have found in many countries entirely separated from the others, but here we have veal, mutton, beef and pork butchers,—each separate from the other. A farmer rarely sends his own wheat to the mill to be ground for his domestic use; he sells all his produce to the miller, and buys flour for his own family wherever he finds it most convenient. This is at least the case in all parts of the wheat-growing states, where large mills exist, and a considerable trade in flour is carried on. Speaking of division of labor, I must tell you an instance of its consolidation, which I think is too good to be lost. "Give me a good anecdote," I say with Sir Horace Walpole.

There was formerly in Havana a certain Thomas Nichols of Worcestershire, England, who kept a boarding-house. In addition, he was undertaker, and made the coffins himself. When a foreigner landed, old Nichols would shrewdly scrutinize his face; if it betrayed a bilious disposition, or otherwise seemed to give a fair chance of the stranger paying his sad toll, by way of yellow fever, for a passage into the other world, Tom would slyly steal behind him and measure his length with his cane, precisely three feet long; the rest of the measure he took with his eye,

and if his store happened to be out of coffins of the requisite size, he was quick in filling up the gap. Was he not a *Walkyrie* incarnate?* A friend of mine was once dragging himself along, half dead, in the streets of Havana, when he discovered Nichols busy about him. "Out of the way with you, you bird of death," exclaimed my friend, when the ever-ready coffin provider replied, with the best natured smile imaginable, "Why, Mr. Smith, you know very well you will not die a moment the sooner for my measuring you. It is not only an innocent precaution, but a necessary one; sometimes I have not sufficient hands to get a coffin ready as quick as gentlemen might require after dying in this climate."—But I have not been correct in the order in which I should have stated Nichols' various employments. He served as nurse to patients of the yellow fever, and physicked you like a good fellow if you trusted yourself to his care. He made the coffin, as I stated, he digged the grave, and lastly, he read the English Church service over you. In health, sickness, or death, he provided for you; his faithful companionship survived you. What a Hoffmann!† In Prussia a physician is not permitted usually to provide his patient with medicine; how would Nichols have fared there! In 1832, when the cholera raged in Havana, Tom died of this disease, and expressed on his death-bed great regret at being obliged to make his exit just in so fine a season, of which his successor would reap all the benefit.‡

* Walkyries were in Northern mythology the stern beings who, before battle, designated those who should fall. A Scald represents them as fearful and cruel, but we find them as beautiful virgins, for whom the heroes pine, because they lead to Walhalla, the heaven of the brave.—Editor.

† Ernest Theodore Amadeus Hoffmann, a Prussian, whose works have lately been translated from the German into French, was at different periods judge, leader of the orchestra, author, composer, and painter. The disturbed state of his country, caused by Napoleon's conquest, gave rise to his many metamorphoses.—Editor.

‡ Incredible as this account of Thomas Nichols sounds, we can testify to its truth. He was a character notorious among the foreigners in Havana. May

Before I conclude this letter, it may be worth while to mention the method now in use of transferring baggage from the steamboat to the rail-way. The baggage on coming upon the boat is placed in a large wooden machine, closed on all sides, but made of frame work, and thus admitting a view of the interior; and is then carefully secured. When the landing place is arrived at, the whole is bodily transferred by means of a *crane*, to a four-wheeled stage standing upon the road itself, when the whole moves off with the rest of the cars. When the cars arrive at the other boat, another crane moves the baggage again from the car to the steamboat, so that there is no danger of loss or delay. But a few years ago baggage was removed from the steamboat by means of wheelbarrows, then by a little wagon drawn by men, and lastly, by the present expeditious mode.

I will now describe the approach to New York city by water, from Philadelphia. About three-quarters of a mile off from Castle Garden, a prospect presents itself of rare beauty and interest: you have at once before you a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic bank to the west, and the numerous masts along its eastern bank, down toward the sea, over the quarantine ground, and the beautiful bay out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the plain of vision; whilst the charming and well-wharved battery lies right before you, with its regular walks and fine

he, who was so careful about the length of the coffin of others, have found one of proper measure, that he may rest in peace.

As the author indulges in telling anecdotes, the editor may be perhaps permitted to contribute another. We were present on a new year's day in Germany, when, according to custom, the grave-digger entered with other *trades-people* the room of a gentleman to "congratulate" him, and receive in return what is called his "congratulation fee" or present. "May you live many years," said the man of odious profession, making a deep bow. "You tell a lie," said the gentleman, "you wish me dead most heartily." "I beg your pardon," replied the polite grave-digger; "those last wages cannot escape me, and the longer you live the longer do I continue to receive my congratulation fee." The scene had some Shakspeare-like irony about it.—EDITOR.

foliage, through which may be seen a crescent of neat houses, and close alongside, innumerable masts on the western side of the Sound,* while, on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank crowded with the houses of a busy sister-city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten-island with her gently sloping hills, capped with country-seats; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city; and all the three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations, some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, alow and aloft, with a drowsy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commerce, some with a heavy burden of metal; some are coming up from the narrows after a long passage; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea to mark where the Atlantic ceases; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat, there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvass, like wide-winged gulls, at a distance, so many in number that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp on the even surface; here are the heavy-laden Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter, from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and eager newsboat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skiffs of the fishermen, the flat bark of the patient oyster-man, and the buoyant yacht to carry buoyant youths; and between all these vessels move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight! What man loves and what he dares; nature in all her fulness,

* Properly speaking, this is not the Sound but the East river, but we suppose the author chose to extend, in this passage, the name of Sound thus far, as "western side of East river, on the eastern side," &c., would have sounded too statistical.—Editor.

freedom, and grandeur, and nature, tamed by man—all is here collected on one spot.

I know many cities that surround their harbors: New York is the only one which is surrounded by its harbor—a port-encompassed city, which sits proudly throned on her projecting island, and allows the rolling billow of the sea to kiss her feet, whilst the splendid river hastens to lay at her footstool the produce of the farthest west; the furs entrapped and hunted by the wild Indian, and the wheat gathered from the fields which reward with bountiful fertility the labor of the active white man. Around her wave, between the many stars and stripes, the welcome colors of all nations, whose knowledge teaches them to cross the ocean; and what distant countries send from all climes to this chosen queen of the waters, she distributes among the many crafts, winged with sails and finned with wheels, which await her orders to carry it thousands of miles into the deepest and the distant west. Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of all the seas are spread out for her commerce; daily to those remote shores speed the fleet messengers of the waters; to the south of our own hemisphere, to our western shore, where the Columbia, the Mississippi's mate, empties its mighty volumes, to barter with the red man; or on the watery desert, among the fearful crystal isles, to pursue the giant of the sea along the jealous shores of Japan, or, farther still, to the icy pole, where Asia and America meet, as if in obedience to the sceptre of the European Autocrat, swayed over three parts of the world. What flourishes in the burning regions of the south, or dwells in the waters of the highest north, what the rude African gathers or the industrious European contrives or refines, is carried to her over the vast ocean, which opens her the way to all marts of the world, and over which she sends, in all directions, our proud and cheering flag, so that the Indian of the Ganges and the Chinese on the Taho know it as familiarly as the islanders of the South Sea, the Californian, as well as the swarthy man of Guinea; over which her vessels glide to carry assistance to the helpless

sufferers of the Cape Verd Isles, or the seeds of knowledge to regenerated Greece,* and by means of which we commune with Europe's art and Europe's science.

The Hudson river is generally called North river, in contradistinction to the East river, which is the name employed to denote the beginning of the sound between Long Island and the continent. I think it would be better to leave to that grand river its specific name; we have in America generic names applied to species or used as nouns proper quite enough: yellow bird, black bird, blue bird, red bird, green mountains, blue mountains, rocky mountains, shallow river, yellow river, red river, flat river, highlands, there is no end to them. It is natural in so new a country, where innumeble new objects offer themselves to the attention, and which is occupied by a race that has passed that infantine stage which easily corrupts names, originally generic, into nouns proper. The time, when man "gives names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field," and to rivers, islands, mountains, and countries, belongs only to that period of a nation, in which people are satisfied if they make themselves understood, without much regard to correctness; since rules are not yet settled.

First, a generic name is given, gradually it is corrupted, and the corruption grows at length into a specific name or noun proper. Occasionally, this takes place at later periods, *e. g.* the French Charlesquint, and frequently it is even now effected by the illiterate, especially the English and American sailors. Some time or other, I shall give you a whole letter, on the subject of names in the United States and other parts of the world: It is a subject of great interest to me. As to the Hudson, it is somewhat strange that, in common parlance, he is deprived of his proper name, and the prosaic, insipid title of North river is substituted, whilst the wretched Goose-creek at Washington was honored with the name of

* Printing-presses and school-books, in modern Greek, have been carried from the United States to Greece.—EDITOR.

Tiber, with which it has indeed something in common, but, unfortunately, only its muddy appearance. But Moore has treated of this folly sufficiently. There seems to be a general disposition among men to make a great noise about small rivers. Gongora, the Spaniard, calls the river of Madrid the Duke of Rivers and Viscount of Streams. Very poetic!

Mançanares, Mançanares
Os que en todo el aguatismo
Estois Duque de Arroyos,
Y Visconde de los Rios.*

If I remember aright, the city of Turin is styled Her Excellency. If the Mançanares is duke, what shall we think of the Hudson, the Rhine? They are royal highnesses at least, and at that rate the Mississippi, Oronoco, and Amazon rivers, deserve the imperial crown. I should suppose Gongora would call the Himelaya, pope of mountains or, better still, a council of peaks; and how tender it would sound to call a rivulet, in a pastoral, sweet, murmuring, gentle Monsieur de ——, or limpid hidalgo, transparent baronet; every brook and puddle might be knighted, and we, to remain republican, might say in future Squire Schuylkill, Captain Raritan, Judge Kennebec, General Goose-creek, or the Honorable Ohio. As in the olden times of Greece, when "every tree its driad had;" we would animate all nature around us, and make, at once, out of these utilitarian times a most poetic age.

* Mançanares, Mançanares, thou who in all water-dom (this would be a correct translation of *aguatismo*, and we believe as good a word—the dictionaries have it not,) art the duke of rivers and viscount of streams.—Editor.

LETTER IV.

At my landing on the wharf in New York, I found several groups of German emigrants, just arrived from Europe. Some of them looked pretty well dressed, and showed that they had come with sufficient means to proceed immediately to the west and to settle there; others, who looked very poor, had first to go through the ordeal of a poor emigrant, who is obliged, for want of means, to tarry in or about a large city, where he is, of course, exposed to the miseries inherent to a residence in a populous, foreign place, without any means of *independence*, and often becomes a prey to swindlers, with numbers of whom, as you may well imagine, they meet among their own countrymen, worthless fellows who have arrived long before them, and know all the ways of robbing these poor and helpless creatures of their last farthing. I know it from many of my acquaintances in New York, who belong to a charitable society, one of the objects of which is to assist destitute emigrants, that one of the great dangers which await the latter in that city is, their falling into the hands of certain boarding house keepers of their own nation (of course only *certain* of these,) who strip the poor families of every thing they had the good luck to be able to bring along with them; like wolf-dogs they are the enemies of their own species.* A German emigrant generally remains in a large city only as long as he cannot help it; his

* In Brazil, retail dealers in slaves are always colored people, and colored drivers on plantations are the severest toward their fellow-negroes.—Editor.

great and laudable desire is always to get a farm and to own it. The Irish are, in this respect, very different; they prefer the cities, and wherever you meet with a populous place in the United States—I do not only speak of the Atlantic cities, but also of those in the interior, such as Albany, Utica, Cincinnati, Louisville—you are sure to find a great number of poor Irish in and about it. The German, as I said, pushes on; if he has not the means to proceed immediately to the west, and must take his temporary abode in a large place, it is only in order to save, as soon as he possibly can, the requisite sum to carry him and his family to those parts of the Union where land is cheap and fertile. Here again he has not, perhaps, the means to purchase a few acres, though government sells public lands for the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. If this is the case he will first work for another farmer, never, however, losing sight of his main object, the having of a farm to himself. As soon as he has it, he loves it as a German trooper loves his horse;* it becomes his "all in all," so that he

* The German farmer loves his farm sometimes to the disadvantage of his own family. In some parts of Pennsylvania the love of the farm has degenerated, it might be said, into a kind of mania. You can find there barns as large as well-sized chapels, with glass windows and blinds; whilst in these very parts little has been done for the *schooling* of the people. The love of the German for his horse, which, in Germany, induces him to expect by far too little labor from the latter, in riding as well as driving, shows itself also in the German farmer of Pennsylvania. They prefer heavy horses—fine animals, it is true, but sometimes too heavy for agriculture. Horses form, perhaps, the only subject in regard to which a Germanico-Pennsylvanian farmer is a prodigal.—A German treats his horse with affection. An Englishman or American more like a useful thing, to the care of which he is disposed to bestow every proper attention, and, in fact, he works harder for it than the German; an Italian or Frenchman is hard, often cruel, to his horse; a Greek treats his beast shamefully.—We remember having seen, when a child, French cavalrists, who, unable to follow their regiments, because their horses were galled, and preferring to stay in a large city to field duty, rubbed the backs of their horses with a brick, to make them sore again. A German cavalrist could not have possibly done it.—Editor.

sometimes forgets the proper mental education of his offspring. Scotch emigrants, I imagine, generally arrive here provided with sufficient means to begin farming immediately; and it is very interesting to see how the Scotch and Germans,—among whom I count the Alsacians, since they are French in a political sense only, always show their national predilections wherever the wide west offers them a fair chance of displaying it. The Scotch uniformly select hilly parts of the country; and dearly love their dairies; Germans prefer the water side, they settle upon land bordering upon rivers and creeks.

You can judge from what I have said how valuable German emigrants are to our country, if they mingle with the Anglo-American race. "They are sober, industrious, and excellent farmers," is the universal testimony given of them. I have found that of all nations with which I have become acquainted by personal observation, none has, at home, less of a money-making disposition than the inhabitant of the interior of Germany. Although he always endeavors to save, to "lay by," as it is called, he seems very generally to entertain the idea that an acute attention to gain by methods of speculation has something not quite honorable about it, except in a merchant, and, again, as all he has, has often been acquired by frugality and economy, he is not very ready to part with it.* He has not that pride in the ap-

* In this, as in many other respects, the German and American characters are directly opposed: the German, partly from a want of practical sense, partly from an enthusiasm peculiar to his nation, and partly because the political state of his country does not admit the freest play for his industry, is satisfied with a moderate gain, without continually endeavoring to discover how more might be obtained. If he have the money he is slow in spending it; a saving disposition is universally recommended and taught as a virtue; and the invariable desire of a German to leave something substantial to his children confirms him still more in a frugal disposition. The American, *wide awake* to gain of all kinds, is also ready to spend it freely, when he has made it; his house, dress, &c., must be of fine quality. This can be accounted for by many reasons: first of all, the field for energy and industry in the United States is so great, that there is little doubt of any man's

pearance of domestic and substantial comfort, of which the English race is possessed, that has given rise with them to the development of so many resources of national wealth, and has so greatly promoted their feeling of independence and civil liberty, which, however, not unfrequently degenerates into mere ostentation. This disposition of the German has free scope to show itself in the United States, especially as you must add to the effect of his rational education, that in the case of the poorer sort of emigrant —which constitutes the greater part—the pleasure, and a pleasure it is indeed, which a man finds in accumulating property for the first time in his life, property that he can truly, without any reservation, call his own. This great pleasure is founded upon the original principle, the inextinguishable desire of property, which has been planted deep in our breast, to make it a foundation of all civilization—the anxious wish "to see our own wheat fall under our own reaping-hook." The first fifty livres we are able to save are not only, as Rousseau says, half of our fortune,—were it that of a Girard or a Rothschild—but they are, also, partly on this very account, the pleasanter half. When a poor German arrives here, it gives him infinite pleasure to be able to lay by some of his earnings, and as it is not possible for him to realize immediately the idea of credit, banking, &c., his savings must needs be in silver, in *shining dollars*. He thinks silver is the only true money, as it is the only one with which he was acquainted in his native country, and as it represents to the eye, in a way more pleasing and more suited to his comprehension, the sum which he has been able to save. When

success, if he has acquired a sound education, mental and moral. Again, the absence of privileged classes, incites many people to elevate themselves, in matters of appearance, to the level of others, from whom, in Europe, they would be perfectly willing to keep a respectful distance; this, and the idea of a *gentlemanlike* appearance, so peculiar to the English race, and of so mixed a character, contribute considerably, we have little doubt, to produce the result in question.—Editor.

I lived in Boston, German laborers of the glass-works in that city would often bring me some money tied up in a handkerchief, that I might save it for them. They would not only reject my advice to deposite it in the savings-bank, a safe institution if ever there was a safe place of deposite any where, where they might have got interest, because, they said, "they would receive, for all their money, nothing but a little book;" they would not even allow me to change their money for bank-notes, in order to preserve my trust with more convenience to myself, so that I was, from actual want of room, forced to decline acting any longer as their treasurer. One day an honest German tailor came to me with a request that I would take the trouble to transmit fifty dollars of his hard earning to his poor mother in Germany. It would have given me real pleasure to assist him in so praiseworthy a work; I had done similar services to others before, but when, in the course of his inquiries, he learned that I should never send the self-same money,—consisting of all kinds of coins—that he held in his hand, far into the interior of Germany, to some village in Baden, where his mother resided, but only a draft, upon presenting which his mother should receive the money from a gentleman in Carlsruhe, he began to shake his head and said, "he would think about it;" in the course of the day he returned to take his money back. It was utterly impossible for me to represent the matter to him in its proper light.

You find, therefore, very frequently, that German emigrants save their money, without reaping any interest. Sometimes, if a German dies, his heirs will find some little bag, a stocking perchance, in some hidden corner of the garret, filled with the delightful metal which made Byron so eloquent, and gave the Dey of Algiers, as Niebuhr the elder relates, every evening the greatest pleasure of which he was susceptible, when, placed in a box before him, he could dig in it with both hands and let it run through his open fingers. I think there must be a chemical affinity between man's nerves and gold and silver. Can cowries ever

delight as much as shining metal? Would man commit the grossest incongruities for beaver-skins or mats, though a legal tender?

The Germans, as I said, form a most valuable addition to our population, when mingled with the great predominant race inhabiting the northern part of this continent. Whenever colonists settle among a different nation, in such numbers and so closely together that they may live on among themselves, without intermixture with the original inhabitants, a variety of inconveniences will necessarily arise. Living in an isolated state, the current of civilization of the country in which they live does not reach them; and they are equally cut off from that of their mother country: mental stagnation is the consequence. They remain a foreign element, an ill-joined part of the great machinery of which they still form, and needs must form a part. Sometimes, indeed, particular circumstances may alter the view of the case. When the French Protestant colonists were received into Prussia, it was perhaps judicious to allow them, for example in Berlin, to form for a time a community for themselves, to have their own jurisdiction, schools and churches, because they were more perfect in many branches of industry than the people among whom they settled; and, had they been obliged to immerge forthwith, this skill, so desirable to those who received them, might have been lost. At present, however, they too are immerged in the mass of the population; besides, the inconvenience arising from their forming a separate community was never very great, since they were few in number and belonged by their professions to the better educated classes. But take an example in the Hussites who settled in Germany; remember the Bohemian village near Berlin, called Rixdorf, the inhabitants of which obstinately refused intermarrying with Germans, and many of whom, until very recently, continued to speak Bohemian only. Those, therefore, who lately proposed to form a whole German state in our west, ought to weigh well their project before they set about it, if ever

it should become possible to put this scheme into practice, which I seriously doubt. "Ossification," as the Germans call it, would be the unavoidable consequence. These colonists would be unable, though they might come by thousands and tens of thousands, to develop for themselves German literature, German language, German law, German science, German art; every thing would remain stationary at the point where it was when they brought it over from the mother country, and within less than fifty years our colony would degenerate into an antiquated, ill-adapted element of our great national system, with which, sooner or later, it must assimilate. What a voluntary closing of the eyes to light, would it be, for a colony among people of the Anglican race,—which, in point of politics, has left every other race far behind,—to strive to insolate itself.

You cannot refer with propriety to Græcia Magna as a proof of the contrary. As large as Greece herself, close to the mother country, and within ear shot of no other language,—Græcia Magna would rather compare to the United States themselves with reference to England, than to an isolated colony of the kind in question. Nor could you properly instance Marseilles. This was a commercial colony, united to the mother country by the sea. All these formed no part of another nation, among whom their inhabitants had settled. Louisiana proves what I say, and would still more so, had it not a lively seaport, by which it keeps up a constant connexion with Europe; though I allow, that the great ease with which this originally foreign state has nevertheless been made to enter into our whole national system has also struck me as a phenomenon deserving the greatest attention. There are large counties in Pennsylvania which prove what I say. So little are they carried along in the general course of the surrounding parts, that they even are disinclined to promote instruction.

Quite a different question it is, whether German emigrants ought to preserve the knowledge of German language, and German education in general among them. By all

means! Have schools in which both German and English are taught. Nothing is easier than to learn from infancy two languages at once, and few things are more important than the knowledge of two languages, especially if the one besides the native idiom is the German. Whilst in most sciences more is to be learnt through the medium of this language, it is more difficult than the idioms which belong to the Latin stock, and it is well to overcome the difficulty early, when, in fact, it appears to the pliant mind of a child as no difficulty at all.

I saw something whilst looking at these emigrants in New York of which I had not been reminded since I had left the European continent * * * * * * So you may see in Italy, Spain, France, and, though very rarely, at times in Germany, the friendly service performed by the lowest classes in the streets, of freeing one another from uninvited personal attendants.

I will mention to you a fact, one of those apparently trifling, yet characteristic facts, which ought never to pass by unnoticed, that so long as I have been in England or the United States I have never seen that peculiar movement of the shoulders and upper parts of the body which indicates a molestation by those animals with which Marius said the then Roman state was infested, when he coarsely, but justly, compared it to a ragged cloak found by a peasant on the road. England has not only succeeded in freeing herself from wolves and boars, but also other animals of prey, nearer man. And believe me, British cleanliness is intimately connected with British strength and beauty, British liberty, British public welfare and industry, both as consequence and cause, just as Neapolitan, Portuguese, and Russian sloth is closely connected with the civil worthlessness of those nations. But I am getting upon one of my hobbies, the great importance of national cleanliness, and—therefore, shall forthwith break off.

In like manner as I was astonished when I saw the worn-down, weather-beaten, ruined figures of the Moreote wo-

men, and compared it with that of the German peasant woman, so the brown, care-worn faces, the bent figures, the muscular arms and dark hands, the soiled dresses of the poorer sort of the female German emigrants surprised me to-day, when comparing the latter to the women of this country. They look like other beings: verily, verily one feels inclined to stop and meditate upon those governments, which, though they have acted for centuries on the principle that they have a right and are bound to interfere with the private concerns of the subjects, yet leave such great numbers of human beings in so backward a state of civilization. And I thought of the smoky huts I have seen in Mecklenburg, and the small amount and incipient state of ideas which move the mind of their inhabitants. I could not help thinking of the Bohemian peasant, of the farmer in some parts of France, of Russia, Poland, Portugal—what progress in any branch have they made for centuries and centuries? In mental cultivation? or in common industry or mere physical comfort, or religion, or social refinement? I love science from my inmost soul; establish royal academies and undertake scientific expeditions, the more the better; I hail a Ross, I pray for a Humboldt; but I say, while you do the one, omit not the other.* To "widen the circle of ideas" is undoubtedly the noblest achievement of man; but let the boundaries of knowledge be widened in all directions. Do not provide men merely with abundant means to run up a spire of new ideas, but extend also and strengthen the foundations; make *men* of *men*, and leave not the mass in such a backward state while a few ascend to the highest regions;

* We know that the author sincerely regretted that the United States did not do more than she does for the support of science, and did not unite,—for doing which it has so abundant means,—with other great nations in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, such as measurements, voyages of discovery, support of scientific inquiries too expensive for private individuals. "England," we have heard him often say, "has already two observatories in distant colonies, one on the Cape of Good Hope and the other on Van Dieman's Land, and we are not ashamed of *not having a single one* in our own country.—Editor.

a few whom, you know well, I do not undervalue, and whose labors I believe to be of the greatest benefit to mankind whether their utility be apparent or not. Let no man stop—provided he is once in the right way,—to ask himself, "is my inquiry likely to be useful." Go on, unconcerned about the application of knowledge thus boldly obtained; you add to the treasures of knowledge, and mankind will most surely profit; but let not these towering inquiries stand like pyramids surrounded by dreary sand—by a desert of people reduced to the consumption of the smallest possible quantity of ideas. I am a fervent admirer of the fine arts, and consider their influence upon mankind to be of the utmost importance from their refining and ennobling power; nay, I truly believe that this influence is of much higher importance for the lower classes than the wealthier ones; but let not the fine arts be cultivated in the style of a Justinian, of whom it is said that he appropriated for a year the salary of every teacher in the empire towards the erection of St. Sophia, and that to cover its dome he employed the leaden pipes which conveyed water to various parts of Constantinople. Jerome promoted also the fine arts in Cassel, but then he drained all the kingdom besides. Oh, I have known Indians,—I admit they were exceptions to their fellows,—whose minds were more expanded than those of many European peasants or workmen in manufactories, whom I have seen particularly in the north, where nature in itself offers a scantier opportunity for the development of mind than the south, and where man sinks into mental torpor if the life of his community does not afford him ideas to lead him to reflection, and physical materials upon which to work.

In America you never see a woman working in the field, except, yet even then but rarely, with some German or Dutch farmers. I cannot describe to you how strangely it appeared even to me when, on my travels, I found a German woman hoeing in the field. American servants, in the northern and middle states, are better educated than those in Europe, and, in general, parents need not be so much afraid

here as they are with you, lest their children should learn their faults from them. An American servant has a more independent and, consequently, a morally higher opinion of himself than the servants of other countries. "Say," said I one day to a servant of mine, "that I am not at home," disliking exceedingly to send word to a person who wishes to see me, "I am within, but unable to see you;" when she answered, with perfect modesty; "I beg your pardon, but I really cannot do so." I had to make a long explanation to the effect that the phrase, "the gentleman is not at home," means, as thus employed, either that he has actually gone out or is not at home for the inquirer, and that this way of giving the answer is more agreeable to the inquirer himself. That this state of things has its inconveniences, I allow, but who will not like being served by a being who stands before you fully possessed, in his individual capacity, of his rights and privileges?

All servants in the United States go better dressed, and, you know, I am a great advocate of good dress. The dress is half the man, says a German proverb, and if its intended meaning be that it makes half the man as to the respect paid by others, I mean that it makes half the *moral* man. A man in clean and decent dress will generally behave himself decently. That this better dressing has again its abuses, as all things in our sublunary existence, may be readily granted, especially as American women have, generally speaking, a great fondness for fine dress. You will say "all women have:" granted. Go out on a fine afternoon in Philadelphia, and you will be astonished at the numbers of women neatly and tastefully dressed even in streets which the fashionable world never enters. American women have, I think, generally considerable tact in dressing. There are few even third and fourth rate mantua-makers, in any of the larger places, who have not their *Petit Courrier des Dames*, of Paris, in order to let their customers choose the newest fashions. This little code of fashions is also found in most millinary shops in Cincinnati as well as in New York. I saw it in the window

of two shops in Buffalo. I allow, this desire of dressing well is not unfrequently carried to ruinous extravagance in the larger cities, and in New York perhaps more so than in others. Broadway will show you many mechanics' wives, in one afternoon, dressed like the richest of the land. As there is here no actual difference of classes, in a political sense; the reasons why she should not dress as many do, are often not taken into consideration by the wife of the mechanic. Do not, however, forget that this abuse, ruinous as it is, and originating in a silly desire of outward show, is but another effect of the same cause which produces that love of independent ease and comfort, that elevates the mechanic to the rank of *citizen*, which incites him to the laudable ambition of giving to his children the best possible education; and which, in the case of the farmer's wife, is one of the various causes which raises her husband to a higher station in the United States, than he any where else in the world enjoys.

I wish you could see some negro servants dressed in their best. They go in heavy silks, with fashionable hats, fine gloves, worked stockings, elegant parasols, lace veils; some looking like caricatures, some not. The good wages they receive enable them to go exceedingly well-dressed. Having touched upon the subject of American women, you will wish to hear more from me on the same: since it is the desire of every one to know what situation the females of a country enjoy. I will endeavor to satisfy your wish as far as I am able. Let me begin with saying what I shall conclude with; that I have a high respect for the American ladies, and that they fully deserve the character of great amiableness.

From what I have said, and much more indeed from your personal knowledge of me, you well know that I consider the proper station of woman as of the greatest importance in national as well as private life. I need not dwell upon this vast subject, which history elucidates with so many striking examples. But it must not be forgotten that, as the woman may hold a situation too low, she may be placed in an equal-

ly false position on the other extreme. Such was that which she occupied in the higher circles of France for nearly a century. When colonels were found in the antechambers embroidering, and ladies took the lead in philosophy and politics, the whole society must have been in a rather disjointed condition. Far be it from me to intimate that any such state exists here; it would require and be the cause of intrigue, and intrigue is unknown in America.* I only mean to say, that the consideration in which the women of a nation are held is far from serving as a safe measure of its real civilization—as has been vaguely though frequently asserted. The woman must have her *proper* station; since different individuals and, more particularly, different sexes, are fitted to move in different spheres.

It is a good and very beneficial trait of the Americans, that they hold women in great esteem. An American is never rude to a woman; let a single woman travel from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, and if she be of respectable appearance, she will not only meet with no molestation on her way, but very soon some gentleman or other will take her under his protection, and she may proceed with perfect safety. The consequence is that many very respectable females, of course not ladies of the higher circles, travel alone in the United States. Nay, if those who have no claim to a respectful treatment move from place to place for the same reasons as many females proceed to the Leipzig fair, they assume invariably a respectable appearance, without inconveniencing that part of the company, unacquainted with their history.

The Americans are not a race of French agility, and, therefore, cannot be expected to show that pliant politeness

* At least it is so totally and decidedly discountenanced in its slightest appearance, that, as to bad example, it can be said not to exist, and can, in reality, exist but in a very slight degree in the largest cities; and as the highest circles which, in all social intercourse, will always take the lead, are probably the freest from it, you will very properly conclude, that the evil cannot exist to any great degree, in fact, far less than in any other country.

toward women which depends, in a great degree, upon this peculiar quality; they are not easily excitable, and, consequently, not versatile in conversation; they, therefore, cannot show that quick politeness which depends upon this inventive brightness of the moment; but they are essentially and substantially polite, ready to serve a woman, of whatever class, and to show the greatest regard to the female sex in general. You probably recollect the doleful story which Mr. Stuart relates of his back seat in the stage-coach. I do not doubt his account in the least; it is in perfect keeping. I have seen a hundred times a woman enter a stage-coach, wait, without saying a word of apology, until a gentleman had removed from a back seat, and then, with equal silence, place herself in the vacated situation. Here I must observe that, in my opinion, an American lady accepts with greater *nonchalance* any act of politeness, than the women of other countries; by which they imprudently deprive their social life of much of its charm. A smile, a friendly glance, a gentle word—who cares for holding the stirrup if he cannot expect thus much.* Yet, as you may imagine, there are many sweet and lovely exceptions. Women belonging to the industrial classes in America, I have observed to be, in comparison with those of a similar rank in other countries, particularly imperturbable by politeness, perhaps owing to a certain shyness, and, perhaps, it is more observed because you are brought more into contact with people of all classes in this country than in others; for here all the world travels,

* An anecdote, by way of illustration. The manuscript of a part of this work, containing the description of the author's adventures in the battle of Waterloo, was lent to a lady, and a most sprightly one, too, who returned it, after having perused it, without a line or even a message, though she declared afterwards, that she had read it with intense interest, and showed, in fact, that such was the case. We immediately told her that we should be obliged to give an account of her parsimony in writing, which hereby we have done.* —Editor.

* Before the proof sheet went out of our hands, we received the sweetest note imaginable, from the lady above, now an amiable penitent, and our great veneration for the ladies of America, obliges us to add this fact, however the worthy printer may grum-

the richest and the poorest, the blackest and the whitest.* How often have I handed a lady into the stage-coach, or picked up a handkerchief, or handed her some dish at dinner, when travelling, without receiving as much as a word in return.

I met lately with a pleasing instance of the regard paid to the female sex in the United States. A separate place has been appropriated to the delivery of letters to females, in New York, and an editor noticing this arrangement and approving of it, suggests the propriety of having an awning or covering of some description to protect the applicants from the sun. Of course, only women who have no servants to send, or no home so fixed that the carrier may take the letters to them, go in *propria persona* to the post-office, and for them was this considerate arrangement made. Was it not Mirabeau who said that he felt as if he should fall on his knees on the well-paved side-walk, when he arrived in England, and thank the gods that he had come to a country where some regard was paid to the foot-passenger! Here he might pray erect, as the ancients did when they poured forth their joy. Had the arrangement in question been made, not for the convenience of females, but in order to separate certain women, always busy about the post-office, from the place of general delivery, the considerate regard for the community would have been equally praiseworthy.

I once saw a young, gay gentleman taking, in a stage-coach, a baby from a lady and holding it in his lap, I should think at least half an hour. I thought it, of course, very amiable, but really I was also barbarian enough to think it

* Our colored servants take regularly their summer's trip.—"By a report made to the New Jersey legislature, on the 7th of February, 1834, we find that nearly *one hundred and ten thousand passengers* were conveyed between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, by the Camden and Amboy rail-road line, during the year 1833, from January to January, summer and winter."—EDITOR.

ble at our giving him the trouble of "overrunning" a number of pages. They will not be the first *pages* that have been obliged to accommodate themselves to ladies.—EDITOR.

quite sufficient, in all conscience, to bear good-humoredly the act of travelling in company of a non-domestic baby.

I always have considered Mahomed very impolite for denying women a soul, and the Andalusians ought to be ashamed to this day, that their forefathers, the gentlemen of Gades, according to Strabo, prohibited women from entering their temple of Hercules.* But I really wish ladies would keep out of the way where they are not in their sphere. I would say, "Don't show this passage to the ladies of your family," did they not know already my opinion on this point, and, moreover, that it originates from my great veneration of the sex.

A poor fellow of a traveller wants, for instance, to hear the great men of the nation "talk." He goes to Washington; by eleven o'clock, the morning after his arrival, he proceeds to the senate, though its business only begins by twelve o'clock. He thinks he has secured a seat. But by that time ladies begin to drop in; presently they seize upon all the seats. Very well, allow the poor fellow but a fair *stand;* but no, he is obliged to squeeze himself in a corner, pressed in from all sides; mercy, ye gentle souls, allow him but a free passage from his ear to the debaters, and treat the rest of his body as though it were a bale of cotton under the hydraulic press! The prayer is said; he stretches his neck like a turtle, and turns his eyes away, in order to bring his ear the better into a position that it may catch a sound, which Echo, more merciful than the ladies, may throw into it. His twisted neck begins to ache; his eyes are closed, he thinks "now for the treat,"

* And as to the superintendent of the Auburn State prison, who states in his official report: "I have under my care about four hundred and fifty male prisoners, and nine females, and I would cheerfully undertake the care of an additional four hundred and fifty men, *to be rid of the nine women;*" why, he ought to be lapidated on the spot. How could he dare to assert such enormity, when he knew that the law of his state considers womankind so precious that a schoolmaster in Renssellaer county has been fined a thousand dollars for having kissed one of his female pupils?

when, unhappily, some officer of the senate taps him on the shoulder: "Sir, there are ladies coming," at the same time, shuffling and pushing chairs over the heads of innocent listeners and constituents, crammed in like the camomile flowers of the shaking-quakers; but they have nothing to do here, it seems. At last, the officer succeeds in working a passage, and, lo! as if a canal of bonnets, feathers, and veils, had broken through, in they rush; there is no use in resistance "when this element breaks through." Without a single "I beg your pardon," or betraying the least sorrow at disturbing you, the ladies drive the poor man out of his last retreat; "out with you, badger, out with you!" he must needs give way, the contrary would be rude; and—*manos blancas no ofenden.** The poor man who has come, say five hundred miles, to hear the senate, is standing, by this time near the door, with a longing look toward the president, if he has found an opportunity to turn his head back again; and now the debates begin, but, alas! the ladies, also, begin, and our unlucky traveller retires, all he has heard of the senate having been a lisping from sweet lips, directed, perchance, to a polite senator himself. I truly and sincerely think, that legislative halls are, generally speaking, not places precisely calculated for ladies, for many and, I humbly think, very weighty reasons.

Taken all in all, it seems to me, that woman, in the best times of the Roman republic, had a position in society as near to what she ought to have as at any other period of the world, and with any nation. Thus much is certain, that the history of no people has recorded so many adorable examples of female virtue and elevation of soul, as the history of "better Rome." But Lucretia, Valeria, Veturia, Volumnia, Cornelia, Porcia, and the late and noble Aria, never went to the senate-house. I know full well that our society, resting on different principles from that of ancient Rome—witness our refinement, our industry, our generally diffused sys-

* A Spanish proverb: white (female) hands cannot offend.—Editor.

tem of education, our social intercourse, which has grown out of a natural transformation of that of the chivalric times, of which, nevertheless, many elements have passed over as integrant parts of the new order of things,—has different demands, and requires different positions in the members composing it; yet much is ever to be learned, from whatever once was great.

Why not have, in the good old style of the early church, a box with lattice-work, or some seats for a few matrons; but as to giving up the whole place, left for humble listeners, to young ladies of sixteen and seventeen, who turn the senate-house into a lounging-place: it is, permit me to say it with a bow, which craves indulgence, unfair. Now, if a law were passed that no lady under twenty-five years should be admitted, I bet my life the whole difficulty would be removed. The English, as yet the great masters of what I would call parliamentary management, in which *we* are the next best, but the French, to no little injury of their whole scheme of of liberty, are totally deficient, do not admit ladies, except on some particular occasions, in the gallery of the house of lords.

Suppose, the same disappointed man, whom we have seen swimming, without success, against the current in the senate-house, is desirous of hearing an oration on some political subject, to be delivered in a public hall or church. He starts early, to be certain of a place, but, oh Jove, protector of the strangers! when he arrives, all seats, below and in the first rank above, are already taken by the ladies, whose pretty heads are in as quick motion as their fans, which gives to the whole scene the appearance of an agitated sea between breakers. But the stranger espies a yet empty space; to this he directs his course; it is difficult, and may cost him a flap of his coat, but, never mind, he is anxious to hear the orator of the day. He penetrates, at length, to the spot where he expects to rest in peace. "Sir," says, very politely, a man with a short stick in his hand, "these seats are reserved for the gentlemen who form the procession." Con-

found it, internally exclaims the disappointed man, and makes his exit. I remember, I was once unable, on occasion of the delivery of a Latin oration at a public commencement of some college, to penetrate a crowd of ladies, composed, almost without exception, not of mothers, but of young fashionables. I am resolved to do my best to get up a *Polite anti-ladies-thronging–poor–men–out–of–every–chance-of-seeing-anything–Society*,* and have branches established all over our Union. If I am made president, I'll certainly use my influence to get Mr. Stuart elected an honorary and corresponding member.

There is at times, in the intercourse between ladies and gentlemen in this country, something old-fashioned. Whether the reason of this be the great distance of this country from Europe, where all that belongs to this part of social intercourse has undergone considerable changes, I do not know. Certain it is that there is a difference between the Americans and also the English on the one side, and the French and Germans on the other, in respect to the feelings and views they entertain as to the fashions of the "olden time."

In Germany and France, there is invariably something quasi-ridiculous, at all events pedantic, connected with the age of wigs. "He is a wig," says the German, to express a pedantic, stiff fellow. You remember Uhland's song. The endeavors of the Germans to obtain liberty, their notions of a national life, their more manly and popular ideas of a modern date, unfolded themselves with greater energy after the age of wigs had passed by. It is not so with the English; their greatness flourished in the time of the wigs and hair-powder as much as it ever did afterwards or before. Their greatest lawyers—lawyers of whom the nation feels proud, expounders of the constitution, appeared in wigs;

* There was, in June, 1830, an "Open-air-field-and-annual-fair-preaching-Society" established in London.—Editor.

their greatest legislators defended liberty in wigs, their greatest heroes commanded armies in wigs; their Chathams, Whitbreads, Foxes, Rodneys, Elliots, Duncans, Nelsons, spoke, fought, and died in wigs, or, at least, in powdered hair; and as to the Americans, their whole heroic age falls in the time of wigs. Their Washingtons, Adamses, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Hancocks, Shermans, Greenes,* conquered liberty and established the nation's name in wigs, or hair powder. Great brains, indeed, have boldly thought, great hearts have nobly beaten, with you, too, under wigs, great heroes have fallen, with you, too, in cues and powdered hair, but they were not national men in the sense in which the above deserve this name. This explains why certain forms which have come down to our age from those times, appear in a different light to English and Americans from that in which they are viewed by other Europeans, and thus partially accounts for some of the strange incongruities, both here and in England. As you see in England a lady in the most fashionable dress, followed by a florid face, over which hangs a cloud of powder, and under which you see a dress in the oldest possible fashion, so you find here by the side of great ease of manners and of a liberty, allowed to young ladies, unknown in the best society of Europe, some old-fashioned custom, either in expression or manner. Newspapers redound with old-fashioned expressions of "assembled beauty," &c.

I return to my subject. Every female person in the United States is a lady. But a few days ago, my boy went out with a colored servant, and as they had not returned when it began to grow dark, I felt uneasy, and went to the ferry, on which they had intended to cross the Delaware. I asked the ferryman: "Has a colored woman with a child gone across this afternoon?" describing both. "No colored lady has gone to the other shore," was the an-

* Did General Greene wear a wig? His father was a blacksmith and he followed the profession of beating.—Editor.

swer, not with the intention to correct me, but because the words were more natural to his lips. He repeated, afterwards, "No, sir, no colored lady, no colored woman has gone across, within the last two hours." I'll tell you more. They had, notwithstanding what had been said, gone across, but in another boat. My boy found a little girl on board the ferry, with whom he soon made acquaintance, and speaking to the gentleman who was in charge of her, said, "I wish I had a sweet little sister like this little girl." "Have you no sister?" asked the gentleman. "No," said my boy, "but I have begged God to give me one." The colored girl, mentioned above, told at home this innocent story, and added, "I did not know where I should look, when the little boy said, he had begged God to give him a sister." *Voilà de la delicatesse!*

These are anecdotes, and must be taken as evidence is taken in court, for what they are worth. I dislike very much picking up anecdotes and generalizing them—the common method of travellers who think themselves very sagacious. It is a poor way of observing and reasoning, and has done infinite mischief in judging of individuals and events, both in history and those of our own times, but these are anecdotes of a generic character. I know the state of things, independently of their evidence, and give them because they elucidate the fact; I do not reason from them, but add them by way of illustration.

There are strange inconsistencies in the character of every nation, and one of the strangest in the Americans is the immense freedom young ladies enjoy upon some points and their primness in others, upon which latter the English often comment, altogether forgetting how prudishly prim the ladies of England appear to foreigners from the continent. Nothing is more common here than for the young lady of the house, perhaps seventeen years old, to give invitations to a ball in her own name, to single gentlemen as well as others, though there may not

be the slightest reason for the mother or father not issuing them in their name. I fancied I had made a great impression upon some unknown beauty when I received my first invitation from young Miss So and So. "I," were my thoughts, "invited by Miss X. Y. Z.?" "She writing my name?" It was not long, however, before I discovered my mistake. The mother is put quite in the back ground. This is village-like, and is rapidly growing out of fashion in the best educated families. As soon as the lady is married, she drops like a Cactus grandiflorus after twenty-four hours blowing; she recedes to give the ground to other young ladies yet unmarried. This is *mauvais ton*, no one denies, and you see less of it in New York than in Philadelphia, in Philadelphia less than in Boston. However, it is *pire ton* still in Italy, where the girl is shut up in a convent till she marries, and when she *is* married, tries to regain in all possible ways all she has lost in her early youth. Yet the true value and refinement of society depends upon the married women. Young damsels, occupied but with themselves, may be found any where. People perceive this more and more, and I have myself observed a change toward the better since I have resided in this country.

An American girl is never embarrassed; a child of ten years,—and I would hardly except a single class of the inhabitants,—receives you with a frankness and good breeding which is astonishing, and I can assure you, not unpleasing. So perfectly self-possessed are they, that blushing is decidedly of less frequent occurrence here than with you in Germany. My attention was lately drawn to a young friend of mine, a most amiable girl, who blushed; and I then thought how rarely I had seen it here. I could remember but very few girls of a large acquaintance that will now and then be seen blushing, I mean when nothing but false *embarras* is the cause. This pleasing ease and sensible frankness sometimes degenerate, as you may suppose, into unbecoming and ungraceful forwardness, as

German mildness and bashfulness* degenerate sometimes into shy *gaucherie.*

American ladies are possessed of much natural brightness, and converse very freely, infinitely more so than gentlemen. Altogether, boys and girls are earlier *developed* here than in Europe, partly perhaps owing to the climate, partly because they are allowed more freedom,—left more to themselves. A young man of twenty has a much more advanced position in life here than in England, and in England more so than on the continent. The Germans, it is my opinion, hold back a young man by far too much; Americans, I am equally convinced, allow their young peo ple to leap beyond their age—each system has its inconveniences.

Good education among ladies is general. Not a few are truly superior in this respect. I think there must be numbers who are bright and fluent letter-writers, to judge from my own correspondence. I know several ladies whose attainments and natural powers would be a great ornament to society any where, but one of them I count among the most superior minds with whom it has ever been my good fortune to become acquainted. Yet that has nothing to do with America; such brilliant endowments are but contingencies in a nation, not the fruit of general national civilization. Would she but give proofs of her flashing mind, unfettered thought, and independent judgment, to more than her personal acquaintance! Her mind has indeed a powerful grasp. Were it not for the horror I feel at communicating letters, I would send you some of hers, and I would ask you whether they do not equal any you have ever read which have been preserved as the *stars* of memoirs.

You wish the ladies described too? I know that we wish as much to become acquainted with the appearance of the female sex of a country as with their character. But this is no

* The Spanish ladies who neither admire English gravity nor French moveability, say, "*Han de ser muy dulces las Alemanas.*"—Editor.

easier task than to give, in a few lines, a description of the scenery of a country; it is, in fact, much more difficult. Yet I will try it; only remember that descriptions of this kind are to be taken as general assertions, admitting of innumerable exceptions. To begin then.—It must be allowed, in the first place, that American women have generally a fine, and—more frequently than the women of other countries—a genteel, rarely an imposing appearance. Their shoulders are generally not wide enough, and too sloping; their busts not sufficiently developed, but the waist is small and round, and the lower parts of the body finely formed; their feet are not peculiarly good—they are better than German feet indeed, and better than English. Yet so capricious are exceptions! The smallest pair of correctly shaped feet, so small as would be justly criticized if an artist were to give them to a work of his imagination, and the neatest pair of ankles, "turned by Cupid," with corresponding hands and wrists, that I ever beheld, I saw on this side of the Atlantic. A pair of feet which might induce an admirer of the beautiful to sing but of them, as Conti sung only of the hands of his mistress.* I will give you a letter of introduction to these lovely feet and hands and arms, if you come to this country. In the mean time I send you a glove of their mistress, which she once gave me with much grace: honor it duly, and feel unbounded obligation for my parting with the memento.

Their walk is much better than the ungraceful dipping and pitching of the English ladies, which looks rather like an unsuccessful attempt at a gallop than a walk.† However, for feet and walk you must go to Andalusia; what is there equal to *la gracia andaluz?*

* Giusto de' Conti, in the 15th century, was an imitator of Petrarch. The constant subject of his sonnets was the hand of his mistress; hence the whole collection is called *La Bella Mano*.—Editor.

† Of the English walk may be said what Byron says of the Andalusian step: "I can't describe it, though so much it strike." The lady, whoever she be, that first kept pace with her long-striding husband, ought to be immortalized as the opposite deity to Aglaja or Euphrosyne.—Editor.

"Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.—
An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New-broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle—
No—none of these will do."—

Their arms—where are fine arms any longer to be found if not by way of exception? Sleeves have spoiled them. Their color—I do not now speak specially of the arms—is generally delicate, which contributes to give, even to the lowest classes, an air of gentility. An English face here is known directly by its florid color; and it is sometimes very agreeable to meet with a rosy cheek lately arrived. Their eyes are not as large as the Spanish, nor *ojos adormidillos*,* yet they are fine, well cut, and well set, and of much mental expression. They look bright, and are generally of a fine dark brown color. The general expression of the face is again that of handsomeness and delicacy rather than of great and striking beauty. From all this you will see that American ladies look better in the street than in the ball-room, yet I can assure you you find there also many charming faces. It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those imposing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Mad. Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldson rave†—beauties which "try

* The Spanish name for sleepy, languishing eyes.—Editor.

† We know that the author visited Gensano near Rome at the time of the *infiorata*, in company with Mr. Thorwaldson, the greatest sculptor of the age. The *infiorata* (the feast of the blossom, literally the *in-blossomed* feast,) is the name of a festival, when the streets of that beautifully situated town are covered with tasteful designs made of flowers, of which, mostly, the small colored leaves only are taken. By means of these flowers it be-

man's soul," which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can—taken all in all—compete for great beauty with the English, as there is no nation where so many pretty and delicate faces are seen as in the United States. Heavens! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the higher circles! Amongst other nations there are also beauties, for example, the Roman ladies, the peasant women around Gensano, whom I just mentioned, and the Tirolese men; but I call the whole English nation a handsome one. The very first time I took a walk in London I was struck with the beautiful children even in that confined city; a handsome English boy of ten years is one of the flowers of creation. Go even to the London 'Change; among the merchants, who, with other nations, surely do not exhibit many specimens of beauty, you find there tall, well-shaped, fine-looking men, whom Frederic William I. would have put directly into a uniform of his grenadiers. Call me a heretic, as the distinguished ——— did in the Roman *osteria*, I cannot help it; English beauty outstrips all the rest, and what seems peculiar to that nation, is, that the higher the class in England the greater the beauty, whilst the aristocracy of other European nations is far from forming the handsomest part of the inhabitants.

Brightness of mind, as I said before, is a general attribute of the American lady. They seize with ease the *salient points of things*. Let me, instead of a long description, give you an instance. In a conversation between a lady and myself, *tableaux vivans* happened to be mentioned,

comes possible to lay out any design and show great skill. The streets thus covered with the richest tapestry offer one of the most charming sights imaginable. To this feast people of all the surrounding places resort, and it is here where the beautiful peasant girls with corals in the hair are seen. Mr. Thorwaldson was quite excited by the great mass of matchless beauty collected there, when the author was with him.—Editor.

and when it was found that I was acquainted with the mechanical details of these charming entertainments, she immediately resolved to have some represented in her house, and entered into their whole character with an ease, which surprised me, as she had never seen any before. The æsthetic part as well as the mechanical was soon perfectly understood. I will not detain you by relating all the trouble we had to find the proper gauze for the frame, and my delight in arranging and placing the pictures on the occasion. I will only say, that not a single one of the company showed either false primness or a coquettish desire to show herself to the greatest advantage. But one wish animated all, to make the *tableaux* as perfect as possible—and they were made perfect. I have never seen more beautiful ones, though I have seen them on a larger scale; the stage, curtain, light, music, the ease and grace of the performers, the subjects, the steadiness with which the ladies and gentlemen stood, the style of the whole, in short, every thing conspired to make these tableaux vivans, the first ever seen by most of them, as perfect as they could be wished. Several European gentlemen who, like myself, had often seen them, were quite astonished, and the whole *performance* gave me a high opinion of the tact, taste and grace of American ladies. I will give you the subject of some of the pictures, so that you may the better judge: Niobe, Hagar and Ishmael, Ali-Pacha and Vasiliki, Cumean Sibyl, Margaret and Faust, Baptism of Malek Adhel, Amy and Janet Foster, Death of Cleopatra, Marino Faliero, a Vestal, all after engravings or pictures. I can assure you that while the first was a truly classical picture, there were others, for instance Hagar and Ishmael, or the Cumean Sibyl, which produced in me, for the first time since I had been in the United States, that peculiar feeling, which a picture of the glowing Italian school, of Raphael, Giulio Romano, &c., never fails to pour through all our veins.

What surprised me much was the ease with which they at once understood the principles of drapery, I mean that

drapery which the higher art requires, and of which our present life affords no opportunity of study. The lady, through whose zeal and taste they were got up, had chosen the music for each picture with great felicity; and if I add, that not a single lamp-glass cracked, or any lady smiled or moved, or any accident or mistake, however trifling, occurred during the whole performance, you may imagine that I had, of the whole, a fine evening, the preparations for which, by the by, in the three rehearsals were not less agreeable. Were what I write calculated to meet the eyes of the fair performers over whom I ruled for a time with almost as much power as a *directeur génèral des théatres*, I should express my acknowledgments to them most dutifully.

As to music, there is much instruction in it here, * * * * * * * * * * English, perhaps * * * * * * * * * * * Mozart not fashionable; "can Raphael be fashionable, or the contrary?" I said, *pour briller* yet one of the noblest voices and, perhaps, the best non-professional performer on the harp, I ever heard, are in this country.*

Before I close my chapter on American beauty—a chapter which, I dare say, has proved very unsatisfactory to you, although I gave you fair warning that it is very difficult for a conscientious writer to generalize such things—I must mention the fact, that American women make most exemplary wives and mothers, and strange, be a girl ever so coquettish—yea, even a positive flirt, who in Europe, would unavoidably make her future husband unhappy as soon as she were married, here she becomes the domestic and retired wife. That unhappy marriages seem to be compara-

* The blank lines in the above, indicate passages, which, by some accident, were rendered perfectly illegible in the MS.—Editor.

tively rare in America may be partly owing to the great patience of an American husband, which again is referrible to the greater want of excitability, but it is undoubtedly owing also, and probably in a greater degree, to the temper of the women.

The American women are kind and very charitable; I think they are peculiarly so. Married ladies do not only give, if a case of misfortune happens to present itself, but they undergo considerable personal trouble in compliance with their charitable disposition. And again, I have known here several ladies of the most worldly appearance, living, apparently, but to gain admiration, who, nevertheless, would visit the poor and sick in their humblest dwellings.

I have mentioned above the beautiful Albanian. You know who she was? *was*, because, by this time, alas! that matchless beauty must have begun already to become a prey to all-corroding time. I had the enviable fortune to live with the great historian, Mr. Niebuhr, then minister in Rome, and resided with him also for some time in Gensano, in a palace belonging to Cardinal Consalvi. One afternoon, it was the 3d of October, I took a walk in the vineyards around that lovely place, and met a peasant driving home his ass, laden with grapes. After a short conversation, I expressed a wish to buy some, when the peasant asked me to go along with him, as he had much better grapes at home. I, who like to mingle with the people, and am always desirous to observe life as closely as possible, accepted the invitation with great pleasure. When we arrived, the hospitable peasant called his daughter to bring some wine, bread, and grapes, and who should come in!—"the beautiful Albanian." This girl, the daughter of Antonio Caldone, was, as to her head, face, neck, and bust, such perfect beauty that her reputation had rapidly spread far and wide, and the father justly apprehended evil consequence from the many visits which were paid by artists and others. He, therefore, cut the matter short, and allowed nobody to paint her or to pay any visits to the house for the purpose of seeing his daugh-

ter. Mr. Thorwaldson alone obtained permission, after this injunction, to take a bust of the wonderful maid. He himself showed it to me one day in his *atelier*, and said, pointing at it with that beaming joy which a great artist feels when the pleasure at meeting with perfection thrills through his heart, "There!—no art has ever produced a purer beauty."

Her aquiline nose was of the finest make, and clearly defined; her eyes were large, dark, glowing, and overshadowed by long silken eyelashes, full of a playful expression, yet tempered by the gravity of perfection—eyes which made me think, the moment I beheld them, such were the eyes of a loving goddess, such the voluptuous expression of the Paphian maid! Her eyebrows were distinct and dark, yet so fine and gracefully arched, that they appeared as if painted by the steadiest hand with the most delicate brush. Her forehead was a vault of perfect dimensions and delineation, and the tense, clear, youthful skin, showed the unbroken circles which mark serenity and nobleness of mind. Neither care, nor vulgarity, nor littleness were stamped there. Her full, black, and moist hair had that lustre of youth, which renders still deeper its darkness and richness, and grew down from one small and transparent ear to the other, in a line as well marked as if drawn by a skilful draftsman, and not too deep in the neck, where close above it, the rich, Grecian *nest* of her abundant hair, pierced with the coral arrow, permitted the matchless beauty of her head to appear, set on the neck in the most perfect angle. The line of her chin was as graceful and as distinctly drawn as that of her forehead, while the vividly colored, full, and well-cut lips of a mouth not too small, gave her a slightly *earthly* look, that the nobleness of her forehead might not be too grand for a youthful female beauty. Her small and square teeth were neatly set, showing, when she smiled, two narrow white stripes, lining the deep carmine of her lips, which, arched like Cupid's bow, full, swelling with health, and yet delicate, had that firmness

mixed with tender softness, which is unlike any thing else in nature. Her skin, though darkened, by a southern sun, was clear and of the finest texture, and showed the rosy color of her cheek like the first glow in the east, under her large eyes, dark as night. The lines of her shoulders sloped off in the most correct angle to the outer points; and with these round, as if turned of ivory, and with a bust and neck betraying youthful health, and striving, in budding fulness, towards the time when her beauty would be in its noon—the appearance was that of graceful vigor in its development. There was in all her head, and face, and bust, a grace, a grandeur, a voluptuous richness, and a pride of purity, such as I never had believed could exist but in imagination. Her figure was not as that grand tournure, so common in this part of Italy, even among the lowest, would have induced the beholder to expect with such a head and such a bust; nature had exhausted herself; she had concentrated all her plastic power to produce this unrivalled, perhaps never to be equalled, head. Such beauty appearing on earth, reveals to man the secrets of nature, and shows him of what perfection she contains the germs. I am thankful for having been permitted to meet her even once.

As a woman whom we have ever seen adorned with great charms, will have attraction for us, even at periods less favorable to her beauty, or as an individual whom we have once known to perform an act revealing great nobleness of soul, will always appear to us in a superior light, though we may see him in the commonest affairs, so it is well if we meet in life with a being, whom we can call noble, pure, and elevated throughout, since, after having seen one instance of great elevation of soul, we will ever find the incipient stages of it in many individuals around us; and so it is in like manner, well for us to meet with one example of beauty *made perfect*, which may serve to show us what human beauty can be, and thus elevate in our eye every beautiful trait or limb we may afterwards see, more nearly to that standard which gives delight to the soul. Why is a

painter more easily charmed than other people with some single tree, a peculiar bend of a rivulet, or a small rock? Because he perceives a beauty in all of them, from having often observed such objects in their state of perfection. Every true specimen of perfection or even excellence, of whatever kind it may be, from the moral down to the physical, elevates every instance of an inferior degree of excellence that we meet with, and sheds over it a portion of its own perfection.

Perusing my letter once more, before I send it to you, I was reminded by the passage which speaks of the love of a German toward his horse, and shows his *bonhomie*, of another and better instance of this trait in Germans, with which you would wish, perhaps, to become acquainted, as it pleased me when I found it. You probably know that Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, son of Louis Bonaparte, Count St. Leu, published in 1830, a French translation of an Italian manuscript written by James Bonaparte in the year 1527, on the pillage of Rome by Bourbon. Count Survilliers, Joseph Bonaparte, had the kindness to send me a copy of this work, interesting in more than one respect. James Bonaparte was an eye-witness of the sad event which he describes. What a butchering there has been in this world! How many thousand years has it been full of Timours, small and great! I do not speak of regular battles, but of actual butchering. The history of India before the British occupation alone might make a man doubt, whether he would not be willing to change his human skin for some other fur. And then, when the slaughter ceases, what ruling! Oh Pomareh! Oh Pomareh!*

* We must explain this exclamation. Often, when the author heard of bad governments, he would exclaim, oh Pomareh! On repeated inquiry what he meant by it, he one day showed us, without saying a word, a passage in Kotzebue's Second Voyage round the World, which runs thus:—"Pomareh, late King of Otaheiti, a wise and mild ruler, used, nevertheless, now and then, to drink, and when he felt the effects of this evil habit, he would exclaim and apostrophize himself, 'Oh King, to-day thy fat hogs might rule better than thyself!'"—Editor.

But to my passage in James Bonaparte's work.—Page 66, it is said that "the Spaniards respected the sacred places and did not touch the relics, but they surpassed the Germans in cruelty and perfidy. When once the first heat had abated, the latter did no longer maltreat their prisoners. They were content with the sum of money, which had been voluntarily offered and paid them; a great number of them even showed much regard for the young and handsome ladies and treated them with mildness and humanity, and, to protect them against all dangers, carried them to secure places. Several prisoners, taking advantage of the good disposition of these soldiers, offered immediately very moderate ransoms. Their propositions were willingly accepted. This moderation on the side of the German soldiers cannot be attributed to the rich booty they had to divide among themselves, nor to the poverty in which they live in Germany, and which might be supposed to have given to the very small sums which were offered, great value in their eyes; it originated from a greater humanity and fairness in them. The Spaniards, on the contrary, quite as poor, and more so perhaps, showed, neither in the first moment of victory nor later, so much moderation," &c.—Their cruelties are described as horrid. Now consider that the Germans were chiefly Protestants and the Spaniards of that time bigoted Catholics, and I think, a testimony from so remote times, by an Italian who had himself suffered much by the pillage and many enormities committed during the same, will be quite acceptable. The southern nations of Europe have always heen more cruel than those of the north. The English peasants under Watt Tyler killed indeed, but they did not torment in so refined a way as the French "Jacquerie" in rebellion, and the French nobility in their turn. What a poisoning and stabbing there has been in Italian and French history; how little, in comparison, in England or Germany. It is a sad truth, that the French, to this day, surpass the other civilized nations in atrocity. If you pay attention to the different species of crimes against

persons, committed in Germany, England,* the United States, and France, you will find that the enormity and refinement of crime are by far the greatest in the latter country. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* contains the awful proofs of what I say. There are more murders committed, attended by great cruelty, or requiring unnatural hardheartedness, such as parricides, &c., in France than in either of the four great leading nations. I do not assert this as mere opinion; I have paid attention to the subject for several years.

And now, when I had at last intended to close my epistle—as long as an American governor's message—a negro boy under my window calls a lad of the same race, by way of reproach, "*nigger*." This is quite frequent, yet very peculiar. So much does the oppressed or lower class always strive to imitate the superior, that even the name which is bestowed by the latter upon the former, by way of contempt, is adopted and used by them. You must not take the present instance as of a similar character with the Gueux or Protestants, or the song of Yankee-Doodle, which were adopted in spite, though used originally by way of ridicule, or reproach, but rather as an instance of the same kind as the Spanish *cafre*, a word of contempt, now used by the Spaniards, but originally bestowed upon them by the Arabs, with whom it signified first an infidel, and then a rogue or villain. When I first saw the Greeks, a short time after they had driven the Turks from the Morea, they endeavored at nothing with so much zeal as to imitate their former and hated masters in all their customs, and in dress, &c. Our German proverb "One kettle calls the other black face," might, therefore, be better rendered now, by "One negro calls the other nigger,"—a proverb, homely as it is, for the application of which, we do, nevertheless, find opportunities every day, in politics, sectarian controversies, scientific disputes, &c.

* Ireland is not included. Murders, in that country, are frequently attended by great ferocity.—Editor.

LETTER V.

The morning after I arrived in New York, I went to see a friend of mine—a gentleman, such as you may meet in this life, to whom, nevertheless, were he to be depicted in a work of fiction, the possibility of existence would be denied. He is a Spaniard, yet he knows and speaks fluently five languages, among which is the German, though he never was in any other country than Spain, the Spanish West Indies, and but lately has come to the United States. He is a merchant, yet makes sweet verses in French and Spanish. He is an Andalusian, and yet delights in American beauty. He is of true *sangre azul*,* and yet of great ease in his manners, and enters with facility into the views and ways of other nations. Such is the salt-cellar† of my soul, of

* To be of *sangre azul*, blue blood, means in Spanish, of pure Christian origin, perhaps on account of the whiter skin of the Gothic race, and the veins appearing blue through it, compared to the darker skin of the Moors; or, and we think more probably, from the fact that blue being the color of the sky assumes with several nations the meaning of purity. Altogether, the word blue has obtained a very peculiar signification with many modern nations.—Editor.

† *Sal* and *salero* (salt and salt-cellar) are very common expressions used in Andalusia with reference to beauty and endearment, though the author deviates somewhat from the Spanish use, which generally employs these strange expressions as terms of endearment between the two sexes. *Salero del alma*, salt-cellar of my soul, *tiene mucha sal*, she has much salt, *es muy salada*, she is very salt, *salado y valenton del alma*, salt one and hero of my soul, are frequently used.—Editor.

whom I might mention yet a whole list of deviations from the rule. But we do not only meet in reality with persons who would be considered in plain prose the creations of the poet; I could tell you of many events and occurrences which have happened, as I myself know, in real life, and yet would not be tolerated in a novel, merely on account of their essential improbability, or impossibility, perhaps, as the critic would have it. Like Italian mountains at a distance, so dark and yet so purely blue, that, were a landscape painter to copy them, they might be considered as belonging to the scenery of a land of visions.

I found my friend pensive and sad—a humor in which he does not often indulge; but when he imformed me of the reason of his melancholy, I could not but agree with him that he had good cause for it.

A friend of his had lately arrived from the West Indies with his sister, a lovely girl, but whose beauty was enhanced by that most melancholy charm, which told that Death had entered in his book of record, opposite her name, the fearful word—*Consumption.* The transparent whiteness of her spotless teeth, such as we observe only in those, whose veins have drunk of the poison of that disease, the deep crimson of her lips, the brilliant lustre of her eyes, that fearful ornament peculiar to the victims of this fever, which paints with delicate vermilion the mocking flush, as if in scorn of health; the pallid cheek, fanned and softened by the wings of inexorable Death, who hovers around and seems to shower all bloom and charm upon his youthful sacrifices, as if to say to those who remain, "Behold, such their beauty, and such my power to destroy:"—ah, every thing about this Spanish girl sufficiently proved that there was no hope in human skill, and that her noble figure, of which nature might have been proud, and her dark and luxuriant tresses,—that all these features beaming with kindness and intense attachment to her afflicted brother, the last and only kinsman left her, and that her heart, which never yet had beaten but in purest innocence, would soon be laid

into the narrow shrine and become a prey to the loathsome servants of Death. I saw this lonely and afflicted couple, and never had I beheld a more affecting picture of silent grief and of despairing love; she had his hand in hers, her eyes fixed upon his, as if desirous of speaking of their approaching separation, but fearful to pierce his heart by the very comfort she wished to give him; he struggling within himself to belie his fears and griefs, and to make his countenance speak of hopes his heavy heart knew not. And all this in a distant country, far from their friends, their sky, and native tongue! A lady, whom I would call the kindest woman I know, did I not know the one whose kindness is intwined with my life, had visited her, indeed, as often as her sufferings would permit her to see any one besides her brother. It is true, that the looks of that kind being must soon have told the sufferer that joy and grief quicken the steps of friendship; yet this friend had not been a companion of her youth, she was not a friend of her friends; her appearance was not a record which told of a thousand pleasures enjoyed together, a thousand griefs suffered in faithful companionship. That balm of friendship is but slowly collected by single drops on a long journey through life.

The physicians had advised the patient to proceed forthwith to Havre. She was to go with her brother the next morning, and my friend had had the painful foresight to ask the latter whether he was prepared to lose his sister on the passage. "I fear," said he, with moistened eyes, "she will never see the shores of France." "Then," continued my friend, "you are to consider which you prefer in case of death, to hand her over to the deep, or to have her buried on shore." "I tremble at the idea of parting with her on sea." "If this be the case, my friend, I shall be obliged to send a cask of spirits on board." "Do so, do so," he sobbed, overwhelmed at all the horror of his thoughts.—I wish Sterne had described it to you.

Now, there is something heart-rending in the idea of sail-

ing on the lonely track of the wide ocean, in that awful silence—vastness above you and vastness beneath—with the body, yet nothing but the body of a being you love, and love beyond every other human one, close by you. Even the idea of an easy posture in the coffin has something soothing compared to this. The human mind abhors being obliged to connect the idea of the narrow, the ugly, and especially of that, which, in any other case, would cause the opposite to grief, with the beloved who have departed from this world. Things of this kind depend, I know well, upon feeling alone. To some, the idea of seeing the shrouded body of a once dear companion in life, descend into the watery grave, there to be devoured by the ill-shaped inhabitants of the deep, is horrid.

I knew a lady who told me once the story of her grief, when she lost her husband on a passage from Brazil to the United States, a few days after they had set sail, and could not persuade herself to part with his body, but rather chose to keep it near her for more than two months, in the way that bodies are preserved on sea. When I asked, "and you did not prefer to let the ocean receive it?" she uttered, with a shuddering and trembling voice, pressing her hands against her face: "Ah! and fishes gnaw upon!"*

My feeling on this point is different. The burial service on the sea—a floating community, under the vastest dome of heaven's canopy, surrounded by the unbounded ocean which is to receive the remains of a departed friend, and soon may ingulph those who are paying him the last tribute of earthly regard, should He that bade him die, call up the tempest—this faithful picture of our whole course through life, has in it for me, something sublime. We love, indeed, to know the spot where our friends rest from the toils of life, and it is soothing to go unseen to their graves, to plant a flower on the turf beneath which they slumber; but if this

* Shakspeare will put his words into our mouths in moments of the greatest joy and deepest grief; he penetrates so intimately our souls, that he becomes our spokesman, and we quote him unconsciously.—Editor.

can only be obtained by first placing the body in a liquid which reminds you of a thousand prosaic and contrasting things, I would much prefer the burial on the waves, and let the heaving billows close for ever over him, from whom the breath of life has fled. There is something elevating to me in the contemplation, that thus matter returns to matter in this wide element; that death has given sustenance to life according to the eternal laws which regulate the ever-changing substance, as its Maker willed them from the commencement of all things. Though the same takes place with those who sleep in the bosom of the earth, I think that that great truth presents itself with more grandeur to our mind, when we contemplate this dissolution in the vast, unbroken element which rolls from pole to pole, and is pregnant with a thousand germs of life in every drop.

I never can forget what I felt when I came to the end of Southey's Life of Nelson, where the hero terminates his career in a barrel of rum.

LETTER VI.

Few things in life, it seems to me, can dispose us to feel more sad than the looking over of old letters, and yet it has all the interest of a sad story, all the painful charm of tragic events related in a vivid style. How, in such moments, our life passes before our inward eye! Here some lines of a hand that now is cold and stiff; there the characters you once so dearly loved to contemplate, but no longer directed to you; the date of some letters, the buoyant style, and jokes, and puns of others; the blots of burning tears in one; the yellow paper, cut and smoked by the precautious quarantine; the large capitals of a childish correspondent; the brief but happy official information that your petition at length has been granted; a colored and embossed note, whose three or four lines remind you of a world of enjoyment; a tattered letter crossed and crammed; a note written by a fair hand, and which once accompanied some choice wine, when you were sick in a foreign country; a letter from your old teacher with Greek and Latin quotations; the happy writing of your parents, traced by a hand trembling with joy, after they had learned that a great battle had been fought and you were still alive; the unsolicited praise of your own work by a man of distinguished authority, who thus begins his correspondence; the malevolent misrepresentation of your best intentions; the joyous information that your election is going on swimmingly—represented in such documents lies

the history of your life around you—ruins and ashes, which it requires courage to contemplate, a strong resolution to view without a bleeding heart; while pain retains its sting, joy almost turns to grief, since ruthless time has written under most of these messengers of pleasure—"past and gone."

And if our correspondence of elapsed years can thus affect us, with what feelings do we not lay down an old journal of ours, not a book of lying sentiments, but a brief and true record of names, dates, events and facts? Why can I hardly ever take up my journal of Rome without sadness? Why are the faint characters I wrote in Greece with wine and gun-powder, so sadly dear to me? Why can I not look at the tattered leaves, which recall to my mind Waterloo's field, without feeling something heavy here at my left side? Because human life is in such moments spread out before us with all its withered blossoms, over which Time has trod with his hasty and destroying strides.—Have you ever looked again at one of your earliest copy-books? I have a book containing the compositions, which I had to write in the course of my religious instruction preceding confirmation*—but it is useless to dwell upon these things.

I was led to this introduction to my epistle, from my being reminded in New York, in the course of my letters to you, that seven years ago I arrived there on the same day, and put my foot on land in the same hour, that in 1815 a ball prostrated me. This coincidence made me at the time reflective; I sought the field, and at Wiehawk, on a point perpendicularly above the Hudson, from which I had a view over the whole city and the bay, the river and the country, I sat down and mused. Thus reminded of Waterloo, I remembered that some time ago you asked me to

* The German Protestants, who consider confirmation as the voluntary repetition of the vow which others made for the infant at the font of baptism, allow no person to be confirmed without previous and regular instruction in our religion and a public examination, which proves the fitness of being admitted to confirmation. Lutherans and Calvinists do this alike, and government exacts this instruction.—Editor.

give you a sketch of my adventures in that battle; I determined to comply with your wish, and searched among my papers for a copy, which my mother gave me once, of my own letter, the first I was able to write after the eventful days of battle. I did not succeed in finding what I looked for, but will, nevertheless, give you a sketch of what you desire. Do not expect a kind of memoirs; I played too humble a part in the chorusses of that great drama, though a French sergeant has, I see, published his memoirs. Nor must you even expect a monography. It will be but a very brief sketch, of some little interest perhaps, in as much as we love to observe how a great and memorable era has affected a single individual; of what particular elements that which we know only as a great historical phenomenon was made up; and in as much as *that* may interest, which we know to be true, when, as a fictitious composition, it would be void and wanting of all salient points. I wish some Egyptian had noted every evening during one whole year, on his imperishable papyrus, every thing he had done during the day. It would be a document of no mean value now, had his occupation been but the superintending of some men engaged in building a pyramid, or digging a canal.

But, if I thus tell you a plain, true story, you must not be surprised to find strange contrasts, the most common thing ludicrously placed by the side of the noblest or gravest. Life, you know well, does not select and classify, does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts, and is much like the index of an encyclopedia, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*, where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*, and *Shakers* is the neighboring article to *Shakspeare*. It places, like the old architects, a grinning monkey in the capital of a column, which supports the canopy of an altar, or covers the walls of the room where Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence, with scenes of Don Quixote's life.* Perhaps the very spot, on which he fastened his

* Room No. 2, in the Indian Queen in Philadelphia, in which Jefferson dwelt during the memorable Congress, is universally believed to be the room

eye when meditating how he should word that great instrument, now represents Sancho tossed like a fox. We meet with contrasts every where. To the version of the bible used by the freest nation of Europe, continues to be prefixed an address to one of England's most obnoxious kings, drawn up in terms of offensive flattery; whilst the women of the very sect, which takes its name from its meekness, are sufficiently bold to speak in their public meetings. Does not the gay riband of fashion almost touch the gravestone which looks from the churchyard into Broadway? Captain Lyon found the nest of a snow-bunting built on the breast of a dead infant,* and Domitian was brother to Titus and a son of Vespasian, and Charles the Fifth's own sister professed Protestantism.

"Boys, clean your rifles," said my old and venerable father, entering my room, where I was just studying Loder's Anatomical Tables; "He is loose again."—"Napoleon?"—"He has returned from Elba."—My heart beat high; it was glorious news for a boy of sixteen, who had often heard with silent envy the account of the campaigns of 1813 and –14 from the lips of his two brothers, both of whom had marched in 1813, in common with most young men of good families, as volunteer riflemen, and returned as wounded officers.

The one, cured of his wounds, rejoined his regiment; another of my brothers and myself followed the call of government to enter the army as volunteers, though our age would have exempted us from all obligation. Which regiment should we choose? Of course one which was garrisoned near the enemy's frontier, so that we were sure not to have

where he drew up the Declaration of Independence, and is shown as such to visiters; yet Mr. Jefferson himself, in a letter to Dr. Mease of Philadelphia, states, that he wrote that instrument in the second story of the house at the south-west corner of Market and Seventh Streets. He then boarded there. It was at that time a two or three story building, but it is now four stories high.—Editor.

* In his Narrative of an Attempt to reach Repulse Bay.—Editor.

a peaceable campaign in a distant reserve. There was a regiment among the troops near the frontiers of France which enjoyed a peculiarly high and just reputation; its name was *Colberg*, bestowed upon the brave band in honor of its valiant defence of the fortress of Colberg, in the year 1806—the only Prussian fortified place at that wretched time which did not surrender to the French. It was composed of brave and sturdy Pomeranians, a short, broad-shouldered, healthy race. In more than twenty "ranged" engagements during the campaign of –13 and –14, had they shown themselves worthy of their honorable name. My brother and myself selected this regiment. When the day appointed for the enlistment of the volunteers arrived, we went to my father and said, "Well then, we go; is it with your consent?" "Go to your mother," he replied. We went to her; our hearts were big; she had suffered so much during the first campaign. With a half-choked voice I said, "Mother, we go to be enrolled, shall we?" She fell into our arms, that noble woman, worthy of the best times of Rome, and sobbed aloud. "Go," was all her bleeding heart allowed her to utter; and had she been the mother of twenty sons, she would have sent them all.

A table was placed in the centre of a square in the city of Berlin, at which several officers were enlisting those who offered themselves. We had to wait from ten to one o'clock before we could get a chance to have our names taken down; the throng was so great.

In the beginning of the month of May, we were marched from Berlin to our regiments. My mother, my sisters, and brothers were calm when we took leave; tears would burst out of their burning eyes, which had wept the live-long night; but they did all they could not to make the parting too painful to us. My father accompanied us to the place of rendezvous. When the bugle called us to the lines, we looked for him, to take the last leave; he had stolen himself away. A great many people accompanied us out of the city; the beautiful Brandenburg gate was soon

behind us; we began to sing. I looked but forward, happy that it was yet my lot to carry arms in defence of my country.

On the 16th we passed the Rhine. With all the feelings of veneration with which a German of the north will ever regard that noble and classical river, when he sees it for the first time, was mixed in our breasts a glowing of patriotism such as you may expect to find only in one whose morning of life had fallen in that exciting time. On the 25th of May we passed in review before Prince Blücher, in Namur. On the 26th we marched to a village called Voistin, and were incorporated with our regiment. Its colonel received us with a calmness which almost bordered on coldness; he was always so. In the most trying moments, or when the cry of victory was raised after a long and doubtful struggle, his face betrayed no emotion. Our men called him Old Iron, yet they loved him for his justice and bravery, and his love of his men. Every man of the army or navy will understand me.

On the second of June we had our first parade with the regiment, and the colonel declared that we had the bearing of old soldiers; he was satisfied with us.* We longed to be tried. I saw on that day, for the first time, the woman who was sergeant in our regiment, and distinguished herself so much that she could boast of three orders on her gown, when, after the peace, she was married, in Berlin, to another sergeant. In a second regiment of our brigade was another girl serving as soldier; but she was very different from our sergeant; her sex was discovered by mere accident; she had marched instead of her brother, that he might support their aged parents. You probably recollect Pochasca, and the girl who followed her lover to the army, fought by his side, was known to nobody but him, was wounded and discovered herself only just before she breathed her last in the Berlin hospital,—to the Princess William.

* The infantry volunteers, who were all riflemen, formed separate companies, called detachments, one of which was added to each battalion or regiment, according to the number who had enrolled for a certain regiment.—Editor.

We marched to Longueville, seven leagues from Brussels. On the 9th we received lead to cast our balls, the rifles being of different calibre, as each volunteer had equipped himself. It is one of the most peculiar situations a man of reflecting mind can be in, when he casts his balls for battles near at hand.

In the evening I was lying with two comrades, one of whom was a Jew, in a hay-loft; the crazy roof allowed us to see the brilliant stars. We spoke of home. "My father," said the one, "told me he was sure he would not see me again, though he never attempted to keep me back," and, added he, "I feel as if I should fall." A ball entered his forehead in the first battle, and killed him on the spot. The second, the Jew, said, "Nobody has told me of my death, yet I believe I shall remain on the field." He fell at my side, in the battle of Ligny, before he had fired a shot—a ball cutting his throat. "And I," said I, "shall be brushed, but, I think, shall return home, though with a scratched skin." Thus, strangely every prophecy of that night was fulfilled.

On the morning of the 15th the general was beaten; hostilities had begun on the 14th. We marched the whole day and the whole night. In the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny; we halted. Before us was a rising ground, on which we saw innumerable troops ascending the plain with flying colors, and music playing. It was a sight a soldier loves to look at. I cannot say, with Napoleon, that the earth seemed to be proud to carry so many brave men, but we were proud to belong to these brave and calm masses. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Some soldiers who carried cards in their knapsacks threw them away, believing that they bring bad luck. I had never played at cards and carried none, but this poor instance of timid superstition disgusted me so, that I purposely picked up a pack and put it in my knapsack. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads, who were impatient for battle, and made a thousand questions in their

excited state to the old, well-seasoned sergeant-major, who had been given to us from the regiment. His imperturbable calmness, which neither betrayed fear nor excited courage, but took the battle like a drilling, amused us much.

We now marched again, up the sloping plain, and by one o'clock, in the afternoon, arrived on the battle-ground. Our destiny was first a trying reserve; the enemy's brass played hard upon us; shell shots fell around us and took several men out of our column. We were commanded to lie down; I piqued myself on not making any motion when balls or shells were flying over us. Behind us stood some cavalry; one of their officers had been a near neighbor to us in Berlin. He rode up to me and asked me to write home should he fall, he would do as much for me should I be shot down. He soon after fell. We longed most heartily to be led into the fire, when our officer, a well-tried soldier, for we had not yet exercised our right of electing our own officers, as none of us had sufficient experience, spoke these few words: "My friends, it is easier to fight than to stand inactive exposed to fire; you are tried at once by the severest test, show then that you can be calm as the oldest soldiers. My honor depends upon your conduct. Look at me, and I promise you, you shall not find yourselves mistaken." At length, at about two o'clock, an aide of the general of our brigade galloped up to our column, and said to the colonel: "Your column must throw the enemy out of the left wing of the village." Presently the colonel rode up to us and said, "Riflemen, you are young, I am afraid too ardent; calmness makes the soldier, hold yourselves in order;" then he turned round: "March!"—and the dull, half-suffocated drum, from within the deep column, was heard beating such delicious music. Now, at last, was all to be realized for which we had left our homes, had suffered so many fatigues, had so ardently longed for. The bugle gave the signal of halt; we were in front of the village of Ligny. The signal was given for the riflemen to march out to the right and left of the column, and to attack.

Our ardor now led us entirely beyond the proper limits; the

section to which I belonged ran madly, without firing, toward the enemy, who retreated. My hindman* fell; I rushed on, hearing well but not heeding the urgent calls of our old sergeant. The village was intersected with thick hedges, from behind which the grenadiers fired upon us, but we drove them from one to the other. I, forgetting altogether to fire and what I ought to have done, tore the red plume from one of the grenadiers bear-caps, and swung it over my head, calling triumphantly to my comrades. At length we arrived at a road crossing the village lengthwise, and the sergeant-major had now succeeded in his attempt to bring us somewhat back to our reason. There was a house around the corner of which he suspected that a number of French lay. "Be cautious," said he to me, "until the others are up," but I stepped round and a grenadier stood about fifteen paces from me; he aimed at me, I levelled my rifle at him. "Aim well, my boy," said the sergeant-major, who saw me. My antagonist's ball grazed my hair on the right side; I shot and he fell; I found I had shot through his face; he was dying. This was my first shot ever fired in battle.

Several times I approached old soldiers in the battle, to ask them whether this was really a good sound battle, and when they told me, as heavy a one as Dennewitz, one of the most sanguinary engagements in which our regiment or, in fact, any regiment had ever fought, I was delighted. All I had feared was, that I should not have the honor of assisting in a thorough battle. I observed a hog and a child both equally bewildered; they must have soon been killed, and as I never can omit observing contrasts, I noticed a bird anxiously flying about its young ones and striving to protect them in this tremendous uproar and carnage. A degree of vanity, I remember, made me in the beginning of the battle, feel very important, when I thought that a man's life depended upon

* Riflemen, who attack as *tirailleurs* and never shoot without aiming, are placed two by two together. These couples assist each other, one charges whilst the other aims, and vice versa. One of them is called the fore-man, the other hind-man.—Editor.

my trigger. After about an hour, I was calmed down, and got the proper *trempe.** I felt a parching thirst, and discovering a well, I took a canteen from the knapsack of a dead soldier, contrived to fasten it by thongs obtained in a similar way, to a pole, and drew up some water. A captain, seeing me, partook of it, and made some remarks about my calmness, which made me feel proud. It happened where the fire was briskest.—But I cannot tell you all the details of the fight, and what a soldier personally does in a battle, so bloody and so long as that of Ligny; how many of my friends I have seen falling dead or wounded around me, how desperately we fought on both sides for the possession of the village; and how the troops against us were three times renewed, while we received no succour. Suffice it to say, that the battle lasted in all its vigor until dark. The village was four times taken and retaken; the last time we had to march in a hollow way, which leads across the centre of the place, and where the struggle had been the hottest all the afternoon. Three or four layers of dead and living, men and horses, impeded the progress of the soldiers, who were obliged to wade in the blood of their comrades, or to trample upon wounded enemies, imploring them to give some assistance, but to whom they were obliged to turn a deaf ear, whatever might be their feelings. This last attempt to regain the village, when I was called upon to assist in getting a cannon over the mangled bodies of comrades or enemies, leaping in agony when the heavy wheel crossed over them, has impressed itself with indelible horror upon my mind. I might give you details such as you have seen in no picture of a carnage, by whatever master it was painted; but why?

All my ammunition was exhausted except one ball, which I was anxious to save, should any cavalrist attempt to sabre me. It was impossible for me to get new ammunition, and so I was obliged, for more than an hour, to be present at the

* Temper of steel.—Editor.

fire as a mere spectator. I would not have gone back on any account, though the commander of our company once advised me to do so. In the course of the battle, one of my friends had, in the heat of the engagement, put his ball into the rifle before the powder. It is one of the most painful things that can happen to a young soldier. There is a kind of stigma or suspicion attached to this mishap; besides, who likes to leave the battle? Yet I advised him to go back and get the ball extracted. "I'd rather fight the whole day with a stick," he exclaimed. He then took the gun and ammunition from a dead Frenchman, and fired the enemy's own balls until he fell. I now tried to do the same, but though guns enough were strewed on the ground, I found no cartridge box with ammunition.

Toward evening the cavalry began to press us more and more; to regain the village was impossible; our troops were thinned to the utmost; it became dark; the bugle blew to retreat, when horse grenadiers approached to charge us. The signal was given to form *heaps.** It was now, when retreating, that our men began for the first time to show uneasiness. The colonel observed it by the irregular *beat* of the gun, when he commanded "Ready." But as if he were on the drilling place, he said, "Your beat is bad; have we drilled so long for nothing? down with your guns; now, 'Ready;'" and every man was calm again. Treat good soldiers soldier-like, and good sailors sailor-like, and you may always depend upon them. The cavalry charged, but we received them according to the rule, "No firing until you see the white of their eyes;" and they were repelled. My brother had been wounded in the foot and was obliged to ride the night through on the pointed cover of

* Infantry forms, at the approach of cavalry, regular squares; but, when troops are so thinned and dispersed as the regiment Colberg was toward the end of this battle, or, when the attack of cavalry is too sudden and unexpected to admit of their regular formation, mere heaps are formed; that is, the infantry run together and imitate a square as well as they can.—Editor.

an ammunition car. He assured me afterwards he had an uncomfortable ride of it, which I willingly believe.

Of our whole company, which, on entering the engagement, mustered about 150 strong, not more than from twenty to thirty *combattans* remained. The old soldiers of our regiment treated us ever after this battle with signal regard, while, before it, they had looked upon us rather as beardless boys. We marched all night. On the seventeenth we attempted twice to go to bivouac, but were twice disturbed by the enemy. Suffering greatly from hunger, we made a meal of raw pork, having met with a hog.

Toward evening I was sent with some others to get whatever might be obtained in the shape of victuals, from the surrounding villages. It was a sad charge! In one house, stripped of every thing, we found a young woman with an infant, by the side of her father, who had been beaten and wounded by some marauding enemies. She asked us for a piece of bread; we had none. We gave her some potatoes which we had just found, but she said she had nothing to cook them with. We received this day the order of the army, in which Blücher spoke in high terms of the conduct of the infantry during the battle; our regiment was singled out by name.

We marched a great part of the night. Rain fell in torrents; it had rained the whole of the 17th; the roads were very bad. Early in the morning of the 18th we found part of our regiment from which we had been separated. It was a touching scene, to see the soldiers rushing to each other, to find comrades whom we had believed to be dead or missing. Our men were exhausted, but old Blücher allowed us no rest. We began early on the 18th our march. As we passed the marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a hill, our soldiers began to hurrah, for it was always a delight to them to see the "Old one," as he was called. "Be quiet, my lads," said he; "hold your tongues; time enough after the victory is gained." He issued this morning his famous order, which ended by assuring our army that he would prove the possibility of beating two days after

a retreat, and, with inferior numbers; and which concluded with the words, "We *shall* conquer because we *must* conquer."

We entered the battle with Blücher in the afternoon: you know the history of this memorable day. It had been again our lot to stand, unengaged for some time, in sight of the battle; we saw some brilliant charges of our cavalry putting to rout French squares. Not far from us stood the huzzars, commanded by Colonel Colomb. An aide came with the order to charge a square. "Volunteers, advance!" called the colonel,—intending to form the body for the attack of volunteers,—when the whole regiment, as if by magic, advanced some steps. He was obliged to order a company in the common way. Numerous wounded passed by us while we stood there inactive. Marshal Blücher rode by, and when he observed our uniform, said, "Ah, my Colberger, wait, wait a moment, I'll give you presently something to do."

We suffered dreadfully from the cravings of hunger. I found a peasant in the cellar of a house near the road, and threatened to shoot him instantly unless he gave us bread. He assured us he had none. I told my comrade to hold him, while I would seem to prepare to shoot him; he brought us a small loaf. No one knows what the enjoyments of the palate are, who has not really suffered from hunger or thirst. Let a shipwrecked man, who floated for many days with the scantiest supply of water, under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, tell you what he suffered, and describe to you what he felt, when, for the first time again, he could quaff the delicious crystal liquid, without the jealous eyes of his fellow sufferers fixed upon him, counting with the envy of a maniac each draught he takes. It is in such moments we receive an enjoyment, which ever after gives us a different view of the senses through which we obtained it. They then appear to us in their true light, sanctified by all their importance and necessity in the great world of creation; we then see how their subtle organization forms a powerful means

of connecting scattered elements, and our inmost soul perceives that they, too, are the gifts of a great God.

It was heart-rending to halt, as we did in the evening, on the field of battle after such blood-shed. Fires were lighted, that the wounded might creep to them. I found a hen-house, got in, and the door shut after me; I heard the signal for march, and my anxiety was great when I found I could not get out. It was perfectly dark; I groped about, but, to my utter discomfiture, I found no way of escape. At last I set up a tremendous shouting, and after awhile succeeded in attracting the attention of some of our regiment, who delivered me from my unpleasant situation, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense.

The great body of the Prussian and English armies marched toward Paris; but half of our army corps, to which I belonged, received orders to pursue Vandamme, who had thrown himself upon Namur. We marched the whole of the 19th; the heat was excessive, and our exhaustion and thirst so great, that two men of our regiment became deranged in consequence. We chewed clay, over which the artillery had marched, and thus had pressed out its moisture by the wheels of the cannons. In my despair I even made the attempt—but I could not.

No soldier is allowed by the regulations, when marching through a place, to step out of the ranks or to drink from wells on the road; but when we marched in the course of this day through Gemblours, where the people had placed large tubs before their doors, filled with water, officers and privates fell pellmell upon them; some drank their last draught. Such was the impression then made upon me by the consuming thirst, that, for a long time after, I was unable to see liquid of any kind, without feeling an intense desire to swallow it, though I might not at the time feel thirsty. At four o'clock in the afternoon we went to bivouac; we started early again, and now my strength forsook me. I could not keep up with the troops, and began to lag behind; it was a most painful feeling to me, but I could not do otherwise. I tried to get

hold of a cannon: an artillerist, pitying my appearance, wished even to take me on the cannon, but his officer would not permit it. Suddenly, at about noon, I heard the first guns; the battle of Namur had begun. Heavens, and I not with my corps! My strength was suddenly restored; I ran across a field, in which the balls of the enemy were mowing down the high wheat, toward the commander of our brigade, whom I espied on an elevation. I asked him, "Where is my regiment?" He very angrily turned round: "Who disturbs me here during the engagement? go to the d——," but as soon as he began to observe me more narrowly, my exhausted appearance, my youth, and particularly when I quickly said, "Sir, I ask, because I want to fight," he bent down from his horse, stroked my face, and said, in a mild tone, "What do you want, my rifleman?" I repeated my question; he showed me where I had to go, gave me to drink, and called after me, "Come and see me after the battle: do you understand?" "I do," said I. Two minutes after he fell. He was a most kind officer, and the soldiers said he treated the riflemen too kindly.

When I arrived where my regiment stood, or, as I should rather say, the little band representing it, I dropped down, but fortunately one of my comrades had some eggs, one of which gave me great strength. Our colonel came up to us, saying, "Riflemen, you have twice fought like the oldest soldiers; I have to say nothing more; this wood is to be cleared; be calm—bugleman, the signal!" and off we went with a great hurrah! driving the French before us down a hill toward Namur, which lay on our front. My hindman —like his predecessor—was killed. When I saw our men rushing too fast down the hill, I was afraid that some enemies might be hid under the precipice to receive them. Holding myself with my left hand by a tree, I looked over the precipice, and saw about seven Frenchmen. "They will hit me," I thought, and turning round to call to our soldiers, I suddenly experienced a sensation as if my whole body were compressed in my head, and this, like a ball, were

quivering in the air. I could feel the existence of nothing else; it was a most painful sensation. After some time, I was able to open my eyes, or to see again with them; I found myself on the ground; over me stood a soldier firing at the enemy. I strained every nerve to ask, though in broken accents, whether, and if so, where I was wounded. "You are shot through the neck." I begged him to shoot me; the idea of dying miserably, half of hunger, half of my wound, alone in the wood, overpowered me. He, of course, refused, spoke a word of comfort, that, perhaps, I might yet be saved, and soon after himself received a shot through both knees, in consequence of which he died in the hospital, while I am now writing an account of his sufferings here, in America.

My thirst was beyond description; it was a feverish burning. I thought I should die, and prayed for forgiveness of my sins, as I forgave all; I recollect I prayed for Napoleon; and begged the Dispenser of blessings to shower his bounty upon my beloved ones; and, if it could be, to grant me a speedy end of my sufferings. All my relations passed before my mind. I received a second ball, which entering my chest, gave me a more local pain than the first; I thought God had granted my fervent prayer. I perceived, as I supposed, that the ball had pierced my lungs, and tried to breathe hard to hasten my dissolution. At several periods I heard soldiers passing by and making their remarks upon me, but I had no power of giving any sign of life. A boy, the son of a colonel, was led by an old soldier past me; I could see them dimly, and heard the boy exclaim, "Oh, my father!" I heard afterwards that his father had been killed, and the second in command had sent the boy out of the fire.

I now fell into a deep swoon; the ideas of approaching death, the burning thirst, and the fever, created by my wounds, together with the desire which had occupied our minds so often during the last days, of seeing once more good quarters, produced a singular dream, which was as lively and as like reality as it was strange. I dreamt that

I had died and arrived before the gates of heaven, where I presented my billet. St. Peter looked at it, and I was admitted into a wide saloon, where an immense table was spread out, covered with the choicest fruits, and with crystal vessels filled with the most cooling beverages. I was transported with joy, yet I asked, "Do people here eat and drink?" St. Peter answered, that those who wished to enjoy these refreshments, as was probably my case, were at liberty to do so, but that those who were unwilling to partake of them, felt no evil effects in consequence; life was possible there without food I went to one of the crystal bowls, and drank in deep draughts the refreshing liquid. I awoke, and found a soldier bending over me and giving me out of his canteen what I long believed to be wine, so deliciously and vivifyingly did it course through every vein. But at a later period I happened to meet the same soldier, and learned that this reviving liquid was simple water. It was extremely hot, and the wounded suffered very much; but this heat, so painful to us, saved perhaps my life, since without any bandage over my wounds, I soon must have bled to death, had not the clogged blood served instead of a bandage, and stopped in a measure farther bleeding.

I succeeded in expressing to the soldier my wish that he would return with some men to carry me away; he promised to return, but did not. I again became senseless, and when I awoke found myself digging in agony in the ground, as I had seen so many of the dying men do in the previous battles. I shuddered, and prayed once more for a speedy dissolution. I had, fortunately, in my agony and struggle, turned from the precipice; had I turned toward it, I must inevitably have perished. My situation, on a declivity, was such that I could see into the plain of Namur, and I was rejoiced, when I saw by the fire that our troops had, by this time, hard pressed the enemy.

My strength was fast going, and when, toward evening, I was awakened by the peasants sent to collect the wounded, but who found it more profitable to plunder the dead or

such of the wounded, as could offer no resistance, and to throw both into the fosses, the common grave of friend and foe, I could not speak; I felt as if a rock was weighing upon every limb and muscle. They searched for my watch and money, and rudely stripped me of my clothes, which increased my pains and renewed the bleeding of my wounds. At last I was enabled to move my eyelids, and this motion, as well as, probably, the expression of my look, showed them that not only was I living, but that I was sufficiently sensible, to be aware of all the horrors of my situation. One of them said, "*Ah, mon camarade, tu es dans un état qu'il faut que tu crèves!*" When they had nearly finished their work, I heard a loud threatening voice, a shot, and a scream of one of the peasants, upon which they all absconded. Soon after a soldier of the Westphalia militia, himself wounded, dragged himself toward me. He had seen the peasants at their nefarious work, and fired upon them. He saw my helpless situation, and when he espied a surgeon below in the valley, he called to him to come and dress my wounds. "At this hour work is left off,"* he replied, and proceeded on his way. My protector intended to fire at him also, but his wounds prevented him from loading quickly enough. He promised me to return soon with assistance. I feared he would not return, and saw him, with a heavy heart, disappear behind the trees; but he did not deceive me.

At about 9 o'clock he returned,—painful as it was to him to walk,—with some peasants, who dressed me with the clothes of the dead around me, and made a litter, by means of guns; upon which they carried me into the valley, to a farm where the surgeons were. All the lint had been used, and it was necessary to cut open the uniform I had on, and employ the wadding of it as a substitute. A sutler tried to make me eat small crumbs, but I could not move a single muscle without great pain.

* *Es ist jezt Feierabend.*—Editor.

A short time after, a false alarm spread that the French were coming up again; wounded soldiers are full of apprehension, and the rumor was believed. I implored my kind friend, for I had, by this time, somewhat recovered my speech, to take me away; I feared nothing so much as to be taken prisoner when wounded. He fetched a wheelbarrow, made to carry lime, got me into it, as well as he could, and carried me to a farm at a distance from the main road. My pains, during this time, were excruciating; my bandages fell off. On the road to this farm we met a wounded sergeant of my company. I heard the militia-man ask him whether he knew me; he answered in the negative, and I could not tell who I was. My head had struck against the wheel, and my wound had bled anew. "Poor fellow," said the sergeant, "may God assist you;" then, addressing the militia-man, I heard him express his serious doubts as to the possibility of my recovery, but requesting him to take care of me as long as I should be alive.

The house to which I was taken, was full of wounded; my kind companion tried to make some room for me on the ground; it rained hard, and we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather. In the morning, my friend left me after having recommended me to the care of an officer of our regiment, shot through the belly. Toward noon a coal-cart arrived, to take some of the wounded to Namur; the officer was carried into it; and I then heard him say, "Fetch that rifleman;" but those who were to execute his order, took another in my place, and I could not speak loud enough to correct the mistake.

By the time that evening arrived, the number of the wounded had greatly diminished; all who could carry themselves to town, had done so. Late in the evening, the proprietor of the house—an old man—came, slowly and shyly, into his own house. He made some porridge, and in a manner, which betrayed much feeling, tried to feed me, but I could eat but very little. The poor old man had himself a son in the army.

On the 22d every one was carried out of the house except myself and three others, with equally bad wounds. We had not strength to make ourselves sufficiently noticed when the carts arrived. We remained together the whole day in silent companionship; the old man had left the house soon after he had attempted to feed me. On the 23d, in the forenoon, I resolved to creep out of the door, should I perish in the attempt, in order to stand a chance of being seen by passengers. It must have been more than two hours before I succeeded in reaching the road, though but a few rods from the house; I fell from one swoon into another. Many persons, passing by, threw money to me, but what was I to do with money? At last two soldiers of my company, who had remained in Namur, to have their rifles repaired, passed by. They could not recognise me by my features, because my face was incrusted with blood and earth, but they knew me by my boots, which the plundering peasants had not succeeded in pulling off. It was my custom, in order to protect the soles of my boots, to drive nails in, all over them, and every evening I used to put in a new nail, wherever I found the head of an old one gone. This had given them almost the appearance of a steel plate, and as they could be plainly seen by passers by, did me the essential service I have mentioned.

As soon as the soldiers recognised me, they managed to get a stable-door, begged a wounded soldier, who was passing by, to serve as my escort, and obliged four persons going by, to carry me toward Namur. Whenever we came across any one on the road, one of my carriers was allowed to depart, and the new comer obliged to take his place. When we arrived at the house where my wounds had been dressed on the evening of the 20th, we found a cart literally crowded with wounded French; but it was necessary to make room for me, and it was accordingly done. The dipping motion of the two-wheeled cart, the jolting on the paved roads, such as they are in that country, was excessively annoying to us, and made the French scream lustily, at which

a soldier of our regiment, the only Prussian besides me in the cart, and himself very grievously wounded, swore in great anger.

When we entered the city of Namur, the inhabitants showed much kindness to us; so much, indeed, that it became annoying. One man, I think he was a hair-dresser, insisted upon washing my face, though I told him that every touch he gave caused me great pain. The French were carried to their hospital, but the Prussians were obliged to proceed. We were taken to the Meuse, where two vessels, chained together, received the wounded. Two girls endeavored here to dress my wound; and changed my shirt, stiff with blood, for a clean one. I thanked the kind souls; and they gave me, in addition, some currants. In the vessel I found many of my comrades. The sun was very hot. Toward evening, the vessel in which I was drew water; besides which it rained. We suffered much. At Huy, where we arrived at about midnight, we received some bread, but we wanted surgeons.

In the morning, at about eight o'clock, we arrived in Liege; the inhabitants received us with all possible kindness. I was carried into a house, where I found four or five wounded, and two young ladies busy in dressing them; some of the wounds were already in a most disgusting state. After they had dressed me as well as they could, I said to one of my comrades, a school-mate of mine, that I needs must try to get to the hospital; my wounds required proper attendance. He, wounded as he was in the thigh, tried to support me in getting there; but soon after we had left the house, I fainted away. A lady, who found me in this state, ordered me to be placed on a litter, and when my consciousness returned, I found myself on my way to the hospital, which was established in an old convent.—The large bell was rung, the doors opened, and I was carried into the yard; I felt very unhappy. The hospital was so full, that I was placed, with many others, on straw in the yard; besides, the uniform I now had on did not show my rank.

Every morning a cart would enter into the yard, stop in the centre, and the driver would pass along the straw, to see who was dead. If he found one whose life was extinct, he pulled him out and carried him to the cart. The living were very quick to show by their motions, that they were not yet ready for the cart.

At length, I succeeded in getting a place in the same bed with another. Close to my bed lay a dragoon, whose left arm, shoulder, and part of the chest had been carried away by a shell shot, so that part of the interior could be seen; it was the most cruel wound I have ever beheld. Some time after, a few men, some with one arm, some with one leg, some otherwise wounded, would amuse themselves by marching up and down the long rooms, commanded by some gay wooden leg. So light-hearted is the soldier. It was found necessary to prohibit these mock drillings.

I was once present in the amputation room, when a sergeant, after his leg had been taken off, exclaimed, drawing his pipe, "Why, the fire is gone out after all." Perhaps, it was from affectation that he said it, but it was, at all events, soldier-like affectation.

I had had a letter of introduction and credit to a gentleman in Liege, whom it was now very important for me to see, in order to obtain the means of leaving the hospital; but my memory failed me entirely. The cutting off of several nerves descending from the brain, and the ball grazing the skull, must have been the causes; I only regained it afterwards by degrees. But even if I should be able to find him, would he recognise me? Others had not known me in my sad guise; why should he? Yet I was determined, at least, to make the trial. I took a large stick, and slowly dragging myself along, left the hospital. I was obliged often to rest on the steps in the street, and people showed invariably great kindness toward me. A woman who sold fruit took a particular fancy to me, swore a king ought to be hung for allowing such lads as I was to take arms, and overwhelmed me with caresses, which I was in-

capable of parrying. People very often put money into my hand, and did not know what to make of it, when I refused accepting it.

On three different days I made the attempt to find the gentleman I was in quest of, but did not succeed. At last, on the fourth trial, I found the house; I rang the bell with small hope of success. When the servant opened the gate, the gentleman happened to stand on the piazza, and immediately called me by name. My sufferings were now, for the present, at an end. He gave me as much money as I wanted; I obtained quarters in town, and walked every day to a place where any soldier could get his wounds dressed. While I lay wounded in Liege, one of my brothers was in the hospital of Brussels, and another in Aix-la-Chapelle—just distributed in a triangle.

After I had been a considerable time in Liege, I met with one of our company, who told me, that, while I was carried on the litter to the hospital, he followed on another, the bones of one of his arms having been shattered; that after I had passed a certain corner, his carriers were beckoned at by a lady; they carried him into the house; it belonged to one of the richest wine merchants of the city. He met with the utmost kindness in his house, especially from the young lady, about sixteen years old. He was glad to find me, because he could not with ease converse with her. I went: Julie,—this was her name,—had the look of an angel. Alert whenever she could do any thing for my wounded comrade, and not shunning labors, even the most disgusting,—she prayed for him, when she could not be of any active service. Often, when painful operations were performing on him, and her assistance was not required, she would kneel before her crucifix in a neighboring room, and pray for the assistance of Him who can heal all pains. I have ever since been unable to imagine an angel without her features.

It was not long before I went daily to her house. I was delighted at finding this being after such rough hand-

ling; the contrast was immense. On the other hand, my great youth for a uniform—the down hardly budding on my chin—and with a wound of a peculiar kind, such as is seldom seen—shall I add, that we fell in love with each other?

LETTER VII.

Though I remained for a long time under the physician's care in Liege, I returned as soon as possible,—and too soon for my health,—to my mother, as our soldiers used to call their company, appropriately expressing in this homely way the warm attachment which an honorable soldier feels toward his comrades, officers, and regiment; toward that body in which alone he "is worth his price," and out of which he is an insulated nullity. Our physicians were continually obliged to guard against deceptions, when making out the lists of convalescents.

The company is the soldier's home; there he knows every body and is known by all; and what a feeling, when,—as a battery is to be taken, or some other hard work to be done,—the colonel looks round for a few seconds and says, Take the third or fourth—in short, the company to which you belong! A similar feeling extends of course over the whole regiment, and, in like manner, as the uniform is of great importance, because it strengthens the feeling of uniformity and of honor, and produces a care not to "disgrace the coat," so is the name, given to a particular regiment in honor of some signal actions or other worthy deeds, of great effect. Mere numbers are too abstract: a regiment which has often stood well the hardest buffetings, will, indeed, confer a peculiar signification upon such a number. There were, for instance, in Napoleon's and Wellington's armies, regiments

whose mere number needed only to be mentioned to awaken in every breast a soldier-like feeling; yet a name is more pithy, more significant—and affords an admirable means of rallying in times of danger. When, late in the afternoon of the 18th, our regiment passed Prince Blücher, he turned to his aide-de-camp, "Colberg?"—"Yes, your grace," was the answer, and the old man took off his hat in token of respect for our regiment. There were some moist eyes, I can assure you. With what a thrilling joy does not a sailor hear the name of his vessel; and where is the man in the whole navy, where is the American in the whole Union, who would not grieve to see the name of a vessel, which has become the nation's favorite, for instance, of a Constitution, changed for another not yet historical? Why are the *names*, at least, of famous ships, preserved in the various navies, when the vessel herself cannot be kept afloat any longer? Should we have war again, Congress might find a fit means for acknowledging the services of the most distinguished regiments, or rewarding those who suffered most, in bestowing upon them peculiar names, taken from the places of their hottest actions, or given in memory of our greatest men. Regiment Washington would not sound badly.

Owing to my returning to the regiment before I was able to support its duties, I fell sick again. I underwent an attack of the worst kind of typhus fever, and was sent to the hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was in a state of unconsciousness when I was brought into it, and remained so for several days. When I awoke, and for the first time returned to consciousness, I found myself in a long room, "the Fever Station," in which there were above sixty beds, ranged along both sides. Thus, again separated from my company, and from every human soul of my acquaintance,—for my brother who took me to the hospital could not remain there,—the knowledge of my being in the worst of all the rooms of an hospital, and the atmosphere which carried with it to the senses the quick conviction that I was once more surrounded by sick and dying, made a deep im-

pression upon me. I saw an old man by the side of my bed, whom I immediately recognised for one of the nurses, and asked him where I was. He answered in French that he did not understand me. I repeated my question in French, and he told me, "In the hospital of Aix-la-Chapelle." "What day is it?" "Christmas morning." Suddenly all the many thousand associations, connected in the mind of a German with Christmas, burst upon me, and, weakened by disease, I cried bitterly.* The old nurse,—

* Christmas is the most joyous festival in Germany, especially in the Protestant parts. In Italy, children, as is the custom in the U. States and in England, I think, hang up a stocking, into which, during night, the *Beffana*, an imaginary woman answering to the American *cryskingle*, is said to put presents. The name Beffana is a corruption of Epiphanias, and the character is represented in the drollest ways, generally by men, in the streets of many Italian places, in Rome, on the fifth of January, and thereabout. But in Germany the making of presents is of a character quite different. Six weeks before Christmas, children, and grown people too, begin to "wish," i. e. to intimate or openly to tell what presents they particularly desire. They consist, with children, mostly of toys. The nearer the time draws, the more mystery is there among families; packages come in, whose size and form are scrutinized by the children; yet none dare to open them, because every thing of the kind is considered *taboo* in this season. Sisters seek a hidden corner in the house, or go to some aunt to work secretly a purse, a handkerchief, or other articles for members of the family or friends; some have rehearsals of farces, written among themselves, others of living pictures; conspiracies are going on to find out what some person particularly wishes, or to steal a book to have others bound in the same way, &c. At last, Christmas arrives, when, either on Christmas eve or on the morning of the feast, all presents are "laid out," or "built up," as the German phrase is, on large tables, in the centre of which stands the Christmas tree, an evergreen, with many tapers, and under which often the birth of the Savior is represented by figures on moss. When the parents have arranged every present they have themselves to give, or which has been handed to them by the different members of the family for others, all the tapers are lighted, and the doors flung open. If there are grandparents in a family, "the building up" with them generally takes place on Christmas eve; and what a noise there is when all the grandchildren are assembled and try their toys! The parents give their presents in such case on Christmas morning. There is no bachelor, no young student, separate from his own family, that will not partake in the Christmas joys in some family or other. We fear it is necessary

François was his name,—kindly tried to comfort me, and you will imagine that the mere idea of being surrounded by soldiers, and being myself one, soon checked the sad current of my feelings. But I will not dismiss this subject without expressing my gratitude to good old François. He will never know it, and, were he to read this, what would this paper gratitude be to him? But it is to satisfy myself that I give vent to my feelings. How often hast thou tried to calm me, when, watching out of thy time at my bed, I asked what o'clock it was, and, irritated by fever and interrupted sleep, was angry with thee that it was not yet morning! Kind old François, how ready thou wert to do any service for me, though thy old age made walking a heavy task to thee. How often hast thou begged the physician to allow me a larger portion, when, in a convalescent state, my appetite went in its demands, far beyond what a judicious treatment could allow me! The grave has probably closed by this time over thee. Be thy memory ever dear to me.

It was not long before my sickness took a favorable turn, and I literally suffered,—as I have already hinted,—from a craving appetite. I was on half ration, and could not obtain more, though every morning and evening I would ask for a whole ration when the physician made his round. Re-

to be a German, to feel with the author in the above passage. We will only say to those who cannot understand him, that they may believe us, when we assure them that there is on Christmas in Germany a universal stir of kind feeling among the people toward each other. Every one endeavors to learn the wishes of others and secretly to prepare a pleasure, for which the little ones will empty their saving boxes, the larger ones paste and paint lamps and other ornaments for the Christmas tree, and the sisters work busily at embroidery, &c., so much so, that we know several instances when young ladies were occupied with fine work so late at night for many weeks, that their eyes and general health suffered in consequence. Every thing can be abused. Perhaps, our readers are not aware of the fact, that German ladies far surpass others in skill, taste, and ingenuity in all kinds of needle and other work fit for ladies, and that they are ever ready to give pleasure to those around them, by delicate attentions evinced in making such kind of work.—Editor.

duced in strength, and young as I was, I had not sufficient judgment and energy to resist the cravings of my appetite, and began to ask my fellow patients for pieces of bread which they had left. With greater anxiety have I seen there a piece of bread travel from bed to bed through all the sick hands before it reached me, than I now wait for the most savory canvass-back duck. I did not deviate with impunity from the physician's prescriptions; I suffered a relapse, which brought me so near to the grave that I was given over. But,—as I believe you know,—I survived, and still remain among the living.

I might give you some good stories of high and low life in an hospital. The good table of the surgeons,—where I often dined, after I was somewhat restored to health,—the interest which grows up among those who have been long together in a room,—the childish disobedience of the soldier who will lay out his wits to obtain by stealth a herring from without,—the preaching of some to their brethren, the fantastic processions of others,—but this is not the place for it.

I was carried, before my restoration, to the hospital of Cologne, and found again there an apothecary, who had already in Aix-la-Chapelle evinced the warmest interest for me, and without whose kind care, I think it probable I should not write these lines to you.

It was here in the hospital of Cologne that I, for the first time in my life, drew from my own experience a conclusion, which at every subsequent period has been confirmed; namely, that ignorance creates distrust, and, if you extend it, want of knowledge makes us incapable of acting. As in the physical world we must know, before every thing else, time and place—the importance of which is impressed so deeply on our mind, that a traveller, awakened from sleep by the stopping of the stage-coach, starts up with the words, Where are we? What o'clock is it?—so is it impossible for us to make a safe step in any occupation or enterprise whatever, if we have not a just knowledge of our situation.

Thus, many acts of genius are considered as demonstrations of great boldness or moral courage, while, in fact, it is to the sagacity of genius which enables its owner to see farther than others into the means of safety, as into all other things, that the attempt is due.—But, to give the instance which taught me the above truth in an hospital.

Soon after I was so far restored as to be able to sit in my bed, soldiers would request me to write for them to their families, which I did with much pleasure, because, besides the service I thus rendered them and their friends, I became the father confessor of my older comrades, and the agreeable surprise which they generally manifested, when I read the letter to them, at my having so well expressed what they wished to say, but had not been able to communicate to me, was ample reward for my trouble. All went on well, until one day, after having read one of these letters to a most stupid fellow, who had not yet sent home the least information of his having escaped with a wound from all the murderous battles, I jocosely said, "You don't believe I wrote all this? I gave quite a different account of you." Enraged he tore the letter, and I never succeeded in convincing him, that what I said was meant as a joke; and that I could have no interest in giving a bad account of him, even should I dare to do it. Distrust was raised in him, and his powers were too limited to obtain a proper view of the case. The fool's wit is incredulity, as Raleigh says. The same happens every day between governments and nations to whom the former neglect to afford the means of gaining knowledge.

It was not until long after peace had been concluded, that I was so far restored to health as to be able to travel home. My family had given me up; letters had miscarried, and the last news they had heard of me, was of a kind to encourage them but little; so I truly gave them a surprise. Having arrived in Berlin, I went home on foot from the post-office; the streets, the houses, the shops, every thing the same, and yet looking so differently to me. In one year I had grown older

many years. I stepped into the house and looked around; it was all as before; the scenes of my childhood, the walls which enclosed the persons dearest to me; I went slowly up stairs;* I opened the door; "Ah!——," cried my sister, and fell into my arms.—Now, I had a dog with me, which a dragoon, who died in the bed next to mine, in Aix-la-Chapelle, had bequeathed to me with the broken accents of a man who is fast going. The animal had been at Waterloo, where it lost the end of its tail by a ball; I loved the beast, so did he me, and when he saw my sister hanging at my neck and sobbing, he thought it was high time to defend his master; so he flew at her, most mercilessly tearing her gown, until I saw it and, fortunately, before he did injury to herself. The exclamations of my dear sister, the howling of the dog, perhaps my own words, soon attracted all the other members of my family, and almost——but where am I? Am I writing my biography? Come, come, let's leap from Waterloo and Berlin to New York again.

A scene which strikingly proves the brisk and constant communication between New York and foreign countries, is exhibited on board the steamboat, which, on packet days, takes the passengers to their various vessels, waiting at anchor in the stream. Some years ago, I made the round in one of these steamboats, as more packets than usual happened to start on the same day. I remember, among others, the Liverpool London, Havre, Hamburg, and New Orleans packets; besides, there were vessels going for Mexico, Havana, Rio de Janeiro, and Calcutta Contrary winds had bound them, and other vessels, for a long time It was interesting to see how differently the prospect of the voyage

* Houses on the continent of Europe are often inhabited by several families, and generally open. The ringing of the bell, therefore, is not necessary to obtain admission, which, by the way, has some influence upon social intercourse, in our opinion. Intrigues could not possibly be so frequent in France and Italy, among many classes, had the visitor always to ring the bell, and thus to attract the attention of the servants, before he could enter. —Editor.

affected the passengers. Some young travellers looked beaming with joy at the pleasures they expected from a journey in Europe; others, agents who had crossed the Atlantic many a time, looked perfectly indifferent, whilst the eyes of some ladies showed that they had taken leave from those for whom their hearts yearned. A French agent was still engaged in folding up his samples, neatly pasted on morocco, and recapitulating, with a friend, his last instructions. I heard, close to me, four languages at once—English, German, French, and Spanish, which, with the addition of Italian, you may hear almost any day, in Broadway, at the hours when it is most frequented.

When walking in that long street, which gives to New York the character of a crocodile, all the limbs of which seem but created as secondary appendages to its immense spine, I have often been reminded of the question which Mr. Niebuhr's little daughter asked me, as I was strolling with her in the streets of Naples, then occupied by the Austrian army, composed of Hungarian grenadiers, Bohemian artillery, German musqueteers, Illyrians, and I don't know of what others, of whom that military olla potrida consisted. Besides, there were some Italian and Swiss troops in town. The little girl saw a soldier in a uniform she had never seen before, and, in an Oriental style she asked me, "*Di che lingua è questo soldato?*"*

* Of what tongue is this soldier?—Editor.

LETTER VIII.

I LOVE to see large cities rise out of bed; we see a number of curious things when the still morning makes his preparations for the noisy day, and a populous place rubs her eyes. A small window is opened, and an old woman peeps out; an aged man goes to the pump to fetch water; the little chimney sweeper—a forsaken being all over the globe—sings his shrill tune; the gardeners come in with their vegetables; the wagonner gets ready to start; some stalls are opened, of course, such as sell things to eat, because to satisfy the stomach is always and every where the first wish of man. Then the hucksters appear; at last, a grisette of a fashionable house looks out of the window, with the duster in her hand, sees what weather it is going to be, and satisfies her curiosity by looking into the street. The iceman comes; the baker rings the house bell; the carrier trots along with the morning paper, and gradually one profession appears after the other on the stage of the day, until every thing is once more in the fair road of toil and bustle, and, at length, the boisterous letter carrier raps at the door, as if he were the lictor of a Roman consul. The transition of one day into the other is not less interesting. At one and two o'clock the seranaders retire, and the bill-sticker appears with his burden of large papers and the paste pot. Love keeps man the longest awake, gain drives him the earliest out of bed.

It is curious to observe the difference in this respect be-

tween different cities. In Naples, as soon as the doors of the small houses are opened, the whole family is out in the street; there the little urchins wait with bowls, in which they have crumbs of bread, for the man to bring their breakfast in his buckets, or all start together to some woman at the corner, to take it there; in Rome, the man with horse's and ass's meat, on a pole over his shoulder, whistles, and every cat appears before her door, patiently waiting with a high-arched back and tail erect, for her turn; she never intrudes upon the territory of her neighbor. When the cats are satisfied, the milkman comes, not with cans, but with the cows and goats themselves, to milk the liquid, which all mankind loves, into the servant's pitcher, somewhat reminding you of Eldorado. I have seen, in other places, asses brought before the doors of the consumptive, that they might have the salutary milk fresh from the animal; but in Rome, I suspect, dislike of labor is the only reason. In London, you see breakfast tables, with tea and coffee (mercy on the throats which have to swallow it) steaming and inviting the passers by; in Paris, the old gentleman, with small-clothes and striped stockings, takes his breakfast, also, in the open air and reads his paper, which the New York cartman peruses in driving down from the upper city to the busy part. But, generally speaking, the early morning in New York does not offer so many various sights as large European cities; people take their breakfast comfortably at home; no women or men cry, Potatoes! Mackerel! Old Clothes! Hair Skins! Maccheroni! Now and then, though seldom, a person may be found in that city who offers his articles thus screamingly. In Boston, you never meet with it, but in Rome there are so many of these peculiar cries and screams, that they have been set in music; and, in Naples, it seems, nothing can be sold, without crying and clamoring it about. I saw once, in the Toledo,* a man who

* Chief street of Naples. The name comes from the times when Naples was governed by Spanish viceroys.—Editor.

had to sell a broken iron mortar, and what a noise he made with his pestle and tongue together!

I made my early tour through the streets of New York, not forgetting the harbor, and then proceeded to one of the most frequented markets. You know my *penchant* for markets, prisons, steeples, by-ways, and old women. The markets show you how the people live, the prisons how they punish, the high steeples teach you geography and topography from *nature*, by-ways tell you many things on which highways are silent, and old women tell you every thing you want to know.

How many a long conversation have I had with some old "messenger woman," in Europe, and, in return, they always have considered me "a very nice young man." One day, I walked from Eisenach and Luther's Wartburg,* to Marksuhl; I met the old Botenfrau of some place in the neighborhood, carrying, in the large basket on her back, pots, bread, clothes, brushes, blacking, hams, and I do not know what motley collection besides. She was all kindness to me, told me of her late husband, who had been a soldier, and whom she had accompanied as sutler, (all his battles were fought over again,) of her daughters' marriages, the rent she paid, the excellent cow she had; (for people who have a cow think her always the best, as a captain considers his vessel always the fleetest, be she slow as a fly in winter;) in short, I soon was enabled to write a complete biography of my eloquent companion, who invited me to take dinner with her. But when we came to a steep hill, and I

* When Luther returned, in 1520, from the diet of the German empire at Worms, the elector of Saxony, his prince, justly feared that the safe conduct, promised by the emperor, would not be kept toward the reformer. He ordered, therefore, some persons to waylay the latter, and carry him to Wartburg, a castle in the Thuringian Forest. Luther himself did not know that he was carried there by his own protector. In this solitude of the forest, Luther worked at his version of the bible. Beautiful as the spot is, it is of great interest to all Germans, and visited by every pedestrian and other traveller in the centre of Germany.—Editor.

asked whether I should not carry her burden up to the top, she flew into a passion, that I had not considered her equal to her profession. At an end was all our amiable intimacy; I had offended her in the vital point of her honor, distrusted her capacity of acting up to her calling; I had called Alexander a coward.

You mentioned, in one of your letters, that I should never allow a striking instance of moral or intellectual power to pass by without communicating it to you. The old woman above reminds me of such an instance, and here it is. A friend of mine had a colored cook, with whom she was satisfied in every respect; she believed, in turn, that the cook was satisfied on her part, since she had to provide but for a small family. Nevertheless, one day, the cook told her that she wished to leave her house. "And why?" asked the lady, with surprise, knowing that she had given no cause for complaint. "Because," answered the superintendant of the kitchen, "there are no large dinners or suppers given in your house." The fact was, the active mind of the cook, conscious of thoroughly understanding her art, felt uneasy that she could not bring its powers into action. If you consider that the cook has no gain or profit whatever in large dinners, but only more labor, you will allow that it would not be bad for the world, were every one, in his sphere, propelled by that zeal and activity which gave impetus to the mind of this humble individual.

Never omit, my friend, to go, in the course of your journeys, and even, from time to time, at home, to the market. It is an index, not to be neglected, of the state of a great many things, important in national economy, and, besides, you see an assemblage of farmers and laboring men, whose behavior and customs you have thus an opportunity to observe. What an advanced state of the whole art of farming does not a single, huge cheese, well made and carefully prepared, such as you see here or in England, indicate! If you see fresh and clean butter laid out on white, neat boards, and vessels near it, with bright, polished brass hoops, and

hear not a single rude word, or see a single coarse gesture, from the persons who brought all this to the market, you may safely conclude that their farms and homes are under good management. If you see poultry or calves' feet neatly prepared, or the fresh vegetables piled up in good order, displaying, perhaps, even some taste in the arrangement, you may safely conclude that the venders cannot be a lazy, good for nothing set of people. If you see mountains of turkeys, or of beef, sold by butchers, in clean, white linen frocks, you may set it down, for certain, that the people, on the whole, must live well, especially when you see, at the same time, an abundance of produce, which comes hundreds of miles distant, or fish brought up from sea, at considerable expense.* If you hardly meet with a single constable, and he but in common dress, without arms, leisurely walking about, you may believe that the people are pretty well-behaved. But, when you see many police officers and gend'armes walking about with attentive mein; when you see half-naked beggars picking up here a cabbage-leaf, there a brown piece of stringy meat, or when, perhaps, you meet with a poor insane wretch amusing the sellers and buyers by her frantic movements, when you hear screaming, and scolding, and coarse language, and can discover no neatness, or no great variety of produce, no fruit beyond its most common size, no vegetable out of season—set down the people as one with whom the farmer is yet but in the first stages of agriculture, and the lower classes have little education.

Savarin, in his inestimable *Physiologie du Gout*, in my opinion one of the finest recent productions, gives, as his fourth aphorism, "*Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.*"† This is truer still of nations or communi-

* To come to this conclusion, it is not necessary that salmon should be sold at two dollars and a half a pound, and its owner refuse fifty dollars for the whole fish, as was the case in the Boston market, on April 23d, 1833.—EDITOR.

† Tell me what thou eatest, and I'll tell thee what thou art. The whole title of this work, which we, too, have perused, to our infinite pleasure and

ties than of individuals. I have always liked to observe on what people live, and how they live, and had all those who have declared the Italian a lazy farmer,—while it can be proved that he is one of the very first farmers in the world, —visited, with me, the Roman *pizzicagnolo* and seen the great variety of excellent articles, which require labor and nicety, they would not have sweepingly charged the Italian farmer with sloth. There are some parts of Italy utterly neglected I admit, but even the Neapolitan—that being, whose sole desire is to enjoy himself, see him in the field, walk through the *Campagna Felice*, and then say whether he is a farmer or not. But the best farmer is found near Turin. I advise you to read a work by Mr. Chateauvieu, a gentleman sent by Napoleon to report on the state of agriculture in Italy and Germany. He was acquainted with English husbandry, too; and he declares the farmer of the fertile parts of Piedmont, the first in the world, as to the cultivation of the ground, not the breeding of live stock. Often has Mr. Niebuhr said to me, when travelling through Italy, "There see; the Italians always were pre-eminently an agricultural people. The Romans are often represented as mere soldiers; this is essentially wrong; they were farmers and loved farming; we find the proof in many of their first men and best writings."

You may think that if I like so well to view markets, it must have been easy for me to fall in with the American custom, according to which, gentlemen often go to the market to designate what shall be sent home. I cannot say I relish the custom. I rather leave this to some one else, though, at the same time, you ought to remember that going to the market here is very different from what it would be

great profit, is, "*Physiologie du Gout ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage théorique, historique et a l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes parisiens. Par un Professeur, Membre de plusieurs Sociétiés Savantes.* Paris. The author is Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, late judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honor, &c. &c.—EDITOR.

on the continent of Europe, and though, I may add, I am far from considering a proper attention to our viands beneath a thinking man, as you in Germany are but too apt to do, and the consequence of which is, that cookery is no where in a less favorable state than in the interior of Germany. It has always appeared to me very curious that a man is called a benefactor of his country who improves agriculture; that we take the greatest trouble to improve the breed of our cattle, hogs, &c., by agricultural societies,—that we consider horticulture worthy of the patronage of the most elevated men, that we are at great pains to improve fruits, wine, flour, &c., that we speak with pleasure in all public prints of the introduction of a new vegetable, that we glorify in comparing the variety of garden and field fruits, now at our disposal, with the scanty supply of a century ago;—and that only when the moment at length arrives for which all the pains have been taken, and all the attention has been bestowed—the actual consumption of the various articles—that then only should it be considered beneath an elevated mind to attend to the matter with any degree of judgment or relish. Is that not important, which returns at least three times every day with every human being? Why is it not unworthy of a man of superior mind to pay proper care to his razors that they may shave smoothly? The ancients did not think as we do: Cato bestowed attention on cookery, and many families had names indicating the care some one of their forefathers had taken to introduce a new vegetable, and the people's gratitude in consequence.

It is likewise altogether erroneous to suppose *gourmets* and *friands* to exist only in the higher classes, whose palates are spoiled. On the contrary, the lower classes are greater lovers of good dishes than the higher. Listen to a farmer when he talks of a peculiarly good kind of *corn*, "How sweet it tastes;" of a hog, he raised and ate last Sunday, smacking his lips and assuring you "he never ate a finer pig in all his life." Look at the brightness of his

eye when he tells you of excellent ale, or fine wine, and then tell me, whether he loves good things or not. If I hear a man boasting that he cannot find any difference between a good and poor dinner, and that he engulfs it in five minutes, I pity him, that nature left his tongue and throat unprovided with those fine nerves of taste, to feel the great variety of salts, by which the different nutriments affect us, with pleasurable or unpleasant sensations; and believe that she intended him for a shark, which swallows, pell-mell, every thing whole and entire, rather than for a human being. Who boasts of having received from nature dull ears which are unable to discriminate good music from bad? It is these nerves of the tongue and palate which enable man to distinguish and relish so many different tastes, that mainly impelled him to master nature and maintain himself the lord of the creation, for, without them there would be no cultivation, industry, or commerce.

Of what use is it to try to depreciate the value of a cultivated taste, when every thing around us, and every language, proves the great importance attached to it by all nations; and how powerful the sensation is, which is received by means of this delicate sense? The word taste itself is applied to the most refined objects of a moral and intellectual character. We hardly can speak of the commonest affair, of the most abstract, of poetry, or of religion herself, without constantly borrowing words which originally refer to impressions, received by means of that wronged instrument of sensation. "Sweet boy," "dear, sweet mother," does it not sound *sweet?* Is not this word even applied to the highest being whom our religion reveals? Does not the *bitter cup of sorrow,* when mentioned, convey a meaning which we cannot express by any other words? Who does not feel, at the expression Attic salt, all the acuteness of wit of the gifted people to whom it refers? You can not only use with great success all ideas, supplied by the sense of taste, in a metaphorical meaning, such as "bread of life," "well of

life," but we use every day words, with which we cannot dispense, and yet they are derived from the sensations we owe to the nerves of taste and those nearly related to it:—satisfied, disgusting, pungent, insipid, sour and sweet (temper,) tasteless, surfeited, to relish an author, &c.; while many expressions are hardly any longer metaphorical, so much has constant use effaced their original meaning: as, for instance, many of the above, and besides, among others, thirsting, food of mind, craving for novelty, &c. Nor has religion refused to imbody the act of taking nourishment into her rites, as the paschal lamb, agapes, &c., and the founder of our religion calls his disciples the salt of the earth. Let us not, therefore, treat the sense of taste with superciliousness, but rather give it its proper rank as we would to any thing else.

What keeps not only body and soul together, but the different classes in a nation, and connects nations with one another? Throw a glance at the industry of a people; how many are employed in providing for—the stomach, and how many, not directly employed in this way, make instruments for the use of the farmer? Commerce exists mainly by the wants of the mouth; property receives value from these wants; and, in short, civilization, as well as our preservation, is intimately connected with—our appetite.

Of no place in the world, perhaps, have we more accurate statistics than of Paris. They are obtained at a price at which we should not like to collect them, though much more attention ought to, and will be, in course of time, directed to statistics with us, without which a great part of all legislating remains but a groping in the dark. But let us make use, at least, of the valuable materials obtained in this line by others. Galignani's New Paris Guide communicates, from official reports, a mass of interesting statistical details, of which I will only give you a few; you may draw the conclusions yourself. They relate to the year 1826.

For rent, was paid	3,166,666£ st.,	or 72 shillings for each inhabitant.
Annual maintenance and repair of houses	791,666£ st., or 18 shillings.	"
Food - - - - -	12,221,150£ st., or 13£	" "

The various items under this principal head are enumerated in the official paper, and you may imagine how interesting they are. The expenditure on clothing amounts to one-fifth of that on food, namely, to 2,444,230£, or 55 shillings 4 pence for each inhabitant. Fuel, 1,674,375£, or 38 shillings 3 pence each. Washing, 1,246,875£, being 28 shillings 6 pence for each person. Lighting, Furniture, Salaries for servants, &c., form other items of these documents. If you now consider how much of the fuel is used for cookery, and that the expense for clothing, in a city like Paris, is much greater in proportion to the expense for food than in the whole country of France besides, you will find what part all gastric concerns play in the social life of our species.*

If people in general would pay more attention to the subject of cookery, the true principle of which is, as in all similar cases, to develop by art the peculiar character of each given subject, imprinted upon it by nature, we should not be tormented with so many senseless dishes, nor ruin our health, as is the case in Germany, with meat boiled until no juice is left in the white strings, or roasted until it looks like bread found under the ashes of Pompeii, nor in the United States with dishes swimming in fat; but we would endeavor to have on our tables juicy dishes with the flavor and aroma, which nature, in her wisdom, has given to each.

In general, it may be said that American cookery has somewhat engrafted the French upon the English, the capital dish of which is roast beef, all others being secondary; in the same way as the English call hanging, capital punishment, and all the rest of punishments secondary. However,

* The reader will find ample extracts of these very interesting statements in Part XXVII. of the London Penny Magazine.—Editor.

honor to English cookery! No other nation has found out how to treat meat in its proper style. The Americans have the finest materials for a plentiful and savory table, some of which do not grow at all, or not so plentifully in Europe; for example, tomato or the egg-plant: and much might be done, were not cookery allowed to go on in its old way, but received proper attention from reflecting people. I do not mean to say that they ought to imitate an acquaintance of mine, who goes, when first the oysters appear, from shop to shop, and selects among bushels of them but one, and the only perfect one among the bushels, in each shop; but I do mean to say, that health and many other considerations require that proper attention be given to the subject.*

* That readers in Europe may not suppose we are altogether starving in this country, in good things, as they might be led to do from the accounts of some travellers, we here insert the following, cut at random out of a Philadelphia newspaper. It is the bill of fare of the American coffee house, of December 25th, 1833.

"2 saddles Bears' Meat; 2 saddles Fine Mountain Venison; 2 saddles Albany Mutton; 500 Terrapins—large size, very fine; 40 pair Canvass Back Ducks; Pheasants, Snipe, Woodcock, Red Necks, Black Duck, Broad Bills, Mallard, Dried Salmon, Young Ducks, Vermicelli Soup; Chickens—Barbacued and Fricasseed; Squabs—Stewed and Barbacued; Sweetbreads; Sweetbreads Larded, Rabbits; Potatoes—Boiled or Roasted; Spanish Olives; French Olives; Pickles of various kinds; Sardines, Dutch Herring; Tripe and Oysters; Oysters—plain, stewed, roasted, broiled and fried; Mutton Chops, with shallots; Lamb Chops—French and English style; Anchovy Toast; Welch Rabbit; Pork Steaks, Beef Steaks, with tomato sauce or onions; Veal Cutlets; Ham and Eggs; Omelet; Chocolate; Cocoa; Coffee; Tea.

"A regular supply of Sauces, received direct from London.

"In addition to the above list of dishes, such arrangements have been made, as will render it possible to serve up all descriptions of Game in their proper seasons, together with every luxury the epicure can desire.

"N. B. Relishes always ready."

The following advertisement may find a place here, as it shows how epicurism tries to mingle with politics in a large city:—

"Green turtle-soup on Election Day.

"A fine fat turtle, weighing 250 lbs., will be cooked and served up in soup, steaks, calipash and calipee, on Tuesday next, the 14th instant, the day of the election, &c."—Editor.

It is a fact, that the Americans have very small churches and exceedingly large markets. The reason is, that food is the only thing upon which poor mankind can agree. The Presbyterian, the Quaker, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Jackson-man, the Calhoun, the Clay, the M'Lean, the Van Buren men, the federalist, the democrat, the anti-mason, the abolitionist and colonization-man, the nullifier and the union-man—all meet peaceably at the same butcher's stall and take meat of the same ox. What neither religious forbearance, nor the love of country can effect, is effected by the palate. Thank heaven, that there is at least one thing on this earth on which people agree. Don't smile at me, I am in earnest. What would become of mankind were not this cement in existence, to hold families, nations, mankind together?

I will conclude my dissertation on cookery with one more remark, namely, that the dinner, when well prepared, neatly arranged, and of savory taste, is of very great moral importance with all the industrial classes. There is hardly an hour during which a hard laboring man enjoys his family more, and when his wife has a better opportunity to show that her attention to his comfort is deserving of his industry, than the dinner hour. I have seen man in many situations, but I know of no finer sight than a table, with a clean cloth and a fine piece of meat, and some good vegetables,—all showing the care of the housewife,—when presently the husband comes in, and sitting down with a nice set of children, and thanking the Lord for all his bounty, eats with a hearty appetite, while the wife, with her eyes directed toward him, enjoys the silent praise which his partaking twice and three times of the dish bestows upon her work.

After breakfast, I went with my brother-in-law, who was to proceed to the West Indies, to see him "out to sea." A pilot-boat followed our vessel, like a dancing and nimble horse led behind a carriage, to take the rider at the spot of separation. Slowly we sailed, with a sluggish breeze, along

that beautiful bay, which people have compared to the bay of Naples—why, I cannot say, probably, because every item in its appearance is different. Out of Sandyhook, I enjoyed once more the sea, its vivifying breeze and its expanding sight, the heaving of the billows and the sharp line of the horizon. Did I believe in the migration of souls, I should be sure that I was once a gull, or some sea-bird, enjoying the mighty view from his soaring sails above; or was I a cod, or, perchance, an oyster? I hope not; but, certain it is, that there must be some peculiarity in my nerves which produces a decided sensation of affinity, as soon as I perceive the sea. I remember when I beheld, for the first time, the mighty element, for which I longed in all the dreams of my boyhood; it was from the spire of the city-church of Greifswalde—I was deeply affected; I sat and gazed, overcome, as when I saw, for the first time, Raphael's Madonna di Sisto. Lost in the pleasure of gazing, I then stood before the heavenly picture for two hours, when the keeper gently tapped me on the shoulder and told me that the doors of the gallery were to be closed.

The sea is beautiful in itself, yet still more so from the ideas we connect with it. The knowledge that it is not bounded by our horizon, that this same swelling and heaving mass extends from here to China, that billow follows on billow, without end, that it has rolled and roared for years without number, that it connects the most distant nations, and on its back rides history—it is this, it is its glory and its danger, that inspire us with awe or delight. It is the sea we do *not* behold, as much as that which we espy, which creates this state of our soul,—half feeling, half thought. Otherwise our sensations would be the same on beholding a lake of moderate size, whose opposite shores we cannot discern; and there can be little doubt but that Casper Hauser would have felt as little pleasure, or any other sensation, had he seen the sea, as when he observed, for the first time, gardens and fields; while he wept on be-

holding the starlight sky.* This is a much grander sight in itself, but we are accustomed to it, and it does not threaten with destruction; the idea of the unknown deep is not connected with it.

* Casper Hauser was an individual who had been kept, by some atrocious hand, in a narrow dungeon in Bavaria, from his earliest infancy to about his sixteenth year, shut out from all communication with the world. The acquirement of knowledge of this youth when he entered the world is accurately described in a small work by Mr. Von Feuerbach, a gentleman of the highest distinction, now deceased. It has been translated and published in Boston, 2d edition, 1833. Since the publication of this work, the poor youth has been murdered, probably by the same hand that had murdered already his childhood. The Earl of Stanhope, who took a great and active interest in Hauser, has published, for private distribution, some additional information on this interesting individual, a copy of which is on its way to us, and we may communicate parts of it to the public.—Casper had, as to the acquisition of notions and knowledge through the sense of sight, to go, of course, through the same processes and gradual acquaintance with the effects of colors on his eyes, as a person, born blind, when restored to sight in riper years. A view of a garden or a landscape, which appears beautiful to us, would at first displease him much, until he had learnt to judge of distances, or experience had taught him perspective. A white-washed wall, a red shawl would please him far more. At the same time he never complained of "the man" who had kept him in the dungeon; on the contrary, he was anxious to return to him, when the world burst upon him with its thousand new impressions, and produced that uneasiness of mind and melancholy which are the cause of the consuming home-sickness of a Swiss when he descends from his high Alps, where he lives in the greatest simplicity. The first time that Casper felt the great wrong committed against him by his barbarous keeper, was when he beheld the starlight sky. It is the passage in the above-mentioned book relating to this fact, to which our author, probably, alludes in the words to which we have appended this note. We will extract it, for it seems to us of uncommon interest: "It was in the month of August, 1829, when, on a fine summer evening, his instructer showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the differences of their respective colors. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? who lights them? who puts them out?" When he was told that, like the sun with

We had Champagne with us, some fowl and a *pâtè de foies gras*, which tasted excellent on the ocean. In the afternoon, we made signal to our pilot-boat and wished the traveller a happy passage. Two vessels came in with us, both laden with Irish emigrants. They seemed to be in great number, and some in a deplorable state

They are strange people, these Irish. Hobbes is right, with regard to them at least, that warring is man's natural state. I have seen them here dispute at a game in the streets of the suburbs; as if but a slight occasion had been wanting, and all the coats were ready pulled off, and both parties girded for the fight. The former inhabitants of two Irish counties, I forget their names, had a hard fight in the streets of Philadelphia! A similar occurrence took place while I resided in Boston. If I were mayor, on such an occasion, I would let the fire-engines play upon them, and, a hundred to one, they would be cooled down and, perhaps, be ashamed of their brutal folly. But the worst affray I ever heard of is the following I must send you the whole account, as I cut it out of the paper, because it shows man in a light in which neither you nor I had ever dreamt to see him

which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again: 'Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light?' At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked, why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. He (Casper) had never done any harm. He then broke out into a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed; and said, that the man with whom he had always been, may now also be locked up for a few days, that he may learn to know how hard it is to be treated so. Before seeing this beautiful celestial display, Casper had never shown any thing like indignation against that man; and much less had he ever been willing to hear that he ought to be punished. Only weariness and slumber were able to quiet his sensations; and he did not fall asleep—a thing that had never happened to him before—until was about 11 o'clock."—EDITOR.

"Dublin, June 27.—One of the most sanguinary faction-fights that ever disgraced this unhappy country took place on Tuesday, at the races of Ballyheag, thirteen miles from Tralee, between two clans, the Cooleens and the Lawlors, who have been at feud above half a century, and still defy both the law and the gospel, in taking vengeance of each other, whenever opportunity offers, from generation to generation. Rumors of the intended fight having been in circulation for some days previous, and information having been given to the country magistrates, they applied to the officer commanding at Tralee, for a force sufficient to keep the peace at the races. Accordingly, on the day previous, (Monday,) a strong detachment of the 69th regiment, with three officers, marched from Tralee barracks to Ballyheag, and on Tuesday took up a position on the race-ground, on the bank of the river Cashen, to be ready to interfere on the first symptoms of the expected riot. The two factions soon appeared on the ground, in great numbers, but remained quiet till the races were over, at three o'clock. Then the appointed battle began, in earnest, on the river strand, with sticks and stones. A gentleman who witnessed the combat, describes it as one of the most savage and merciless scenes he ever witnessed or could imagine to have taken place in a Christian country. The soldiers could do nothing to stem the torrent of fury and blows that raged on every side. At least, one thousand men were engaged, for, in addition to the resident parties, numbers came from miles around, to take part in the conflict, against men whom they had never seen before, all for the pleasure of a fight.

"The Cooleens, it appears, received aid from the mountains of Ballylongford, and even some came to join them from the county of Limerick. Captain Hawson, of Ennismore, and other magistrates, present with the troops, caused the Riot Act to be read, but no body would listen to it. The very women were occupied, supplying their friends, on both sides, with stones, which they carried in their aprons! The battle soon spread to such an extent, that neither the soldiers

nor police could possibly interfere effectually to separate the parties. By the magistrate's orders, they endeavored to make individual prisoners, and, it appears, that about twenty were lodged in Listswell Bridewell, but were not permitted to fire a shot.—Indeed, the work of destruction was going on fast enough; no quarter was given, and ghastly wounds were given both to those who fell and to those who stood up. At length, the Cooleens retreated to the river's brink, where many were driven in and drowned. Several attempted to escape by swimming, but were still barbarously pelted by the victorious Lawlors. It was full tide, and two sand-boats on the shore were afloat, into which numbers of the defeated party crowded, and pushed off across the ferry, but, being overladen, they sank, and all on board perished. Four bodies were found next morning at the ferry, and twelve others, men and women, have since been taken up in other parts of the river. It is not yet accurately known how many have been sacrificed, either on shore or in the melancholy *noyades* that followed, but eight or ten lay dead on the strand of battle, at the northern side of the river, and their friends on the southern dared not venture across to remove them. It was expected that another savage conflict (of retaliation) would take place on Wednesday, when the last accounts came from Tralee."

Oh for the civilized Christians! A stag which fights with a stag, follows the impetus of nature; a knight who "ran sharp," did it to show his skill and gallantry; a robber may be driven by want, or, at least, by the passion of gain, bad and degenerated, yet originally natural; but here—it is too disgusting.

When I arrived in town, as I had nothing else to do, I went to a bookseller's. Books interest me either by their intrinsic merit, or as pathological symptoms of the time. There is always something to be learned from them. If I am detained in a small place where I have no acquaintance, I invariably go to the bookseller's, if there is one to be found. Booksellers, generally speaking, are, by their very trade,

liberal minded men of a certain range of knowledge; and from them you may often learn facts which may give you an insight into the disposition or state of society.

I found with the bibliopolist, a new number of the Penny Magazine; what a clever publication it is! How my boy will rejoice at receiving this new number! it is his best picture-book. If the editors would only be a little less insatiate of Gothic churches! However, I am grateful to them, and many others with me. So is the Penny Cyclopædia a clever book. What mighty engines all these publications are! Some people deride the propagation of knowledge, and the idea of its want being felt by the laboring portion of the community. Let them smile, the world goes on in spite of them; and, though a turn out of London tailors, to enforce a claim for leisure to improve their minds, be foolish and a caricature, yet it is a sign of the time, as the caricatures of the time, properly taken, always are; and I'd rather have a tailor who wants to improve his mind, than Parisian women, so ignorant that, in the time of the cholera, they believed in a universal poisoning, and brutally killed suspected persons with their own hands.

I have sometimes thought a very brief encyclopedia might be written—A Pocket Cyclopædia on a Hieroglyphic Plan. You have seen the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,* in which the name of every French politician is given with as many vanes represented as he has undergone political metamorphoses. This plan can be expanded. Is it not significant enough if we say, A. B, a parson of three kettle-drums; C. D., an orator of five whale-heads or jets d'eau; E. F., a patriot of four sinecures; G. H., an author of a single hand-organ, grinding the same tune over and over; J. K., a publisher of six cider-presses; L. M., a printer of a hundred blunderbusses; or Talleyrand, a politician of ten fox-tails, as there are pachas of three horse-tails? For some

* Dictionary of Vanes.—This work contains besides the vanes or weather-cocks, indicative of the number of political changes of each individual, extracts of his speeches, manifestos, &c., as proofs that the number of vanes is correct.—Editor.

politicians the hieroglyphic representation of their instability by means of vanes, will not answer, were we to allow them a dozen. A top will express it more exactly, for it keeps constantly whirling. I mean politicians, whose model is a Cobbett, except that very few elevate themselves to his height, and show their arts without disguise; whose conscience is like the moveable disk in a game of *roulette*, and whose politics are like a round-robbin, turning to every side but nowhere tangible. Nothing is stable in them, except their principle, which is, to have none.

They change their politics as Lipsius did his religion, almost as often as their shirt. They seem to have something of the nature of certain infusory animals—a rotary motion, and are yet, in other respects, similar to these animalcules. Throw the water of power upon the dregs of honesty and honor, and let them ferment in the sunshine of patronage, and you will call these vile creatures by thousands into existence—the viler the more closely you observe them.

I also found, at the bookseller's a number of the Chinese Register, published in Canton. In this number was a review of an article on Canton, in the Encyclopedia Americana, which is founded on the German Conversations-Lexicon. What an intercourse, at present, exists between the different parts of the world!

I spoke of bad books as pathological symptoms of the time. I must send you the title of one, which, if it is no peculiar sign of "bad times," is, at all events, a pathological symptom of mankind. People love the horrid; the poorer classes will flock to executions, and to meet the appetite of the wealthier, the following advertisement was inserted in the London papers, at the time of the siege of Antwerp, in 1832:—"The public are informed that places may be had at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, at Antwerp, for seeing the siege." The title of the book which I mentioned is this:—

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EXECUTIONS, and PERSECUTIONS, for CONSCIENCE' SAKE;
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SUPERSTITIONS, DISASTROUS ACCIDENTS;
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Horrid as this catalogue may be, who does not shudder more at the reader who *enjoys* all these horrors? And yet, in spite of its appealing to the worst cravings of a gross mind, I think, still worse is the "*Chronique du Crime et de l'Innocence, Recueil des Evenements les plus tragiques, Empoisonnements, Massacres, Assassinats, Parricides et autres Forfaits; commis en France depuis le Commencement de la Monarchie jusqu'à nos jours;*"* by Baron Lamothe Langon, reputed father of Memoirs of Madame du Barri, Louis XVIII., Femme de Qualité. Langdon does not write for an entirely illiterate public. He knowingly and willingly strives to excite, in the very worst way, surfeited minds, while the Register is chiefly calculated for the uneducated, who, like children, have always a peculiar relish for the grotesque, wild, awful, overpowering, or gigantic.† But the most disgusting instance of the kind was afforded by the managers of a London theatre, when they informed the public that the murder of Thornton would be represented, and the very vehicle in which the murder was committed, exhibited. And we pretend to be surprised at the pleasure the Romans took in the fights of gladiators!

The heat, when I returned home, was suffocating; the contrast between the fresh sea-breeze and the dead heat of the

* Chronicle of Crime and Innocence: or Collection of the most tragic Events, Poisonings, Massacres, Assassinations, Parricides, and other foul Deeds, from the Beginning of the Monarchy down to the present Time.—Editor.

† The following notice, of the papers of 1833, may find a place here:

"*New Publications.*—The following works are announced as being for sale at Lemoine's, a Paris bookseller in the Place Vendome:—

"*Crimes of the Popes*, from *St. Peter* to *Pius VI.*, inclusive.

"*Crimes of the Kings of France*, from the commencement of the monarchy to *Charles X.*, inclusive.

"*Crimes of the Queens of France*, from the commencement of the monarchy to *Marie Antoinette*, inclusive.

"The announcement is followed by the attractive puff, that these works were prohibited by the ex-government.—Editor.

city was immense. No stir in the heavy atmosphere, which made me feel as if lead had been cast upon me.

If we mention, in a letter, the time when we write it, I think we ought, likewise, to inform the person who is favored with our communication, in what temperature it was written. If a friend write me amiably at 10° below, or write me at all at 95° above zero, I set him down as a friend I can depend upon. His friendship must be deeply seated, not to have frozen in the former case, and be firm as Antonio's, not to have melted away in the latter. If a man is kindly disposed on a day which makes bold to call itself a May day, but which must belong to some stray week, lost during winter, when the red nose gives the lie to the white pantaloons, as a friend of mine once said, and a longing for flannel seems to pervade all nature—if a man is good-natured on such a day, you may set him down for a saint, or something very near it. Dryness and moisture, cold and heat, are, at least, of as much importance to be known as the time, and the wearing of a watch forms altogether a very imperfect accomplishment. A pocket steel thermometer ought never to be wanting. Does not heat change every thing? dissolve all formality? Have I not met with a buck, this evening, who —all the year round, a dandy *à quatre épingles*—had left off his cravat? "A bare neck!" I exclaimed; "Oh!" was all he uttered, with eyes half closed and a mouth half open, fanning all the time with a languid motion of his hand.

From the great effect which I found that this unusual heat exercises upon individuals, I have learned to understand, with greater clearness, the causes of several phenomena in the private life as well as in the history of Asiatic nations, nor has it passed without giving me a lesson, important to me, with regard to literature. It proved to me once more the great excellence of Shakspeare. He stood the fire. When, in the evening, I was nearly exhausted and had tried one book after another, grave, satirical, or humorous; *La Secchia rapita*, or Camoens, and nothing would do, when no book I opened would interest my mind, I resorted, at last, again to

Shakspeare. I opened the volume at random: he never deceives me. In him is a life which communicates itself with electric rapidity to every thinking soul. He who has accompanied me on land and sea, in camp and prison, who has often delighted me by the fire-side, became now also my comfort in this suffocating heat. He who instructs, cheers, and saddens you, when you read him, is ever ready to your mind, in whatever situation you may be placed, whatever event may occur to you, or with whatever character, high or low, exalted or sensual, you may meet. He is like the statue of Memnon, which sounded of itself at sunrise and at sunset; so he finds within you an echo, whether the star of your hope or the sun of your success rise or sink.

Shakspeare, I think, may now certainly be called nearly as much a national poet with the Germans as he is with the English; nay, it would be a question whether he be not actually held in higher esteem at present by the Germans. The English have not yet entirely got over their period of French notions in regard to taste. I cannot follow Schlegel in *all* his admiration of this most gifted of all sons of Apollo, nor Mrs. Jamieson. They find beauties and deep designs where there are to me none. Shakspeare's beauties—like some designs of Raphael—are sometimes the overflowings of genius; but I believe him, nevertheless, as great as they do. The English seem very generally to have committed the mistake of considering Shakspeare as a mere genius, powerful and gigantic indeed, but without much reflection on his own works, or any wise arrangements of his own dramatic plans. This mistake has produced a great effect upon their literature: they allowed, for a long time, Shakspeare to stand alone, and followed French correctness, so called. The Germans, on the other hand, now often strive to find plan and well-devised beauty in every part; even in those places where sober reflection would consider admiration too great a stretch of our love for the poet. I cannot find any thing so enormously elevated in Isabella, or such peculiar wisdom in the devising of her character, as Schlegel does;

nor would, in all probability, Shakspeare himself, were he alive, tell us that he did. So there are, undoubtedly, deficiencies in him. But was he a god, and could he be perfect? His deficiencies, however, are but like the momentary derangement of his drapery, when his steed carries him rapidly through the highest regions. But never would I call him incorrect in his plans, as Blair wrote—"Shakspeare, a great, but incorrect genius." Some of his pieces may not be well suited to our imagination in every detail, if they come to be represented, but this has nothing to do with the poet, or the true merit of his works. His pieces were to be represented in his time; and whatever is called into existence in this world, must assume a form, which form is subject to changes. My opinion is not influenced by the rule which the French believe to have found in Aristotle, and which has forced their dramatic poets into absurdities, such as you find none in Shakspeare.

Shakspeare, to use an unpoetic comparison of a poet, takes the whole human life like a lemon, presses out the juice and essence, and throws away the pulp. In him all is truth—deep, great, essential truth; but, if you wish for reality, why, you must go to the market, or to the courts, and patiently wait five years for the denouement of an intricate affair. The French classical dramatists give you neither truth nor reality. Their greatest conspiracies, which change the fate of a whole dynasty, are begun and terminated within one day, during which time, the most designing statesmen are won over, the conspiracies going on all the time in public places—why? because it is much more natural, say they, that the authorities of the state should be stock-blind, than that the spectator should allow that there, where every thing is unnatural—from the lamp-daylight to the actor, who needs must turn to the audience in order to be understood—a change of the scenery is admissible, or that between the acts, which again are unnatural, a longer time than ten minutes can be imagined to elapse.

It must be owned, however, that the English are return-

ing to a better judgment; and soon, it is to be hoped, will treat a Tate as persons, who mutilate statues and other works of art, are treated in all countries. That spirits cannot return, is proved to me by nothing so much as by the fact, that Shakspeare and Mozart have never appeared to Tate and Bishop.

The Germans approach the works of this great philosopher, lofty historian, and powerful poet, with a devotion which strives but to enter deeper and deeper into his vast designs and immortal beauties, while the English, as yet, allow the Pegasus, which he rode more masterly than all, to appear before them only after the noble animal has been maimed and hamstrung. May Mrs. Jamieson find many ardent followers. Shakspeare is as important to the English or ourselves as the greatest of our warriors or legislators.

LETTER IX.

I SEND you to-day some of Major Jack Downing's Letters, which will amuse you, though some of their allusions may be unintelligible to a foreigner. As soon as a collection of them is published I will send you a copy. The interest of these letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unfrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them, partly in the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the Letters, partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the major tell long stories of what happened between him and the president, the vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens; and, again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the president, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the president has wantonly *disenchanted* the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat at Baylen:—"*Il a désenchanté l'armé.*"

With you, on the other side of the water, people would have no doubt but that the whole vessel of the state must founder, if the highest magistrate and the most prominent

men are handled with such bold familiarity. Here people think differently. The president signs himself in a letter to the butchers of New York, who had sent him a peculiarly fine piece of beef, or to a hat-maker, who presented him with some broad-brimmed beaver, "Your humble servant," and the law is yet observed.

Downing's Letters cannot be compared to those of Junius, which are altogether of a higher cast. With Junius there was real danger; hence the necessity of secrecy, which lends no inconsiderable charm to his letters. Have you ever seen a work—"Letters on Junius, by Newhall, Boston, 1831?" The author is a merchant in Salem, and curious enough it would be, if a "cute" Salem merchant should have penetrated the secret. He ascribes their authorship to Lord Temple, and makes out his case pretty well. This is, however, not the only American work on the authorship of these famous productions. The game of Junius is high; his venom is deadly; in the house of lords and commons his name has been uttered; his letters were written for the highest in the nation. Downing's, on the other hand, are for all: they amuse some, instruct others. They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given way, as all provincial languages in time do; and, in fact, they are now of interest to the student, unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England,—and a little glossary ought to be attached to them when they are collected together.* I have heard, however, some true blue Yankees assert, that Downing does not write classical Yankee; but where is the Toscan Yankee spoken? The Connecticut idiom is very different from that of Boston or New Hampshire. I once heard two Mecklinburghers earnestly dispute on the question whether a purer Low-German is spoken in Strelitz or

* The Letters of both the Jack Downing's (the major is not the only mythological person, of whom there are two editions; there are two Bacchuses, two Venuses, &c.,) have been separately published since the author wrote the above, yet no glossary has been appended to them.—Editor.

Schwerin. However, this is not quite the same; because Low-German is a decided dialect, with a different grammar, &c., while Yankee consists much more in some peculiar words, or words used in a peculiar sense, and in the peculiar mode of expression, in strange metaphors, &c.,—in fact, it consists as much in thought and pronunciation as in words; and is, therefore, in this respect, to be compared rather to the language of the common people in Berlin. But the latter never failed to disgust me, while the former may be very amusing.

Some of Downing's illustrations are capital, at which nobody, of whatever party he may be, can help smiling; and though he leans strongly to one side of the question, yet he now and then gives his own party some smart hits. Sometimes he wanders in allegories—the most dangerous things to meddle with. But that many of the letters are well written is proved by their great popularity. I am surprised that no review has yet taken them up. They afford opportunity for an instructive and sprightly article on the various jargons, and at the same time, some single books which have exercised a great influence in politics, such as Junius, the *Compte Rendu* of Necker, &c.

Did we live in ancient times, Jack Downing, being a mysterious person, would, without question, gradually grow into a mythological personage—a *heros:* gods may have sometimes become such by strange processes. I was reading, shortly ago, with what great fear the crew of Captain Kotzebue's vessel, when he circumnavigated the world a second time, made their first approach to Cape Horn, and how, when they had passed it, the poor Russian tars were so rejoiced, that, *ex tempore* creating a deity of this Cape, they represented god Horn, in the act of paying particular respect to the Muscovite flag. It would do the captain and his crew good to know how entirely the terrors of this Cape are lost on our whalers, who think no more of weathering it than Cape Cod; and prefer it much to the tedious passage through the Straits of Magellan.

Children, illiterate people, and nations in their earliest

stages, are constantly impelled by a desire to personify, to make the abstract, or invisible, concrete and palpable. This celebration of the Russian sailors, though but in sport, affords, nevertheless, an exhibition of this natural desire. Had it happened in earlier ages, we should soon have had sacrifices offered to win the good graces of the jealous god Horn, whose symbol might have been a large horn, out of which he blew the gales which harass the circumnavigators of the Cape, or who might have been represented with a huge horn on his forehead, to buffet the vessels; and a Creuzer, after two thousand years, might have tried his ingenuity on the "symbolics" of this *mythos*. The name Cape Horn itself is one of the many thousand instances of the facility with which the illiterate mould and change things to make them fitted to their capacity. The Cape was discovered by Lemaire and Schouten, and called Cape Hoorn, in honor of the city of Hoorn, not far from the Texel, where their expedition had been fitted out. The English sailor changed the name into Horn, a good name for any cape, and for this *par excellence*.

Imagine me now going on board a steamboat, plying between New York and Albany, those refined floating hotels and swift couriers on the Hudson, which, in respect to arts, one might say, fine arts, are the most striking objects which this country presents to a foreigner. It is a fact, that the Americans, these enthusiastic utilitarians, to venture a bull, lavish an elegance upon these steamboats, which would be unaccountable, were we not acquainted with the powerful effect of competition.

"Sir, the Courier and Inquirer! Latest news from Europe, sir,"—says a little fellow, approaching you with a bundle of that paper, in some street not far from the steamboat-landing. "The Standard, sir! A Jackson paper; the latest news from Washington," calls another, concluding from your refusal of the Courier, that you are a friend of the administration. "Le Blanc's trial and conviction for murder, sir," calls another; "A revolution in Paris," says his oppo-

nent; and the nearer you approach, the more these officious messengers of the events and gossip of two hemispheres thicken around you.—"The Daily Advertiser!" exclaims one; "The Gazette!" says another; "The Advocate!" a third; "There is a letter of Jack Downing in to-day," says again the spokesman of the Daily Advertiser. "A great fire in Charleston," says his competitor; "The total loss of the ship Raleigh," utters another news-pedler; "The Temperance Recorder!" and a quarto paper is held out to you; "The Anti-Masonic——" what? "Oranges, sir," asks a man, pushing through the crowd of urchins and lads. "I want nothing but to be left alone."—"Very well, sir."—The steam begins to whistle with its sharp noise, an overmatch to every other sound, except the similar cutting tone of escaping steam from the pipes of opposition boats. The vessel, yet fastened to the pier, moves forward and backward, like an impatient horse, dashing the water against the side of the wharf; the loud bell rings over your head; the opposition boats ring their bells, too; ladies and gentlemen, with their children, rush in over the narrow bridge, which connects the boat with the land, together with pushing porters and searching friends; trunks float over your head, veils fly by your face, canes threaten your eyes, carpet bags knock you right and left, wheelbarrows endanger your toes and shins. The single strokes are tolling; the opposition toll their single strokes, too; late comers hasten from the different streets, puffing and blowing; hackney coaches rattle from all directions;—some people call from the wharves, some leap on board, and climb over the railing; the boat moves more unruly to and fro;—a bundle of tracts is thrown to you: "Please, sir, distribute them;" a baby, with a cap of sky-blue sarsinet, silver tassels, and yellow feathers, is yet handed over to a red-faced, panting Irish woman, with a bonnet of contrasting colors, and—some people remain disappointed on shore, looking, with an angry face, after the boat, because a single second costs them twelve hours, perhaps, twenty-four. The shrill steam ceases—the boat moves on.

Some bundles and vallises are yet thrown from the wharf; one falls into the water—never mind, the boat cannot stop. Presently, a second boat darts from between two other piers the dangerous race begins, and now the American feels comfortable.———Another bell! "Passengers who have not paid their passage, please to step to the captain's office!" Another rush, another squeeze; oh, for the everlasting troubles in this life!

Since I have been in this country, the size and general arrangement of these boats have been considerably improved, much as I admired them, when I first arrived. The same is the case with the packets to Liverpool and Havre. I lately visited one of these stately vessels, and was struck with the improvements, in respect to the vessel itself, as well as the comfort and elegance of the accommodations for the passengers, though the vessel in which I came from England was then, and justly so, considered a model of a fine ship, and of a comfortable and elegant packet. These packets between the two worlds belong to a branch of statistics, important for the correct understanding of the history of our times.

The large steamboats on the Hudson have a room exclusively devoted to the use of the ladies, where they may lie down or arrange their dress; adjoining is a parlor for ladies and gentlemen; so that the different members of a family may see each other below deck, and yet the ladies need not go into the common room for gentlemen, nor the latter need enter the lady's cabin proper. The next room is the long cabin, which serves as a dining saloon, and, during the time between the meals, is used by the gentlemen. There is, besides, at the fore end of the boat, a separate "bar-room," where refreshments may be had, books may be borrowed, and maps, and guide-books may be bought. In all rooms, except the last, you find fine carpets and tasteful silk curtains. The deck is shaded by a wooden roof, on which itself you can walk, under an awning of sail-cloth. Smoking is permitted only on the fore-deck, and I was struck with the activity of

two men, who were here engaged in removing the moist traces of smoking and chewing, as soon as a passenger had taken the liberty to make the fore-deck his spitting-box. Strange, that one half of mankind should be so cleanly as to require the services of two men to be constantly employed in removing an object of disgust, which the other half is, nevertheless, dirty enough to throw into their way, and not even sufficiently civil to take the very modest and practical hint thus given them.

A number of ladies in mourning were, as usual, on board. In England and here, mourning dress is carried to excess. A traveller, from the European continent, is surprised at seeing so many people dressed in black in both these countries. I met, one day, a lady of my acquaintance, in Rockaway, a village on the sea-shore, not far from New York. She was in mourning; she told me the reason of her sombre dress; some distant relation had died. "But," said I, "I saw you in mourning half a year ago: for whom was that?" "We were then in mourning for—Mary, my dear," turning to her sister, "for whom were we in mourning, then?" You may easily imagine that the effect of this *naïveté* upon the whole circle was the opposite to the lugubrious.

A proper regard for our departed friends, shown by external signs, is, undoubtedly, becoming for a civilized man, and agrees with our feelings. But if mourning is carried to such an extent as in England and the United States, it has no more meaning than the going into mourning of a court, ordered by the high-chamberlain, for some prince or princess of a distant dynasty, to which the mourners are not farther related than by the use of the word cousin between ruling heads. Besides, it causes a state of things which may seriously interfere with the whole life of an individual. A female is born to be married, marriage requires previous acquaintance, and, as things now stand, acquaintance cannot, generally, take place without social intercourse; mourning, however, throws a young lady out of society. I have known

families in which young ladies continued to wear mourning for some very distant cousins, from their seventeenth year to their twenty-first: a very serious affair in a country where ladies cease much earlier to be considered as floating on the full tide of marriageableness than in other parts of the world. Some avoid this inconvenience by going to balls in semi-mourning, which never fails to make on me a very unpleasant impression. There is a mockery in such a contrast, which shows too plainly—I mourn, but I grieve not. I think the Germans and French are more rational in regard to the wearing of mourning.

On board of these steamboats, between New York and Albany, and New York and Philadelphia, there is generally a man with a case of types, offering them for sale to passengers, who are desirous of printing their names, with indelible ink, on their wearing apparel. I remember, when I saw, a number of years ago, the first man who carried on this novel branch of industry. It is clear that these types cannot be of use to any one; yet, standing not far from the man with his box, I observed how the principle, so universally spread, of self-love or self-consideration, united with the leisure of every passenger on board a steamboat, and his eagerness to seize upon any thing which will give some occupation to his mind, induced a number of people to buy what at first they universally took into their hands with the expression of, "Well, what nonsense is this?" A farmer would approach, and, as an American takes every thing in his hand, and views it on all sides, whether it belong to him or not, he would take up one of the names already composed, and placed in a little tin case, in which the letters were kept together by a screw. Presently, the vender of the types would come and explain the great advantages of being able to print one's own name on linen, in books, &c. Great doubt is, mean while, expressed on the visage of him who handles the types. "What's your name, sir? you need not buy it, just tell me your name." The goddess Suada, the protectress of all shopkeepers, assists, and the name of the hesitating farmer

is given. With the swiftness of the best compositor, it is put in type—it is printed—"There, sir, your whole name, and I add the surnames for nothing, sir, however long they may be; don't it look fine? You'd better take it." It is, perhaps, the first time our farmer has seen his name in print, and all over the world there is something flattering in this. I know that criminals, sentenced to die, will often find some satisfaction in the assurance that their whole process will be printed. The love of authorship is universal; it is as active in kings as in the secretary of the smallest town-meeting, who sends his report to the county-paper.

By degrees, the farmer pulls out his quarter of a dollar, receives his name, puts it in his pocket, and—half ashamed—retires. Another has already begun to handle other types, to go through the same psychological process, founded upon some of the original principles of the human soul, and, therefore, is sure to produce the same result. After about half a dozen persons had thus been rendered happy by the contemplation of their own names, I stepped up to the seller of types, and, perceiving that his dialect was foreign, addressed him in French. In French, still worse than his English, this peddling disciple of Guttenberg told me, that he was a Dutchman; he was actually a Jew of Holland. I tried German; he spoke it. I now expressed my surprise at his success; but he assured me, that he had carried on this lucrative trade in battered types, for several years, every day going up the river, half the way to Albany, and returning, by another boat, the same day to New York. I freely acquainted him with my disbelief in the utility of these types to any one who had bought them. "They can't do any thing with them," he said. "But how is it," I replied, "that people, notwithstanding, continue to buy, since you tell me that you have been in this line for several years?"—Shrugging his shoulders, he answered, "Why, sir, fools there are going, and fools there are coming, and there will always be fools enough to buy."—"If it is so," said I, "no baker's business is founded upon surer principles."

These, as I have given them, are the *ipsissima verba* of the type-seller, and it is, perhaps, not quite fair in me, that I thus expose the secret of his trade; but considering that, so far from declining, a great competition exists already in this sure-footed commerce, my revealing of its secret will, probably, produce little harm. That the boxes of these philosophical tradesmen should be decorated with great emblems and mottos, such as "The Free Press, the Palladium of Liberty," or "Every Man's Own Press," is a matter of course. Go through the world, and you will find that every trade, which is founded upon some simple principle of the body or mind, such as appetite, vanity, hatred, or laziness, is sure to flourish. All the world over, much money is made by menageries, chiefly because, as Goethe says, it is so sweet to read, in the weekly paper, on Sunday morning, in all comfort and ease, of some bloody battles against the Turks, afar off. It is so nice to see a grim tiger behind a safe grate.

"Do you think it as fine as the Rhine?"—"What, sir?"—"The Hudson."—I am unable to compare two things totally different, and besides I am a great enemy to odious comparisons—the ingenuity of little minds. Dante has never gained by being compared to Homer, or Vondel to Shakspeare. What is great stands by itself, and has its character within itself, or it is not great, and on the other hand, when the small is to be compared to the great, it is not difficult to say which will be the loser by the comparison. When you enjoy on a hot day a glass of cool sparkling cider of the best kind, and an officious acquaintance of yours, seeing the praise of the liquid in the expression of your face, asks you: "Now, tell me, is not it equal to any Champagne?" the taste is gone at once.

The Rhine descends from the lofty Alps, where he takes leave from his twin-brother, the Rhone, and after a course of nine hundred miles through many most romantic countries, loses in beauty on a nearer approach to the sea, until at length, his way lies through flat prose (as some illustrious

dynasties end) and he empties his volumes into the ocean. The Hudson, coming from an uninteresting country, increases in beauty in its comparatively short course, the nearer it rolls toward the Atlantic, until the last sixty miles of its course equal in grandeur any object of nature. Its peaks and basaltic walls, its precipices and lofty crags, and its vast sheet of water, as seen from the height of Singsing, are perhaps unequalled by any thing the Rhine can offer to the beholder. Where the Hudson is beautiful, nature has done more for it than for the Rhine, which history and art have ennobled beyond any other river in the world. If Flanders be (according to Sterne,) the great prize-fighting stage of Europe—Saxony is then at least the first cock-pit—it is the Rhine, on whose bosom sails the History of the European Continent. From the wars of Cesar, and the first vine which the Roman colonist planted on its bank, down to Blücher's bold passage of the river at Caub, on new-year's night, of 1814, and the pictures sent forth from Düsseldorf *—what battles, conflicts, councils, what activity in distruction and civilization, in science, in war, in commerce, and the arts, elections and coronations, what changes of governments are we not reminded of, in passing along the Rhine? How many legends are told of the bold castles perched on its high peaks! How lovely are the green vineyards between its shaggy rocks, and how noble the minsters of Cologne, and Strasburg, and Worms! The ancient cities on its banks and in its neighborhood, the strong fastnesses raised by human hands, and the striking proofs of man's perseverance, which effects its results on a spot, susceptible of any cultivation only by dint of the most laborious exertion, are objects of continual and ever-varying interest

* In many parts of Germany, prevails, at present, the greatest activity in the fine arts, extending through all classes of society. While in Munich palaces are raised to gain room for fresco paintings, the effect of a high elevation of taste is seen in many manufactured articles or trifles, calculated for common comfort or domestic ornament. In Prussia, it would seem, that sculpture has attained a far higher degree in Berlin, than painting, while the academy at Düsseldorf, lately re-established, excels in the latter art.—Editor.

to the traveller, who no where in the world finds more to delight him in going on foot and passing from village to village, than along and near the banks of the Rhine.

If the Hudson is grander in those parts where it is grand at all,—the neighborhood of the Taunus, the Vosges, the heights at Heidelberg, from whence you look into the valley of the Rhine, as Moses must have gazed from his height into the promised land, and many other spots and places, are much more interesting. Frankfort, so near to the Rhine, is important to many with regard to history, but interesting to all, on account of its forming the crossing point of the travellers of all nations. Here the Russian passes through if he goes to Paris, the Parisian proceeding to Vienna, the Englishman journeying to Italy, the Italian travelling to London. And then the many watering places, which collect people, making for a time enjoyment their business, from all quarters of the globe. I have expressed my admiration of the Rhine somewhere else, and I will copy the passage.

"There are rivers, whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost every thing that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming, in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighboring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times, of the coronations of emperors, whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages,

castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected; with beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river, whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of nine hundred miles, affords six hundred and thirty miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies, and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind;—such a river, it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call in poetry *Father*, or *King Rhine.*"

The Hudson has more of a marine character; Tappan-Sea and Haverstraw-Bay, notwithstanding their inland situation, have really the character of bays; the many square-rigged vessels, may contribute to give it this appearance. I consider the view of the last fifteen miles of the river, to be more beautiful, when you sail down; but above, the view is, perhaps, more beautiful to the traveller who is sailing up. You can hardly imagine a nobler sight on earth, than that which you may enjoy, for twelve cents, by taking passage in the Manhattanville steamboat, and sailing down the river. Its eastern bank, whose scenery partakes of the gentle cast, is studded with neat and comfortable looking houses, peeping out of the thick and rich foliage; the western bank, bolder, grander, and more variegated in its form, is covered with equally rich foliage, though interrupted now and then by a rock, projecting over a picturesque winding path. As you approach nearer to the city, you can perceive vessels lying in the river, already widening like a land-locked bay; the eastern bank becomes more and more covered with houses, until at last you glide along a forest of masts, and presently are landed in the midst of noise and bustle.

Hardly less imposing is the view up the river, on some

parts of it. There are points on shore from which most magnificent vistas open themselves. I lived one summer in Manhattanville near the river, and often enjoyed the superb view from the top of one of my cherry trees, of a height of which I have seen specimens here only, up the river toward Tappan Sea. Opposite was Fort Lea, where that singular and imposing wall of dark trap begins, which rising perpendicularly several hundred feet high, accompanies, for about twenty miles, the Hudson so closely, that sometimes the broken pieces which have tumbled from the steep heights have hardly found a resting place between the water and these rocks,—justly called the Palisadoes. They form a fine contrast to the opposite scenery, variegated by hill and dale, by cultivated fields and thick woods. At a distance, a great sheet of water might be seen extending far up to the border of the rising shores near Singsing. I have added this point to my list of beautiful or instructive and impressive vistas, over which I have only to cast a glance in order to be brought back to many of the most interesting spots in the world. I have found a list of this kind to be a very useful complement to a journal; to me it has become indispensable.

It has been often observed that Americans eat quickly, and devour instead of dining. I subscribe to this with respect to all the classes busily engaged in any occupation of industry, and in the case of nearly all public houses, steamboats, &c. I do not wish to detain you with an inquiry into the probable causes of this rapidity in eating, the connexion of which, with other national traits, can, in my opinion, be satisfactorily traced; nor into its probable effects, such as a universal tendency to indigestion; which, however, stands undoubtedly in some connexion also with the many sudden and violent changes of weather which we have to endure. But I will mention one fact which, singular as it is, I have observed so often, that I think I can rely on its truth. It is well known how intimately all our senses are connected with each other, and how much the sense of hearing af-

fects that of taste. If a person be desirous of tasting something very delicate, or to find out some ingredient of a mixture by taste, he either shuts his eyes or looks vaguely into the air; and, if there be much noise in the room, says, "Be quiet for a moment." It would require considerable time to accustom one's self to taste with fine discrimination, surrounded by a great noise. No chymist, in a situation of this kind, would trust his taste in a scientific and delicate inquiry. Hence it is so absurd to have Turkish music during dinner, if the host gives something exquisite; if he give poor or common fare, the more noise the better. Soft and very harmonious music might, perhaps, not interfere with a connoisseur's silent meditation upon the delicate *bouquet* of prime Latour or Margaux, or the delights of a savory and juicy snipe. But the music ought not to be so good as to draw the attention from the primary object of a *diner choisi;* for it is impossible to have two ideas or the clear consciousness of two distinctly different sensations at once. You will not be surprised, then, if I tell you that I always have found the people on board a steamboat to eat faster, the faster the machine goes. If the boat stop during dinner, the rattling of knives and forks abates; not only because a few inquire at what landing-place the boat is, (for people who pay no attention to the place where the boat happens to be, but continue to occupy themselves with the dinner, unconsciously relax in their exertions;) but also, and principally, because the engine slackens its pace. As soon as the piston resumes its activity, the clattering of plates and clanking of knives recommences in all its vigor. The engine produces the sensation of quickness and bustle upon the mind, which, with this general impression on the sensorium, cannot avoid imparting it to the nerves of the hands and the lower jaw.

If, as I have no doubt, the velocity with which every thing around us proceeds, influences our whole disposition, I am sure the inhabitants of Mercury, which moves at the rate of three hundred and fifteen miles in a second, must dine so quickly, that a Yankee would be considered, with

them, an old English country gentleman; and perhaps they restore the deposites, before they are removed: at all events, they would not have talked about it half a year,—while, on the other hand, a senator, haranguing against the bank of Uranus, would begin his speech in the year 1800, and on new-year's day of 1900, would be just saying, "One word more, Mr. President, and I have done."

About twenty-five miles from New York, you pass Tarrytown, where Mr. Irving has bought a house, to spend his summers. I am glad to see that Mr. Irving has become, one might say, a national writer, with the Germans. I believe his works are nearly as much known in Germany as here, and not only by translations. Why is it that the Americans have so few writers like Irving, so few who show an inventive talent and independent character of their own? There are numerous reasons, which it would take me more time to enumerate, than you would be willing to grant me. Some of the most important, in my opinion, are the vastness of the country, which gives indeed, to many, a field of laborious enterprise and occupation; but it necessarily induces also, the population to scatter over vast extents, which renders the whole book trade very difficult and different from what it is in central Europe, or England, France, and Germany. Our "enterprising publishers," have it not in their power, to "encourage" authors so "liberally" as a Paris, or London Murray can do. Then there is before them, a whole nation having a long start ahead, which speaks the same language, and in which a whole literature has already gone through all the successive stages of its development. Originality, therefore, comes more difficult to Americans, than perhaps to any other people. None was ever before placed in the same situation with regard to this point.

Besides, nations are like individuals; they cannot do every thing at the same time. The Germans did not at once fight the pope, fathom the depths of philosophy, bid the sun stand still and the earth march, send Humboldt to South

America, compose Don Juan, and produce Faust. The constitution of the United States is a charter which requires much and a gradual development—enough to occupy whole generations. For the present, the two great objects which engage the main activity of the nation, are material and mechanical improvement, (in which I include the obtaining of capital,) and the development of politics. It is a young country, placed in a very peculiar situation, by the side of the most civilized and oldest nations, and, therefore, has to direct at once its attention to a thousand things more directly connected with the well-being of society, than polite literature, or the fine arts. The United States have, in some respects, to introduce, sow, plant, and raise what other nations gained slowly in the course of centuries.

These are some of the reasons; the facts cannot be denied. Poland rose and sank, and not a chord of that lyre was touched, which before all others should have been expected to sound, in praise or sympathy, with that struggle for independence. Nor can there be, at present, any disposition for satire, which it would be supposed party virulence, if no other cause, would call forth; for how many scenes do not happen in Washington alone—what kicking and nose-pulling, without inducing a single rhymer to dress up the accounts, as given by the papers, in a few verses; and nothing more would be requisite to make them satires nearly as bitter as the lashing lays of Hipponax.

How many songs of praise or of keen reproach, would not, with other nations, all the elections produce, were they carried on with the same universal interest as here. Though but few citizens can take a personal part in French elections, none passes without bringing forth some smart poetry. But, again, it may be very well that it is so. Certainly it is connected with that soberness so important to the whole political fabric of America. Had the Americans more readiness to enjoy a biting sarcasm, or *plaisanterie*, and not to

let them roll off like water from a duck's wing, they would also have to suffer from this agility of mind the same which the French have suffered, with whom a piercing remark has gone often much farther than plain truth, and who, not unfrequently, have believed that a whole philosophical system or an institution might be proved to be false, and prostrated by a single conceit.

I think the English parliament keep, in this respect, a wise and agreeable mean between the French and the Americans. There is much more *fun* in their parliament than in the American congress, and,—which is, in fact, necessary to produce this state of things,—a member of parliament is much surer that something smart or witty will be relished, than a member of congress. For attacks in parliament, if of a humorous kind, are received with more good nature, or, at least, more as they ought to be, as the attacks of wit and humor, than in congress, where every thing is taken as mere downright, plodding politics.

A few miles above Tarrytown, (where it will not require much persuasion by the inhabitants to make a stranger act as the name of the place requires, since the historian of Columbus lives there,) lies the state prison, which, call it Singsing or Mount Pleasant, is in direct contradiction to its name. Instead of Singsing, it ought to be called *Hush-Hush;* or, we might borrow, for this place, the poetic name of the Turks for their church-yards, and call it the City of Silence. But, according to the exquisite American taste in making geographical names, Mumville, I dare say, would be preferred.* The inmates of this dumb abode, proba-

* Some readers may not understand the allusion of the author without being informed that there is at Singsing one of the state prisons of the state of New York. There are from eight hundred to a thousand convicts in this penitentiary, founded upon the Auburn plan, the chief characteristics of which are, that the prisoner is bound to perpetual silence as long as he continues to be an inmate of the penitentiary, and that he sleeps in a solitary

bly, do not cherish it by the name of Mount Pleasant, though I must testify to the truth of this name, as to the view from the spot. Close to the prison, on the top of a hill opens a prospect of great beauty. The wide waters of the Hudson, the high and steep bank of the opposite shore, and the distant view along the river—the many objects of nature before you, all testifying to her power and greatness, contrast strangely with the prison beneath; with its straight walls and many uniform and narrow window holes, built for men who have forfeited their liberty. Here is a spot where, in olden times, a convent would have been built. The finest spots, and very properly so, were always selected for the erection of convents.

Names often play cruel tricks upon men and things, and sometimes men upon their names. To meet a plain, cross, and unamiable Laura is very common. I saw lately a Porcia, ah, such a Porcia! But there are contrasts more striking than these. The arch-villain Oates was called Titus, as his crowned kinsman in disposition, Louis XI., was the first French monarch who called himself Most Christian Majesty; for the same reason, probably, that the inquisition, unholy if ever any thing was so, was called the Holy Office. Thus, the name of the assassin of Henry III. was Clement, and Tiberius's name was Gracchus; and there is Archbishop Laud, never to be sufficiently lauded. There have been many guilty Innocents; but we should find no end to the list of these beliers of their own names. The dirk by which the French knight gave the final coup, was called *misericorde*, (the coup itself, *coup de grace*,) and the drop in ancient castles, by which people were "eliminated," as the phrase was in the French revolution, went by the neat little name of *oubliette;* as if the horrors of the living grave beneath were

cell. The Pennsylvania Penitentiary system is fonnded on perpetual seclusion. In both the prisoner is constantly engaged in labor.—Editor.

but like a dram of Lethe. Cannons, formerly used in mountainous countries and drawn by men, were styled *amusettes*—very pleasant toys! So is a brook, near the Trasimene lake, which drank human blood in such full and deep draughts, now called *Sanguinetto*,* Blood-kin, to translate it literally, or Little Blood; while Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, who fled three times from his capital and the main part of his kingdom, is called *Invictus*, on the pedestal of his statue, in the *Studj*. There is in congress a Judge Cage, and I saw lately in the papers that a Mr. Lawless had been appointed judge; now suppose Judges Lawless and Cage form the bench, and I ask any honest man whether he would not feel inclined to challenge the bench instead of the jury. A Doctor Physick or Lieutenant Drummer, as there was one of this name in the Literary Convention in New York, from West Point, are correct, but sometimes names are cruelly true; for example, the brig which carried Napoleon from Elba was called *The Inconstant*. Seldom does the name happen to hit so well, as when Napoleon presented Marshal Kellermann† with Johannisberg. That Mount Auburn, the resting place of the Bostonians, is so called, is somewhat bitter; as the entombed are certainly subject to silence and solitary confinement, though the comparison with the Auburn system cannot be carried any farther. The most shocking contrast between name and person, of which I know, is offered in the case of the woman who poisoned more than thirty individuals, and whose name was Gottfried.‡

When our boat approached Newburg, a town on the right bank of the Hudson, a farmer, with whom I had entered into conversation, told me that, the day before, he went from Albany down the river. His family lives in Newburg, and he came from the west to see them, after an ab-

* Near Ossaja (Bone-field.)—Editor.

† *Kellermann* would be translated Cellar-man, and Johannisberg produces the best hock.—Editor.

‡ Peace in God. She was executed in Bremen.—Editor.

sence of five years. Shortly before the boat arrived at the place of his destination, he fell asleep, as is often the case with members of the industrial classes on board these boats, owing to the uniform motion and the want of physical occupation. When he awoke, he found that the boat had passed the place. "I said nothing," he said to me with a shrewd look, "paid my passage on to New York, and shall say nothing to my folks here. Only they will wonder where I come from at this time of the day." But this is not quite so bad as the fate of the poor old quaker lady who was desirous of going to a place midway between London and Manchester. She took a seat in the mail-coach, in London; when she had arrived at the place of her destination, she began to collect her bag, handkerchief, parasol, shawl— "All right!" said the guard, dashing the door to, and on the poor woman was carried to Manchester. She was obliged to return, but before she could get out of the coach, though she tried this time to be much quicker, the mail-coach started again for London, before she could manage to get out. It is said that she floated for three whole months, in this state of painful suspense, between the metropolis and Manchester.

On the wharf, in Albany, we were received by hackney-coachmen and porters offering their services, as you may imagine; but there are here not as many as in New York and Philadelphia, and, consequently, the bustle of their competition is not so great. In the two latter cities, they began to importune passengers in such a degree, that the captains of the steamboats saw themselves obliged to prohibit them from coming on board. They, therefore, now stand five or six deep on shore, stretching out their heads, with a pair of anxiously searching eyes, trying to catch those of some passenger, or to attract his attention by some interrogatory motion with their heads and hands. And if you happen to meet the look of one of these *aurigæ*, his longing desire and imploring expression, second to none in the whole world, except, perhaps, to that of a half-desponding lover,

it moves your very heart. That you may not disappoint any of these eager candidates for the carriage of your effects, it is necessary to stand before them with downcast eyes, as you must do in an auction, where a look is a bid, and you have carefully to avoid the greedy eye of the loquacious auctioneer, or a twinkling of the lid may cost you something.

LETTER X.

THERE was this time no music on board the steamboat. I do not know whether the method of attracting passengers by the refined call of a band has been entirely abandoned or not. When I first came to this country, and strolled about in the streets of New York, I recollect very well the impression made upon me by the different bands on board the boats, whose colors were streaming in the air, and waving far over the wharf, near which they were lying. This good impression, however, was much enhanced by the tune which one of these bands played—the hunter's chorus of the Freischütz. When Weber's popular opera first came out, I lived in Dresden. Every ear caught the tune of the hunter's chorus, which must certainly have been previously lying in every human breast, and only wanted to be called forth, and clearly pronounced by some one, in order to be known, felt, and loved by every hearer; as the best passages of a great poet, which pointedly and pithily pronounce something, the truth of which instantly strikes every one, and renders the sentence, in a moment, a common-place. It is the same with all arts, only the effect of the productions of the two just mentioned is more general, because they speak languages understood by all who think and feel. The artist is for us the greatest, and we love him most, when, with the wisdom of a master, and the might of genius, he calls up before

us that which we feel, in the moment we behold his work, was always in our inmost soul, but which we had neither the power of mind, nor elevation and energy enough to bring clearly to our consciousness. Hence the surprise, the unspeakable joy, the deep emotion, when we are suddenly placed before a shepherd boy of Thorwaldson. It is the image of grace we carried always with us, but we could not give it birth; hence our feelings when we see, at last, the Madonna di Sisto of Raphael; we recognise the true, full, entire conception of the heavenly mother and the babe she nurses to fulfil the greatest destiny; hence our feelings, when the waves of Palestrini's music roll on, and our soul says, "For that music I have always longed." No artist can carry any thing absolutely new into our soul, but his wand may call into life that of which the elements lay dormant within us. When the mathematician Lambert asks, after having heard Gluck's incomparable Alceste, "What shall be proved by all this?" St. Cecilia herself would not be able to touch a chord of his heart.

From Dresden I went to the South of Germany, and the music of the Freischütz had preceded me. I went to Marseilles, and heard the hunter's chorus again. I sailed to Greece, and a Greek, who had been in France and brought back a taste for our civilized music, whistled it. I went to Naples, and the band played the same tune on parade. I returned to Germany, and I found that every shoemaker's boy, fetching bread in the early morning for the journeymen of his master, sung it in the street, and already it had been stereotyped on the cylinder of hand-organs. I travelled to England, where I was greeted with Weber's tune; I crossed the Atlantic, and it welcomed me even here, in the western hemisphere. From what depths in the well of human feeling must this tune be drawn to become so hackneyed all over the world, even to the disgust of lightly thinking minds! I wish I could ever produce a work, which centuries after my death, would be hawked about for a sixpence, as Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet was offered to me

in the Strand, on bad paper and in bad print, or, as the poor editions of Don Quixote, are sold all over Spain.* What makes a "sickening common place," if not its striking truth or its great beauty which is felt by every one as soon as it is heard?

Have you ever considered, how the two extremes meet in this case? Mathematics and music are universal; they defy the bars of nations and are understood through all zones alike. The one proceeding from the absolute understanding, and addressing it, the other the pure language of feeling—both as universal as the principles of the understanding and the elementary feelings of the soul. Lichtenstein found a native of the Cape of Good Hope, humming the tune of a German song,† and Euclid is as true to-day as he was thousands of years ago; as ten times ten can make no more or less, a thousand years hence than it makes now, but must make a hundred alike for the Esquimaux and the Chinese. And this is, also, the reason why music is the kindest of all arts, and the most faithful companion to man. There is no age or condition in the life of the individual, and no period in the history of a nation, from its rudest starting point to the last stages of refinement, that music is not willing to grieve with the afflicted, and to laugh with the gay, and to offer comfort and joy from the infinite variety of her treasures. None of the fine arts affords so much pleasure in its simplest beginnings, as music, none can satisfy the human heart with so little materials. The lowest are not too low for her, and the highest owe her a thousand delights. When the poor slave, whom neither painting nor sculpture, nor knowledge ennobles, returns from the toilsome task of the day, and wipes the sweat from his heavy brow, he resorts yet to her for some comfort, before he rests his weary limbs;

* In some of our auctions, we have heard the Vicar of Wakefield familiarly put up as *the Vicar*, and the auctioneer's tongue rattling to the tune of "Well, how much's bid for *the Vicar*." At the same time it is *the Vicar*, with which every foreigner begins English.—Editor.

† It was the tune of, *Freut euch des Lebens*.—Editor.

and the bondsman, who knows but little pleasure in the contracted circle in which he moves, owes to her the richest enjoyment he has, when he plays his rude instrument for the young ones to dance around him, and to forget who they are. How happy I have seen Bohemian peasants, with their violins! It seems, as if man, the more he is robbed of his rights, the more he calls for pleasure from music; and when a nation sinks into bondage, and all the monuments of former glory, and liberty, and thought are lost, when by the fierceness of a tyrant or the cruelty of time, all the records of what its fathers were and did, are destroyed, even then, still it is she, the daughter of Heaven, who preserves the memory of happier ages, in plaintive songs to kindle at a future and better day, the pride of freemen and the love of country in the hearts of daring insurgents, and to change the song of grief into the bursting air of the warrior. Would Greece ever have risen from her sleep, had her degraded sons not sung the deeds of their fathers, and the memory of their early honor, in places where they were unwatched by their masters? If you knew the whole history of this people as I do, you would answer with me, no.—What share had the inspiring Marseillaise in the late revolution of France? How much does England owe to her soldiers' and her sailors' songs? How many battles has Rule Britannia fought for her? It is recorded in no history, and yet the effect of all these songs has been immense. Hark! the trumpet, even firing the very horses that have to carry their bold riders into yonder square; would they go without that martial leader, which sends its piercing sounds into the weakest heart? Hark! the simple, solemn beat of the drums; they sound from the centre of that column, which marches up, in measured time, to the doubtful assault, and bridle the bounding courage of the brave and faithful band.—And when the victory is won, the thankful peals of the conquerors, rise to the God of the Just, and a grateful country answers by the swelling anthem and the full Te Deum in the wide temples of the Most High!

The herdsman trusts to her, to while away his time, and makes the cliffs of solitary Alps, raised high above the busy world, converse with him; she leads the vine dresser home from the hills, where by his labor, irksome and niggardly rewarded, pleasure grows for others, and she makes lighter the trying task on board the rolling vessel. She is with the wanderer, who sings a song of his home, or hums a tune of his early youth; and with her aid, passes quicker the time of a soldier in the camp.

It is music with which a mother's untiring love, lulls the restless babe to sleep; music which calls the little ones to a merry show, and gives to toys the greatest charm; music, to which the youth resorts, to speak of love, in the late hour of others' rest, to her, whose eyes have wounded him; it is music which measures the merry steps of harmless joy, and gives utterance to forgetful mirth, stirred by the sparkling contents of the slender glass; it is she who assembles fashion to hear the brilliant work of a glowing master; she who beguiles the slow hours of a prisoner, and transports an exile to his home and friends; and, it is she who brings the balm of comfort to the widow, pouring, with a feeble voice, her burning grief into a lonely hymn, and she who accompanies us to the grave.*

When the rude Indian gives utterance to his joy, his drum accompanies the quickened steps and louder voice, which, obedient to the universal law, he pours forth in rhytmic measure; and the tibia sounded to the highest strains of Sophocles, and David played his harp, and cornets and cym bals sounded before the ark, to praise the King of Israel, and Christians go and bid their feelings, too strong for any lan guage, rise to the Creator of our hearts on the sacred wings of Heaven-devoted music—of her whose power is so great and yet so mysterious, that man, to speak of all the pleasure, comfort, and peace, which she can instil into his soul,

* In many European countries, the dead are accompanied by songs to the grave; still more frequently is a hymn sung over the grave.—Editor.

has no words to name them, but must borrow all from taste, or touch, or sight.

Well is she called a daughter of Heaven: whoe'er has heard, in Michel-Angelo's most noble chapel,* the sacred strains, which Palestrini has revealed to us, like the greeting from another world, has felt the breath of heavenly calm.

Ay! not only doth music love man; even the brute to which the word of reason has been denied, gives utterance to its feeling of life, and health, and of enjoyment, in notes which make the wood resound of thanks to Heaven; and pious men do tell us, of the pure melodies in which the blessed sing the praise of God.

* Cappella Sistina, in the Vatican, in which the service of the passion week is performed.—EDITOR.

LETTER XI.

From Albany to Schenectady, you travel by rail-road; and the least exciting of all travelling, it seems to me, is decidedly locomotion by steam on a rail-road. The traveller, whose train of ideas is always influenced by the manner in which he proceeds, thinks in a steam car of nothing else but the place of his destination, for the very reason that he is moving so quickly. Pent up in a narrow space, rolling along on an even plain which seldom offers any objects of curiosity, and which, when it does, you pass by with such rapidity, that your attention is never fixed; together with a number of people who have all the same object in view, and think like you of nothing else, but when they shall arrive at their journey's end—thus situated, you find nothing to entertain or divert you, except now and then a spark flying into the window of the car and burning a hole in a lady's veil, or otherwise exciting the interest of the travellers by a gentle smell of burning. There is no common conversation, no *rondo*-laugh, nothing but a dead calm, interrupted from time to time, only by some passenger pulling out his watch and uttering a sound of impatience, that a mile in four minutes is the rate of travelling on "this line."

Strange, that the most rapid travelling should be the most wearisome, but so it is; *les extremes se touchent*, always and every where. The animal which comes nearest to the shape of man is the ugliest; gods and beggars go half naked, and

kings and servants are called by their baptismal names; and Madame de Stael delighted in playing *soubrettes*, while sombre Shelley amused himself by letting little ships of paper float on the water.

I have mentioned Madame de Stael, and, in a former letter, Madame de Recamier; and now I will tell you an anecdote which ought not to be lost. A gentleman (who sailed with Captain Kotzebue round the world) told me, that, when he lived in Copet, in the house of the former—a woman who could but rule or adore—he took, one day, a sail in company with these two ladies and some gentlemen, on the lake of Geneva. They were overtaken by a storm, which at times is a very dangerous occurrence on that superb water. The whole party had a narrow escape, and when, in the evening at tea, they talked over their perils, Madame de Stael observed, "Had we all been drowned, it would have afforded a fine newspaper article; both the most beautiful woman of the age, and the most gifted would have perished together."

Rolling on in my swift car, I thought of all the different ways by which little earth-bound man contrives to move from one place to another. If a man has health in his limbs and money in his pocket, and time to spare, I agree with Rousseau, that there is but one way of travelling—that on foot, "provided always nevertheless" the country be interesting. It is impossible to learn half as much in any other way; and, as Seume says, it is easier to give a penny to a poor fellow when you are on foot than to throw it out of the coach window. This, to be sure, would not make much difference in our country, since you may travel many hundred miles, or live for many years in a place without ever being asked for alms. I recollect very well, when I was addressed by a little beggar girl, in Boston, for the first time after a long residence. She belonged to emigrants who had lately arrived.

There is a zest in all enjoyments, even the meanest, when you travel on foot. To rise before daybreak and march into the day in a thick lonely forest; to lie down, af-

ter a long walk, under the rich foliage of a beach-tree, on the top of a mountain, from which you see into a valley variegated by nature and civilization; to take a refreshing bath after the journey, and go to a library or gallery, or into the opera of a large city—are enjoyments and contrasts, which I can compare to no others.

To sit down in Switzerland, at ten o'clock in the morning, with a fine piece of cheese and a full tumbler of wine, after a march, begun just after sunrise, has given you a smart appetite, is a luxury of which but few who sit down to a dinner at a West End clubhouse know the keenness and pleasure. Next seems to come the travelling by way of swimming. Though I consider myself a pretty fair swimmer, I cannot say, that I should relish much the aquatic expeditions of the *correos que nadan.** Poor amphibious post-boys, how you must feel when you descend the Guancabamba and Amazon, floating with your bombax stick, and the mail tied round your head! Naturalists mention, as something very remarkable, of the animal *homo*, that he alone is able to live in all climes. It seems to me much more surprising, indeed, that he can vegetate in all situations, from these paddling couriers, or the sooty chimney-sweeper, to the refined banker in Paris or one of the richest countesses in England; from the beggar at the door of a palace to its inmate, or the starving copyist of music or galley-slave to the dispenser of sinecures or a governor-general of the East Indies.

It is well that they have not in those countries, where the mail is carried along by swimmers, franked bushels of pamphlets and papers to send, as we have here. There are curious post-establishments in this world! I knew an old woman who spent her life in walking from Berlin to Posen, and from Posen to Berlin, about a hundred and forty miles. She was called the Living Gazette. Have you ever heard of the celebrated post-office of the whalers at Essex Bay, on one of the Gallapagos Islands in the Pacific? There is a cave,

* Couriers who swim.—Editor.

well secured against the weather, in which whalers deposite letters sometimes for the information of other whalers, sometimes to be taken home, when a returning fellow-hunter on the deep passes by. I had heard of it by whaling captains, and found it, afterwards, mentioned in Lieutenant Paulding's Journal of a Cruise of the United States Schooner Dolphin among the Islands of the Pacific,*—a little unassuming book, full of interesting items. Lieutenant Paulding found a letter there safely deposited. This insolated fact shows strikingly the existence of a common bond and trust among civilized nations; so does a letter deposited in a post-office of the farthest west of Missouri, which safely arrives in a village in the most eastern part of Germany, if it only has the two words "Via New York and Havre" on its direction. In the middle ages, there was a man who carried letters from Pomerania to the students of that country in the university of Paris, and when I lived in Rome the "courier" was yet existing, who regularly carried letters from Rome to Spain. And yet we are told the world goes back; or is it maintained that improvements of this kind belong to the industry of nations only, which is allowed on all hands to improve rapidly, while, morally, we degenerate? I would deny this; there is morality in an intercourse of this kind between nations; it requires a universal acknowledgment of certain broad principles of honor and morality.—It will yet happen, within the next hundred years, that letters are directed from London to Canton, (perhaps, to Peking,) via New York and the city which will rise at the mouth of the Columbia River.

And now contrast the general post-office, as you may well call it, of the Gallapagos Islands with that in London. When I, for the first time, past through the old London post-office, an unpretending narrow building, and found, written on a little table, "Mails due from Hamburg, Malta, Jamaica, Canada," with a long list of other places and islands all over

* New York, 1831.—Editor.

the world, I was forcibly reminded, by this small board, of Great Britain's vast dominion, and knew of nothing with which to compare it, except the many confessionals in the nave of Rome's St. Peter, over each of which the name of a particular language is written, inviting the faithful of all nations to confess in their own tongue. Over one stands Lingua Germanica, over another Lingua Gallica, Anglica, Hispanica, Hungarica, Lusitana, Neogræca, &c.

But, to return to my swimming travellers. The peasants of a certain part of Bavaria sometimes journey in a manner not much different from the Indian in the Amazon. They take large logs of wood, dispose somehow or other of their little baggage, place themselves in a riding position on the hind end, and down they go, much in the beaver fashion, their feet dangling all the time in the water.

Travelling on horseback is, in some countries, very agreeable. Man's thoughts are freer on the back of an animal, whose four legs are his own, as Mephistopheles correctly suggests. But the care of a horse, his liability to indispositions, the regular rests which he requires, and the slowness of this way of travelling, are serious drawbacks to employing a horse's back for our seat. We cannot, besides, speed our journey by taking, now and then, a "lift" in the stage-coaches, as we may do when we go on foot; and it is very convenient to cross rapidly an uninteresting country, like skipping over an insipid passage of an otherwise good book. To ride on a mule with a caravan of muleteers is always interesting; for the muleteer has a thousand amusing and instructive things and anecdotes to tell you; provided nature has given you the skill of easily assimilating with people of this class. A peculiar gift of the kind is not, however, required, at least in any uncommon degree, when you pass over the mountains from France to Spain; when the girl who takes care of the mule, rides with you on the same faithful animal; words are then found easily.

To travel in a sedan must be abominable. When I went up Vesuvius I could not even endure the idea of see-

ing men laboring hard in the heat of the sun only to move my flesh and skeleton; and preferred paying something to the men who offered themselves, and going up alone. However, in India it is often impossible to travel in any other way, and people soon accustom themselves to see the trotting bipeds under the litter on which they recline. To travel poste-haste, either on an ostrich, as Mr. Moore has seen, or on a dolphin with Arion, or on a cannon ball, as Münchhausen tried, jumping from one twenty-four pounder, shot into the fortress, upon another, shot out of it—or navigating the air in Zambullo's style, by holding fast to the mantle of the *diable boiteux*—or, which is the equal of any of these, sliding from the snowy mountain tops on a small sledge in the Swiss fashion, I do not believe will generally be considered the *ne plus ultra* of comfort. A camel in the desert makes you *sea*-sick, during the first days, and I have never been rocked in a howdah on an elephant's back. Nor has it been my lot to try the Esquimaux dog or the reindeer. On an ass I have travelled, and its short, broken step is paradisiacal comfort compared to a ride on a cow, to which I was once obliged to resort, in the army, when I had hurt myself by a fall. The toilsome journeying in our farthest west, when by turns the canoe carries you and you carry the canoe, and when the packages and provisions are taken over the portages by the trotting *voyageurs* in the way that cats carry a number of kittens from one place to another—by running to and fro, and thus transporting the goods by instalments—is a style of travelling which cannot abound in pleasure.

But now, we have all sorts of travelling in wagons, carts, and coaches; from the rickety one horse omnibus in the south of France, to the proud and flying mail-coach in England—from the wagon of the New England emigrant, to the vettorino from Florence to Rome—and from the snail-like, ancient post baggage-wagon, to the light Tartar in Turkey: and then there is all the travelling by water, from the raft on the Rhine, or the American rivers, to the refined packet of New York and Philadelphia—from the boat on

the Nile, where you are devoured by insects, to our boat on the grand canal, where you must look out not to arrive in Buffalo without a head—from the slow market-boat between Mayence and Frankfort, to the darting steamboat in our west.—But, there would never be an end, were we to enumerate all the ways of crawling and creeping, which it after all remains, of bustling man. Only of one more way of compound locomotion will I tell you.

It is said that Frederic William I., King of Prussia, who liked a joke, though it might be a rude one, overheard a peasant saying to his companion, that if he were the king he would not move otherwise than in a sedan. "You shall try it," said the king, stepping forward; and soon after the wished-for conveyance was brought. The peasant stepped in, but the king had ordered the bottom to be taken out—and now the carriers began to run, and wind about, forward and backward, over stones and through mire, until the shins of the poor fellow within were deplorably sore. At length they halted—and when the king asked the peasant how he was pleased with the royal conveyance, he answered, "Uncommonly, sire, uncommonly; only, to say the truth, if it were not for the honor, it would be almost like walking." Don't you think there are many things in this life very much like this sedan? and, alas! kings themselves are but too often obliged to go through honorable but shin-breaking procedures of this kind. How often do they not look with envy upon a simple, healthful pedestrian,—whose whole power of self-locomotion still remains inviolate,—from their gilt and ornamented, but narrow and uncomfortable incasement, in which, however splendid it may be, they remain men like all their fellow creatures—with the same pains and desires, and not an inch higher from the ground than those, who, in their turn, admire and envy them.

I thought this would be "positively the last" anecdote, but I am bold enough to take the Russian ultimatums to the Porte, for my example. Were there not four of them? The train which my ideas took by the last anecdote, calls up

another, which is of too generic and representative a character, to be omitted. You will thank me for communicating it to you, when I tell you, that I have it from a source, which allows no doubt of its truth; besides, the whole is but natural.

The Empress Josephine, had sent some exquisite Parisian toys to her little and favorite grandson, Louis, the son of the King of Holland. When they were unpacked, and the Queen of Holland, who was a most tender mother, was anticipating the pleasure of her child, the prince disappointed her entirely, by the little interest he seemed to take in all the beautiful toys and contrivances around him. He would look at them, but always return to the window from which he looked out, with a longing desire, into the street. "Louis, are you not charmed with these beautiful play-things?"—"Yes, but"—"What is your desire? look here with what tender care, the Empress has chosen these handsome play-things to give you pleasure?"—"Oh, they are very fine, but——" "But what, my child; can you wish for any thing else? don't you feel grateful to grandmamma?"—"Yes, certainly I do."—"But they do not seem to amuse you much!" "They do; but, mamma, if I only could walk for a short time in the mud there, with that child in the square!"

A friend of mine instructed Princess ——, in German, and for a long time, he could not bestow a more acceptable reward upon his royal pupil, than by telling her of the rustic and primitive life of some peasants on the continent; on the same principle that every tale for peasant girls must begin with, "There was a beautiful princess."

Every great monarch has been glad to throw off, at times, the lacing of royalty and to appear like an equal of others. Harun Alreshid, Charlemagne, Henry IV., Frederic the Great, Napoleon, all have enjoyed this pleasure, though but for a moment. To say the truth, I should think, it must be a tedious way, *di campare** to be born for a throne, without

* Italian, for "getting along." We were one evening addressed in Naples by a man, who looked reduced in his circumstances indeed, but had

uncommon capacity; to be above the law, to owe nothing to one's own exertions, and to be from birth at the *ne plus ultra* of life. This, undoubtedly, is one of the great reasons why so many monarchs have loved conquest. They want to be active; the meanest of their subjects can say, "This I have done;" they alone find every thing done to their hands. Lucian was not wrong when he pitied the gods for their Olympic ennui. Kings are always something of a Dalai Lama; honored and revered outlaws;—sacrifices to society, whose welfare often requires one visible being above the law, just to fill a place, that no continual quarrel for it shall disturb the peace. I am thankful for being under the law, a citizen, a whole man; for man was created to be a being under the law. Or, must we presume, that for the very reason which elevates monarchs above the common interests, and cares, and pangs of ambition, they seek a higher sphere of activity, and strive to do good for its own sake? That, from their peculiar situation they have an immense start before other men, and can deliver, when three years old, a speech "with peculiar grace," as Croly says in his Life of George IV., the prince did, when receiving the society of Ancient Britons, on St. David's day? History records, as yet, no such necessary consequence, and every book of memoirs shows us, that kings have all the same petty troubles, jealousies, pains, and griefs, that we have; toothache, gout, and all the other elements of vexation of our mortal bodies; and as strong a disrelish of a minister's popularity, as the minister has of his first secretary.

It has often appeared to me, that since the succession by primogeniture has been firmly established in Europe, which was the only way of securing those advantages which are peculiar to monarchies, there is no situation less enviable, than that of a brother to a king or crown-prince. With all

nevertheless the clerical distinctions of dress. We expressed our amazement at being asked for alms by a person in this dress, when we received the answer, "*Ah! che vuol signore, così si campa.*"—(Ah sir, what use is it to talk? thus we must try to get along.)—EDITOR.

the privations of the monarch, and they are numberless indeed, they have not his power, and must see the same honor, due to their birth, paid to greatness risen by merit. There are but few princes who create their own sphere, as the noble Prince Henry the Navigator. Why?—have not many the power to promote, in a similar way, knowledge, or art, or the progress of discovery?—Simply, because they are princes by birth.

Yet there are two sides to every subject, and a prince to whom has been given a noble soul, can do much good in certain ways, for the very reason that he is so fixedly elevated, and yet not the actual ruler. Only it requires a truly noble soul, to pass uninjured, through the ordeal of high elevation from earliest infancy.

Esquirol, in his Lectures, states that the proportion of deranged monarchs to other people under an alienation of mind, is as sixty to one—a bitter comment upon the principle of legitimacy!—since Esquirol ascribes to the want of cross-breeding, this proportion, so enormous, even if we make all possible allowance for the fact, that not a single deranged ruler escapes public notice, while the lists of lunatic subjects will always be defective. If Esquirol be correct in assigning this cause for so startling a fact, we would have another reason against the philosophy of the principle, for the first time officially pronounced by the Congress of Vienna, that a legitimate heir to a throne can be only an individual descending from two parents legitimately descending from sovereign families. Strange, some countries are peculiarly jealous of the birthright of their citizens, and will not allow a foreigner to hold as much as an inferior office; and, according to the principle of legitimacy, as now observed, the monarch, in whom all nationality ought to concentrate, must always be half a foreigner; and some dynasties never can become naturalized by blood, e. g. the Hanoverian race on the English throne, which was, and ever has remained German in blood and bone. The same is the case with the Holstein race, on the throne of Russia, and, in other cases, it leads to the re-

sult that a foreigner rules over a nation peculiarly proud of its nationality; of which we have an instance in the present government of Spain. The same was the case with the mother of Louis XIV., with Mary of Medici, Catherine of Russia, and many other sovereigns. Monarchies will yet last for many nations a long time, owing to their state of political as well as social development, or to their relations with other states; but even Chateaubriand said, in the chamber of peers, on the 19th of April, 1831, "I do not believe in the divine right of kings," and "monarchy is no longer a religion; it is a political form." Nay, even the Duke of Fitz-James waived the idea of divine right, and appealed to the people. Our time has seen so many thrones tumbling down and in the state of being raised, has seen so many crowns handed round like dishes of no peculiar attraction, and of which the "refusal" at most was asked, that the only safe authority for a crown, is reason and the interest of the people; but as to prolonging the belief that there is something peculiar in an anointed race, an actual difference between the blood of a ruling family and other blood,—why, people who have gone through our time and seen dozens of kings stripped of their purple, and appearing like any other mortal beings, and who have had, by memoirs and documents, so many peeps behind the curtain, cannot, even if they wished it, force such a theory upon their belief. Plain naked facts would stand fight with it, even in the most loyal mind of a devout continental tory; he might as well force himself to believe three times three are ten; facts are facts, and must remain such to the world's end. The more times have advanced, the more has royalty been enabled to rest its power upon moral grounds. The kings of Prussia are never crowned, and if we compare a monarch of northern Europe with an Asiatic ruler, surrounded by the trappings and pompous show of eastern despotism, and consider how much less of the forms and formalities of royalty is, in our times, found to be necessary for giving it stability and authority, than but a century ago, we shall come to the con-

clusion, that the time may not be too far when it will not be considered any longer dangerous, that dynasties should continue their race without exposing themselves to the frightful consequences pointed out by Esquirol.

However, I must confess to you, that some farther proof ought to be brought to support the assertion of that distinguished man, that the "breeding in and in," as it is termed, of the European dynasties, is the only cause of the enormous frequency of derangement which dwells under crowns. In former ages, not a few consorts of monarchs have, with the most maternal feeling for their people, taken care of a proper admixture of renovating blood in their race. *Beaux Rantzaus* are not so exceedingly rare in European history; and, though I know it is asserted, and, I believe, pretty well tested, that Jews, Quakers, and Catholics, in England, produce more insane people than others, owing, as it seems, to their marrying generally among themselves, yet I do not remember having read that in those villages in Europe, the inhabitants of which marry hardly ever a girl out of their place, and often have but one family name, insanity is met with more often than in other villages. An inquiry of this kind would be interesting and very easy. There are many peasants who would have the best claim to high nobility, if belonging to an "old family" constitutes one of the chief ingredients of *noblesse*. That cross-breeding improves the race I have little doubt, on the principle that the farmer, both in Europe and America, exchanges grain with his neighbor, to avoid deterioration. As far as my observation goes, I must say, that I have generally found bright children in the families of parents of two different nations, though I allow that this result can be accounted for in a different way. This, at first sight, would appear to be in favor of the ruling dynasties, but we must recollect, that they have thoroughly mixed so many years since, that they form, by this time, one general race, and, again, it has been found by many travellers, that, in large capitals, the situation of which invites people of many different nations to settle within them, those classes in which

all nations mix for a long time, receive an addition in a breed, which is far from being desirable for a good population.

Whatever is born, constructed, or contrived in this nether world, carries with it the germ of dissolution. The very principle which gives it life or start becomes the cause of its decline. Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, can give great *élan* to a nation; but the principle of legitimacy carries within it the germ of change, equally with the principle of universal suffrage. Nothing shall last for ever, except the plans of the great Ruler.

How does, on the other hand, our system of politics affect the mind? Are the frequent excitements, which penetrate into the smallest arteries of our whole social system, not productive of much evil in this very particular? Aristotle, even in his time, observed the great prevalence of insanity among politicians, and Esquirol says, that a history of the French revolution might be written from the variety of cases, to be found in a French insane hospital, so much has each convulsive change of politics and government affected the hopes, desires, ambition, or happiness of a number of persons, strengthened as this effect was, by a very universal absence of that confidence which firmly relies on the guiding care of a kind and wise supreme Ruler. Do then our politics not lead, with many individuals, to an alienation of mind? Certainly many act in a way which would make the observer suppose that but the final disappointment in the result of an election is wanting in order to lead them one step farther—to the loss of reason?

I have paid some attention to this subject, so worthy of inquiry, and from my visits to the insane hospitals in the United States, I am inclined to believe that political disappointment is very rarely the final cause of loss of reason. I say, from my visits to these hospitals; for it seemed to me that the view of the causes of insanity, now often adopted among English physicians, and which ascribes the origin of aliena-

tion to physical causes alone, is very frequently to be found also among American physicians. That I cannot subscribe to this opinion, appears from the remarks I have already made. The proofs to the contrary seem to me numerous and conclusive, if patient investigation, unbiassed by preconceived ideas, or a fondness for a system, or some general views, be given to the matter. However, I am not going to give you a medical treatise.

How much the frequent recurrence of political excitement may gradually dispose many individuals in this country, finally to fall victims to a disturbance of the mental faculties, I have had, of course, no opportunity to observe. But, as I stated, I believe that the frequent changes in politics are not pregnant with the same disastrous consequences here as they have been in other countries, for instance, in France. Several good reasons, it seems to me, may be given for this difference. And first, the very frequency of elections neutralizes the injurious effect, which, otherwise, the disappointment they necessarily must bring to one party, would have on the mind of many individuals. To-day a man is thrown out, a party vanquished,—to-morrow he goes to work again, and hopes for success the next time. Secondly, however great the excitement may appear, on paper or in words, the people know very well that their lives and property are not in jeopardy; that whatever party may come in or go out, the broad principles of the whole system will be acted upon, the general laws will be observed. Should it ever come with us to that point, that the monstrous idea should prevail, that liberty exists there only where the majority can do what they please—while, on the contrary, the degree of existing liberty can justly be measured only by the degree of undoubted protection which the minority enjoys, and the degree in which the sovereign, be he one or many, or represented by the majority, is restricted, by fundamental laws, from acting on sudden impulses and impassioned caprices, to which a body of men is as subject as a single man—should it ever come with us to this absolutism, for absolu-

tism is there where the representative of sovereignty can act capriciously and uncontrolled; then, indeed, our insane hospitals would become as much the direful records of man's fickleness as, according to Esquirol, the French hospitals now are. Thirdly, there is in this country no dishonor whatever connected either with being turned out of office or being vanquished at an election. It is no shame to be defeated. One party must be victorious, and the other tries to be so the next time. An American, as the member of a party, may be defeated, he is never conquered. Persecutions do not take place; the successful party does not annihilate its opponents—each party continues to have its meetings, papers, &c. And, as in those periods in which many persons are discharged from public places, it is most openly acknowledged that politics alone is the reason, all blemish which may be attached to the loss of an office in public service, in countries where no such changes occur, must vanish; while, again, the country offers so many opportunities of gaining one's livelihood, that, also, in this respect, a loss of office is not so ruinous as in France, where a man often thinks his honor is gone, and his career for ever destroyed, as soon as he is thrown out of public employment. The frequency of changes, likewise, prevents the higher offices from becoming the objects of so ardent an ambition as to affect seriously the mental faculties of the disappointed candidate.

As I have touched upon this subject, I may mention here an interesting case of alienation, with which I met in the Manhattanville hospital, near New York. The individual to whom I refer, a man apparently of the lower classes, labored under the very common delusion of being a monarch. He called himself Henry I., I think, emperor of the United States. He was an ardent newspaper reader, and the interest of the case lay in the readiness with which his disturbed mind assimilated whatever he read to his presumed state of royalty, and the rapidity with which it invented causes of which what he read appeared to him the consequences, pre-

cisely in the same way as our mind, when we are asleep, and some pain affects us, often invents, in dreaming, various causes of which, according to the dream, this pain is the final effect, though, in reality, it is the cause of the whole dream. The patient read in my presence the news relating to the election of the governor of his state, and immediately showed me that and how he appointed him, turning, with great ingenuity, the various data of the election into items of his story, with a zeal and earnestness, as if all the cares of government had rested on his shoulders. So he showed me some cents, which, according to him, were medals coined on occasion of some victories which he had gained, pointing out to me a number of emblematic allusions, the images of which his diseased mind undoubtedly perceived in that moment.

In speaking of derangement, I remember a circumstance, which will not be without interest to you, though it be irrelevant in this place. The physician of an establishment for the insane, introduced me to a gentleman under his care, who betrayed no symptoms whatever of a disturbed mind, yet his faculties were deranged. He held a book in his hand, which, he informed me, he was perusing with great interest. It was Dr. Spurzheim's work on insanity. He praised it in some respects, in others he criticized it, and when I declared, on one occasion, my dissent from his opinion, he assured me that he knew what he maintained from his own experience, and never have I heard any one speak more rationally on insanity than this deranged man. The conversation became too painful to me, and I wished to break it off, but he perceived the cause of my desire, and tried very calmly to quiet my apprehensions. One of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia told me that he owns a copy of Dr. Rush's work on insanity, with notes throughout by a deranged man, who formerly was in the hospital of Philadelphia.

The appalling frequency of alienation of mind, in some parts of our country, is chiefly owing to other causes, at

least final causes, than politics. It is religious excitement, I believe, together with a diseased anxiety to be equal to the wealthiest, the craving for wealth and consequent disappointment, which ruins the intellect of many. But of that more anon.

LETTER XII.

At Schenectady you may take passage in a canal boat; and I would advise every traveller, who has not yet seen the Grand Canal, to do so. The valley of the Mohawk, along which the canal goes as far as Rome, is, in many parts, very beautiful, and seen to much greater advantage from the canal boat than from a stage-coach; and it is well worth the while to become acquainted with this great work—a clamp by which the west of this union is tightly fastened to the east and north; one of the great siphons which equalizes prices and wages in this vast country, and thus contributes not a little to the stability of our political existence. It is, indeed, as yet, the greatest monument which this part of the world affords, of man's conquering superiority over matter. Yet, perhaps, it will be outstripped by the noble communication which Pennsylvania is leading over mountains and through valleys westward to the Ohio, and which, if finished, will prove for ever the boldness of its projector. On the other hand, the New York canal was the first of these extensive works;—a fact which will remain a great testimony in the history of civilization, in favor of the state which gave it birth. It shows Göthe's good sense, that the progress of this canal interested him so much. I will send you, by the next opportunity, a copy of the Laws of the State of New York in Relation

to the Erie and Champlain Canals, &c., Albany, 1825, where you will find, in detail, an official history of these great works. The study of this undertaking has been a source of deep interest to me, and I doubt not it will be so to you. I shall add Darby's View of the United States, which will give you a much more accurate view of the geological character of these parts of the country, than an account of mine could afford you; and as the natural features of the United States do not change quite as rapidly as the statistics, the book will be still valuable when you receive it. As to the statistics, an author, I should almost think, would feel tempted to say nothing about them, and follow the example of the editors of the New Hampshire Laws, published by Authority in, 1830, who thought fit to put the following sagacious notice on the title page of their collection. "This edition comprehends all the general and public statutes now in force, *excepting* an act passed the 3d day of January, 1829, entitled 'An act establishing a board of road commissioners for laying out and repairing highways,' *which is omitted under the expectation that it will be repealed at the ensuing session of the Legislature.*" For our statistics and every feature imprinted upon the country by civilization are continually undergoing so rapid changes, that what was true a year ago, may be antiquated to-day.

These immense canals send branches into many directions, by which they are connected with navigable rivers, lakes and roads, nor is this system by any means completed. Branch canals and rail-roads are continually adding; nay, rail-roads are building along the canal, as if there were no end to American activity. Thus the building of a rail-road from Albany to Utica, will soon begin, the company being already incorporated. Could but a little of this quickness in practical perception, and boldness in embarking in the most daring enterprises, be engrafted upon German steadiness and thoroughness, it would produce fine fruits indeed. But it must be remembered, how different an aspect

all Germany would present, were she not chopped into pieces, and could enterprise, as freely work its way into all directions as in this extensive and untrammelled country.

When the canal was first opened, farmers, whose property lay close to this great blood-vessel of the state, had their own barges to carry their produce to advantageous markets; but the navigation of all kinds, for goods and passengers, who required good accommodations, became within a short time so brisk, that private navigation, if I can use this expression as contradistinguished to company navigation, soon ceased. There are yet many proprietors of single barges, but they make a business of canal navigation; no farmers, as I understand, have any longer boats for their own use.—You know that the state derives a very great revenue from this source.

It is interesting to see how this easy intercourse makes, we might almost say, one place out of many habitations, at distances from one another, which would otherwise be considered great. It is likewise worthy of attention, that, whereas, in the common course of things, the vender is usually stationary and the buyer goes to him; here, on the other hand, as in the primary stages of society, the seller moves from place to place—a way of trafficking which extends to the smallest details; it is, if you choose to call it so, an aquatic peddling.

Even knowledge is brought in this way within the reach of the inhabitants of detached houses, by floating circulating libraries. On the Mississippi, this system of hawking has been extended, in some branches, still farther. There are on that river several floating companies of actors. They sail in their flat boats, fitted up for theatres, from plantation to plantation, perform, and break up when their receipts do not warrant a longer stay. The Chapman family were the first who conceived the clever idea of leading Thalia to the door of every spectator, instead of calling him to her temple, and of teaching Melpomene to lead an amphibious life. Here, then, the scarcity of population produces a similar effect to what results in some parts of China, from over-population.

When I came down from Utica to Schenectady, on my way home, I believe that not two hours passed without our meeting one or several barges laden with Germans—excellent stock for Michigan, whither most proceeded, as they told me in passing. "As many of them as you can spare," said an American to me: "they are all useful men provided they will mix; their steadiness finds ample reward on those fertile plains in the west." Amen, said I, and thought of Pope Nicholas V., who, in 1451, charged the ambassador of the Teutonic Order to import for him a number of Germans, to be employed in the papal *chancelleria*, on account of their trustiness and industrious habits.

How easily do these emigrants seem to sever themselves from their native country, if we compare their willingnesss to emigrate or contentment in foreign regions, with the ideas of an ancient colonist or exile! When a number of Greeks left their beloved country to colonise a spot, distant for the diminutive dimensions of antiquity, they took with them a lamp lighted by the sacred fire of their temple. They took their gods with them, and yet would for many generations consider Greece their true home, toward which the most anxious wishes of their heart steadily pointed. When a man was banished from the narrow territory of his native city, he felt himself deprived of the customs of his people, of his legal rights, of his gods—he was henceforth but half a man. An Athenian in Sparta, was a stranger indeed.

In the middle ages, the Christian religion was spread over all Europe, and with greater uniformity even than at present; yet the intercourse not only between nations, but also between petty states and cities, was of a kind to deprive an individual, thrown among strangers, of many of the rights most necessary for his well being. It was exceedingly difficult for him to find a new home. Nor were, at that time, social intercourse and the common habits of men founded upon so universal and broad principles, as to allow the foreigner to feel himself at ease. The Florentine wept in Ferrara or Venice, for his home, his *patria*, we cannot say *his country*.

It is far different now. An emigrant leaves the place of his birth, travels many hundred miles through a foreign country, crosses the wide ocean, travels a thousand miles into the interior of another hemisphere, and builds his hut. He is among strangers, it is true, yet he finds there the same dress, the same manners, the same principles of morality, the same God. If the language which surrounds him in his new country, be not his native tongue, the sentiments, views, and customs of the people, whose neighbor he has become, are mainly those with which he has grown up, and the friendlessness of a foreign tongue, which must have weighed most heavily upon the mind of an exile in antiquity, loses much of its asperity. There is a catholicism in modern morality, knowledge and civilization, which makes an individual belonging to the European family, feel easier at home, wherever he may be within the pale of European civilization. This ease, I willingly allow, is greater still among the great families of nations, into which the European race is divided. A German will generally find himself sooner at home among English or Americans, than a Frenchman or Italian. A Pole, perhaps, less so than either; yet to whatever nation he may belong, if he be but of one of the most civilized nations, he will feel more at home with any of the others, than a man of Epirus did in Argolis. And an Egyptian could hardly have lived in Messenia.

I have often tried to ascertain whether emigrants of the class, to which most of those belong who go to America, feel home-sick after they have resided for some time in this country. Italians and French never give up the hope of regaining their native shore. Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish assimilate much easier with the natives of this country and join in its whole national system. The natural talent of a German to acquire a foreign language may contribute much to his greater ease in assimilating. The advantage which the emigrants of the three other countries have, in point of language, over all the rest, need not be mentioned. The French form, in the larger cities, where

there is a sufficient number of them, a circle much for themselves; and I have known a lady who came to this country when fifteen years old, from St. Domingo, at the time of the insurrection of the negroes in that island, and whose husband was a zealous admirer of American institutions; who, nevertheless, had not learned to speak, still less to read, English, when I became acquainted with her, but a year ago. In Berlin, I knew of a French silk weaver who did not know German after he had resided more than twenty-five years in that city, and must have been obliged by his station in society, to live in continual contact with the natives.

I may, however, mention here a fact, which surprises a foreigner much, when he first arrives in this country; which is, that the Irish,—in spite of what I have said above of their facility in assimilating with the Americans,—clan more together than the emigrants of any other nation. They, in fact, openly retain their name, and often, in the very moment that they make use of the highest privileges of citizenship which any country can bestow, they do it under the banner of Irishmen. There is no election in any of the large cities without some previous calls upon the "true-born sons of Ireland," to vote so or so. On the election day itself banners are seen floating from the windows of taverns,*

* By the by, there is among other laws of the canton Lausanne, in Switzerland, relating to the safe management of elections, one which prohibits the opening of winehouses or shops where liquors of any kind are sold, or the sale of liquors in any other way. If this be done in wine countries, what ought we to do in a grog-country? Reports of temperance societies have already designated election days as peculiarly mischievous with regard to intemperance. If our whole political system finally rests upon the votes of the citizens, it is certainly within the pale of state legislation to take such measures as to ensure the weakest and most decrepit old man a free passage to the ballot-box—that sacred covenant of our liberty; the safety of which has, as to our national existence, precisely the same importance as, in monarchies, the assurance of the legitimate birth of the monarch. Make the ballot-box unsafe, and we have the worst, the very worst times of Rome at once. On whatever principle a government may be founded, that principle must be sustained in its purity, or convulsions are the necessary consequence, more

some of which, you may be certain, are ornamented with mottos having reference to the Irish alone. They go farther, sometimes; they will bring forward their own candidate, if they feel strong enough. All this is, to speak guardedly, at least, impolite towards the natives, who receive the foreigner with a degree of national hospitality unequalled by any other nation. Every career on the wide field of enterprise which is open to the natural citizens of this republic, is equally open to the naturalized. After the brief period of five years' residence, any alien may take the citizen's oath, and this done, he enjoys every privilege of which a free-born American can boast, an unstinted citizenship, with the single exception that he cannot become a president of the United States. The least that could be expected, in return for such a boon, it should be supposed, would be the frankest and most heartfelt union, in every thing, with the nation, which so hospitably makes no difference between its own sons and the new comers. But the Irish are desirous of becoming Americans and yet remaining Irish; and this serving of two masters will not do. Whatever the inmost feelings of an emigrant toward his native country may be, and with every generous heart will be, as a citizen of America, he should be American and American only, or let him remain alien. As the latter, he is protected as much by the law of the land as is a citizen; there is no necessity whatever for

or less violent, according to the previous dissolution of the elements which compose the state—and our principle is the ballot-box. He who disturbs with us free and calm voting, whether secretly or openly, commits the greatest high treason which a citizen of the United States can commit, a much greater one, in our opinion, than Arnold committed. Infamy ought to be attached to this species of high-treason, and no more important truth can be impressed upon our children, at home and in school, than this, that if we make all our politics depend upon the will of the people, it is barbarity and crime, to throw obstacles in the legitimate way of expressing this will—an incongruity from which necessarily and directly the worst species of all despotism must result. It would be crime in an individual, three times accursed crime, if government ever should attempt it—much worse than turning against the nation the arms which it places in their hands to defend it.—Editor.

his becoming naturalized. It is, therefore, with great concern, that a good citizen must observe that disturbances at elections are not unfrequently caused by those who do not enjoy their citizenship by birthright, sometimes by those who do not enjoy it at all.

What are the reasons that the Irish in this country clan more together than the emigrants of any other nation? I believe they are threefold. First, more Irish than people of other countries come to the United States, and, as I think, I have observed in a previous letter, they have a predilection for large cities, so that they remain in greater numbers together. Secondly, the Irish feel that they have been wronged in their country; they have, in a degree, been driven from it; the feelings with which they look back to it are, therefore, of a more intense character than they would otherwise be; or, if this be not the case, they feel among themselves the strong tie of bearing one common wrong. Thirdly, they are encouraged to this clanship by party men; their Irish feelings are flattered and excited, in order to win them; they are called upon as Irish, in order to gain their votes, which become, in some quarters of large cities, or, indeed, in some whole counties, at times, very important, when, otherwise, the parties might be nearly balanced.

Let me throw in, here, the remark, though it be not quite in its place, that the common language of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, causes the last, unconsciously to themselves, to consider emigrants of the three first nations when settled among them, nearer akin than those of other countries. There are many Irish in congress, of whom it is hardly known that they are strangers by birth. I have been told a story, which I feel inclined to believe. A German offered himself for a professorship of one of the colleges in the middle states: he was unsuccessful in his application; and it was pretty generally understood, that a native would be preferred; but a short time after, an Irish gentleman obtained the chair, certainly not on account of his superiority. This, however, is not always the course of things; for instance,

in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there are two Germans who hold prominent professorships. But if you glance over the list of officers of the United States, you will find very many Irish; nor does any difficulty arise at the appointment of one of that people, while the contrary would, probably, be the case were a German, or Frenchmen by birth, to offer himself for a place, which easily might be filled by some one else. This, I think, is not quite fair; the Irish emigrants do by no means deserve more confidence, than those of other countries; and though the existence of a common language, may naturally lead the Americans not to feel so strongly the difference between themselves and the Irish, they ought to be careful not to act upon this feeling, whenever they are called upon to guide their judgment in any matter which may arise in relation to this subject.

Those Swiss who usually emigrate to this country come from the lower part of Switzerland, and are, therefore, less subject to that home-sickness, which, in its patients, assumes the character of a true disease. If I am right, there are three chief causes of this peculiar affection of the nervous system, which begins with an oppression of the heart, and produces a pain of a compound character: it consists half of affliction, half of a physical and very distinct pain, which it has in common with every oppression of the heart, if it continue for any length of time, and from whatever cause it may originate. I do not know whether this be always the beginning, but it was so in a case, than which there could be none more favorable for my personal observation. It is this pain and restlessness, which fill the mind, day and night with images, still more disturbing it, and deprive the body throughout of its necessary elasticity. Thus, as in so many other cases, the effect of one stage becomes the more powerful cause of the next, until the mind has no longer any mastery over the disease, and rapid decline is the necessary consequence. There is no doubt, in my mind, but that in many cases, the patient has it in his power to stifle the disease in its incipient stages; as there are a number of other

afflictions, which might be thus arrested by a decided will. Any man, who has served in an army visited by disasters, will testify to the truth of what I say. When the mind of the soldier is depressed, his body becomes more disposed to a variety of diseases; hence, there are always so many sick on retreats. It is then that a decided will, not to be sick, often can parry off the beginning and, consequently, the whole disease.—But to proceed to the enumeration of my causes.

Home-sickness may be occasioned by an overwhelming mass of new ideas, impressions, and new relations in life. When the Swiss, who has lived his whole life in the solitude and simplicity of his high Alps, descends into more populous countries, where a brisk intercourse between the various members of society exists, he finds himself in so totally new a world, that he cannot feel at ease. I have been told that the inhabitants of Hiddensoe, near Rugen, who live on their barren island in the simplest possible way, half under ground, and feeding hardly upon any thing but fish, are home-sick, when kept long from the spot of their birth. They are accustomed to the simplicity and monotony of their island and the surrounding sea, and feel uneasy in the bustling world. So will often the soldier, from some distant frontier province of Austria, hasten home, though he may have risen in the army to a rank, which opens to him any society in Vienna. So strives the Indian to regain his silent woods, or the half-bred hunter, to quit Quebec. Incipient stages of this sickness, may be observed in the uncomfortable feeling which disturbs the mind of an individual who has been accustomed to a quiet life, and is suddenly thrown into the bustle of a noisy world. But in no case has the peculiar character of this disease shown itself more decidedly than in Caspar Hauser. He was so overwhelmed by all the impressions of the world, when he was first taken from his dungeon, that he felt exceedingly unhappy, complained of constant head-ache, and longed to return to "his hole."* In this instance, there

* See our note, appended to page 141.—Editor.

were no bold or beautiful features of nature, no endeared family circle, or memento of his childhood, to reclaim the wanderer; it was the variety of new impressions, which weighed him down and haunted him back.

Another cause of home-sickness, is the striking peculiarity of the objects which may have surrounded an individual from early childhood, and the images of which have become so associated with the movements of his mind, that he cannot feel happy for any length of time, if not surrounded by them. It is not necessary, that they be beautiful, or should have been the source of happiness to him; it is, in many cases, sufficient that they are strikingly peculiar and different from any thing else with which he meets. Often, indeed, this cause operates in union with the first, and becomes thus the more powerful. Such is the case with the Swiss, and with the unsettled inhabitant of the desert, who feels unhappy whenever removed from the dreary plain of his birth. I knew a German emigrant in this country, who had settled in a part of our Union, where the fertility of the soil prevented the growth of the fir tree, to which he had been accustomed in his native land. Now, few persons will think a common fir tree very beautiful in appearance, nor fragrant on account of the odor of its exuding gum, nor did the emigrant think so either; yet he assured me that he had not rested until he had found a sandy spot, where he could plant some of the trees so sweet to him, and whither he occasionally resorts, in order to "smell home," as he very appropriately termed it. Impressions which we receive through the senses repeatedly for many years, or in the moment when something extraordinary happens to us, are indelible. Some words which affected me most deeply, and roused my whole indignation, were said to me while yet a boy, in the moment that a turkey uttered his peculiar noise, and, to this day, I am unable to hear a turkey without an unpleasant sensation, which often makes itself felt long before my mind becomes conscious of its distant, but still active cause. In a similar way, there are, certainly, few persons, if any, who do not

consider the scent of box disagreeable. It would be to my nerves decidedly so, were not the unpleasant sensation greatly overbalanced by my association of ideas. Lead me on a hot summer day into a garden with old-fashioned walks lined with box, and my mind will suddenly float on the waves of delight, before it remembers the Roman garden with its purling fountain, where I have spent so many happy hours.

There was, in 1813, in a corps belonging to the Prussian army, a Dane to whom the commander offered permission to leave the service, since it so happened that this very corps had to act against the Danes, and the commanding officer would not expose him to the pain of fighting against his own countrymen. But the officer, it appeared, had a more tender conscience than the Dane, who said he did not care about the thing one way or the other. The offer was repeated at various periods, but always bluntly declined. At length the regiment in which he served surprised the Danes in their camp, so that the latter were obliged to retreat in great hurry, and to leave much of their baggage and utensils behind. When the Prussians took possession of the spot, the fires of the enemy were yet burning, and the little kettles hanging over them. Most of these contained a national dish of the Danes, called *grit*, and, as all national dishes are much relished by their respective nations, so the grit is highly esteemed by these Scandinavians, though other people, probably, would call the pleasure in this peculiar dish "an acquired taste." What no patriotism, it would seem, had been able to effect in our Dane, was now suddenly brought about by the grit. "By ——," he exclaimed, "these noble fellows have grit in their pots." The steaming pot with the grit suddenly stood before his mind as the representative, the most striking to his senses, of his youth, his sisters, parents, for aught I know, of his love; in his eyes appeared "the moist impediments unto his speech," and he went instantly to the colonel, to make use of the repeated offer to leave the army.

To the last cause, which I have mentioned as producing home-sickness, we must likewise refer the peculiar predilection some people have for their profession, though it offer not half the comfort, which others derive from their occupations. The enthusiasm with which an individual speaks of his trade does not depend upon his success or the enjoyment he finds in it. The richest merchant is generally the most disinclined to let his children follow the same pursuit. But the sailor talks with pleasure of his profession, and in his pride feels himself somewhat better than the rest of mankind.* The German miner, who leads the most toilsome life, and is more scantily rewarded than any other laborer, speaks with a kind of enthusiasm of his pursuit. He loves it, because it is totally different from any thing else. The life of a German wagoner should certainly be considered a stupid and dreary one. To walk slowly, step by step, by the side of a team, day after day; continually to travel over the same route, say from the Rhine to Leipsig and from Leipsig to the Rhine, on which he knows every inn-keeper's face, and every rise and descent of the road, cannot be believed to have many attractions. Yet, he speaks with delight of his trade, which, to every one else, seems strongly to partake of the lobster-like. In one of my pedestrian journeys I met with a train of heavily laden wagons, proceeding to Leipsig, shortly before the fair. I entered into a conversation with the oldest of the wagoners, who, in informing me

* We visited once a man-of-war and found several colored men among the sailors. "Do the white and colored sailors agree well together?" we asked; "and does not the difference of color interfere with that uniform and quick working, on which the safety of the vessel so much depends?" "They perfectly agree," was the answer of the officer; "we let the colored dine in separate messes, but the white sailors would not have the slightest objection against being in the same mess with their colored fellows." The fact is, that a sailor considers his profession so distinct from any other human pursuit, that even color, so powerful a cause of distinction among all the rest of mankind, does not outweigh, with him, the distinction which his pride induces him to make between sailor and non-sailor.—Editor.

of his course of life, told me of the several diseases to which he was subject, and mentioned that he had remained at home for some time in consequence of sickness. As these men are generally wealthy, I evinced my astonishment that he again exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather, as his state of health seemed to warrant no such exposure. "Ah," said the old man, jogging along on his crooked legs, "a wagoner cannot remain at home; we love our profession."

The third kind of home-sickness proceeds from a source directly opposite to those I have indicated. It besets the heart of a refined and carefully cultivated mind, of a soul endowed with generous feelings—of a man, whose mental existence is closely connected with the science, art, and choicest social intercourse of his country.

I have spoken above of the catholicism of civilization, and, in certain respects, this expression finds no more ready application than with a man who is familiar with the best society, and has a truly cultivated mind. Let a well-educated Russian or Swede land in New York and proceed forthwith to an assembled company, and, provided he know the language, he will feel, in a degree, at home. The same general sentiments and views prevail, the same forms of social intercourse are observed. But this holds only as far as it goes.

A man who has enjoyed the intellectual intercourse of his country, who has entered into the most delicate feelings and productions of the flower of its society, by which, you may well imagine, I do not mean fashionable society, who has, perhaps, himself taken an active part in its political life or its literature; a man who feels that his mind is not entirely barren; and experiences that internal necessity of communing with others, and of being understood—a man who does not only love his country, because early associations have endeared it to him, but who has been wedded to it in mind and soul, such a man cannot forget it—cannot be divorced from it. He may frankly join in with his adopted

country and become its loyal citizen. Many foreigners by birt have, at all times, proved most devoted citizens of the land of their adoption. They may, if emergencies arise, willingly offer their blood and life for their new country, and, what is far more difficult, *live* for their country, with undivided devotion; and yet they feel that they are a reed broken by the wind. They may learn the idiom of their new and beloved home, so that they may speak fluently in common intercourse, and fairly even upon public occasions; they may acquire the skill of writing it well, in some degree, if they treat of subjects in a certain sphere—and yet they will feel the leaden weight of a foreign language weighing heavily on their tongue, when they come to utter that which is dearest to their hearts, and which makes its chords vibrate most thrillingly. A foreigner, such as I have mentioned, may accustom himself to a foreign climate and foreign people; he may win friends among them as dear as any he has at home, for whom his heart would yearn, should he be separated from them; he may be gay and feel well with them; and yet there will remain a soreness in his heart, which nothing on earth can heal. As the pious Mussulman turns, in his prayer, toward the sacred city, wherever he may be, so is the inward eye of an exile steadily turned to his country. The lightning can change the needle, and cause it to deviate from its true direction; but no power can change the magnet of his heart or cause it to turn from its true point; it will fixedly show to his country. Ye, who have the power, exile not! An exiled man is a sick man. As the face of the sunflower follows the life-imparting beams of the heavens from east to west, and when it cannot imbibe any longer the rays of the glorious orb, droops its head, so follows the eye of an exile the light of his country.

And with him it is that hospitality finds its true valuation. Not the hospitality of common good-breeding, or of vanity, but the hospitality of genuine feeling, which makes him feel more at home, and says to him, "Come and be one of us;" which writes on the tablet of his mind, "Good men feel

alike every where; there is a church-universal of generous feeling and true kindness."

I believe I have descanted already, in a former letter, on the great advantage which accrues to all parties, if the Germans, who come to this country, assimilate with the predominating race. I repeat it—they are a valuable addition to our population, if they mix. But let truth prevail every where: twisting of facts, and stating or being silent according to convenience, is an unmanly thing—unworthy of a lover of his species, and a man who thinks he has expanded his views by travelling into other countries, and by studying history back into other ages. It is painful, indeed, for a German, that the descendants of his nation in this country, where they live closely together, have not only done less for the common education of their offspring than their neighbors, but have actually often frustrated the endeavors of government to establish a system of general education.* How a scion of a people, who have done more for education than any other on earth, comes thus to neglect one of the most sacred duties, would be inexplicable, were it not for the fact, on which I think I have touched on a former occasion, that it is difficult for a community, severed from the mother country, and separated from a surrounding population by the barrier of a different language, to prevent mental stagnation. There lies upon all well educated men, who enjoy the confidence of those hardy and well-meaning people, especially upon the German clergy in Pennsylvania, a duty, superior to which I can conceive of none in the whole sphere of their activity; namely, to enlighten the Germans of America with regard to this subject of all-absorbing importance. They are the few who might produce a change of things,

* We say with the author, let truth prevail; thus only can evils be corrected. It has been stated, that the act lately passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, providing for the education of the poor and of the children of people not favorably circumstanced, is far from meeting with ready and cheerful support from the German population of that state. Even obstacles are thrown in the way of this salutary law.—Editor.

conducive to the most salutary effects, and from them it will be asked at a future day.

The German, the boldest of all in science and knowledge, is slow when it comes to acting; I mean the German who has not left his country, where, by its peculiar state of politics, brisk practical activity is so much cramped in its operation. When he sees other countries, and has free intercourse with their inhabitants, he generally finds his way uncommonly well: for though the German has, as things now stand, originally not much of a practical disposition, his versatility of mind is very great; which is proved as much by the truly noble height of criticism to which German science elevates itself,—because it requires his entering into all the views of other nations and ages,—as by the success with which the German meets in all climes and under all forms of government. A Frenchman shifts easier than a German, but his mind has not that degree of versatility to enable him to persevere in a totally new situation. A Yankee is bolder and shrewder than a German, and will often succeed where few others may hope for success; but he is not willing to labor as hard and plod as perseveringly,—nor has he that knowledge of languages which the German generally possesses. The German in foreign countries, if a man of business, labors always under one great disadvantage; he is not backed and supported by a political nationality.

Germans and French change, perhaps more to their advantage, by travelling and collecting experience in foreign countries, than any other people; the former, by obtaining more practical views of things and learning to keep their diffusive thinking more within definite limits, the latter, by becoming more liberal, more reflective, by expanding their views beyond national vanity. However, who does not or ought not to improve in the latter way by travelling? Certainly, neither John nor Jonathan is here excepted. Göthe says, "He who is ignorant of foreign languages is ignorant of his own." Add, He who is ignorant of foreign countries is ignorant of his own.

But let me tell you an anecdote, which, if true, and I have reason to believe it is, is illustrative of the slowness with which, at times, the German moves in matters of a practical character, at home—not abroad: for who is the first *banquier* in London, the first tailor, the first cutler? They are or were, for a long time, Germans. I had often heard from German merchants, residing in this country, how difficult it is to get German articles of commerce changed, with the corresponding changing of the market; while the English manufacturer will, with the greatest ease, comprehend the nature of the change required, and readily make it. Instances have been given to me at various times, but the following seemed to me very peculiar. I was desirous of buying an "architectural box," (a plaything well calculated for the amusing and instructive occupation of a child's mind,) and proceeded, for the purpose, to one of the German toy-shops in New York. I suppose you know the fact, that German toys to a great amount, considering the little value of this merchandise, are imported into the United States.

No other nation makes so many and variegated toys as the Germans, which, I believe, is, in part, owing to their national trait of *bonhomie*. They condescend, with a kinder disposition, to the level of a child, and, on the other hand, their children are longer disposed to play, which, by the way, I have seen, not unfrequently, carried to an extreme. I have been in German families where girls, of an age which, in a tropical country, would fit them for marriage, still amused themselves by playing with dolls, exquisitely made, indeed, and provided with all possible dress and linen, with little rooms, kitchen, and every kind of household furniture,—dolls so large, apparel so perfect that a stranger might be at a loss to discover whether it was play or good earnest. Their parents, instead of checking this disposition, encourage it, thinking to promote thereby a child-like temper. In this country, on the other hand, girls oftentimes step much too early out of the circle of childhood, and take to

themselves the manners of women, before they can properly be called young ladies.

In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and in all the large cities of the Union, the traveller meets with German toy-shops, and I have often conversed with their owners, generally Germans themselves, as to what kind of playthings sells best, and what difference there exists between those sold here and in Germany. As I am speaking of German toys, you may allow me to add a few lines on this subject. On one of these occasions, I found a box with those little Johnny-jump-ups, made of the pith of elder, cut, painted, and a little gilded, of which four dozen cost here twenty-five cents! One large box contained sheep, cows, soldiers, men, and women, all pretty well made, consisting of different pieces, and painted. The retail price here is a cent for two of these creatures. Toys of this kind pay thirty-three per cent. duty in the United States, then the freight by sea, which is not small, in proportion to the value, as it is paid according to bulk, then the commission in Bremen, the freight, by land, from the interior of Germany, say Coburg or Sonnenberg, to Bremen; then the profit which the Coburg merchant takes; reckon all this up, and tell me how much remains for the poor manufacturer in the Franconian Forest, who has no machine, works neither by steam, wheel, wind, or water, but every particle by his, or his wife and children's hands. It grieves one's heart to see things sold so cheaply, whose manufacturers lead a wretched life upon rye and potatoes. All the expenses, with freight and duty, amount certainly to sixty per cent., and yet there are German lead-pencils, of a very fair quality, sold here for six cents a dozen. Poor wretched beings!

It was strange to me when I entered, for the first time, in Philadelphia, a toy-shop, in the time of Advent, and found there, ranged on the scaffolds rising on both sides of the shop, all the companions of my earliest youth, the show-cases, never to be forgotten, with their old Nuremberg prints,

Versailles garden with ladies in hoops and gentlemen *chapeau bas;* "*Prospectus majoris deambulatorii horti Vauxhall ab Introitu,*" as well as other fine "prospects," the plates of which must be, at least, eighty years old; or the chickens, women, and stags I had seen on our Christmas fairs, but which were considered beneath the desire of possession. The same little pewter plates, the same stiff woman of wood, which was already in my childhood an apparition of former ages, the same watches, and little windmills, and rope-dancers are here to be found, and are sent far into the interior.

But here I am inserting stories into stories, following the truly inverted style of Sheharazade! I must return to my shopkeeper. When I asked him whether he imported a great deal, he said, "Considerable; but it might be much more, did our countrymen more easily depart from their old fashions, and send according to order. Look here, sir," he continued, "I import, from the interior of Germany, a great many of the little paste-board boxes, chiefly used by apothecaries. The Germans make them round or square, but, somehow or other, they prefer here oval ones. If the consumer wants oval boxes, I have to order them; if I order them, the manufacturer, you will say, has only to make them; but no: I gave an order for several hundred dollars' worth of these boxes, and received an answer, couched in a tremendously long letter, that they had no irons to make the boxes oval." An Englishman would have made them of the shape of a flamingo's beak, did he think it at all worth the while to make the thing. Americans are equally accommodating when it is to their profit to be so; but, as labor is very high with the latter, their manufacturers are seldom obliged to change as quickly or as often, according to the wish of the consumer, as the English manufacturer is.

Now for a counter-anecdote. In the year 1830, a gentleman of New York* visited the faithful brotherhood on the

* Professor M'Vickar of Columbia College in New York.—Editor.

highest inhabited summit of Europe, too high for any plant to grow except the lovely rose of charity. He narrowly escaped from a snow-storm, and enjoyed the fire of the scanty fagots, which, at that time, the pious inmates of the hospitium had to fetch at the distance of five toilsome leagues—not for their own benefit, but for the many thousand travellers who pass over the high ridge which severs Italy from Germany, by way of the St. Bernard, and find rest and often life itself at their charitable hands. Those, who live only for the comfort and safety of others, had for themselves but the bare stone walls and naked ground of their rooms, without either fire or furniture. The American gentleman went to discover, if possible, anthracite coal; and, after he had happily found it, he taught the monks to build a grate, necessary for the use of this species of fuel. But, though the trial was not unsuccessful, he obtained, with the assistance of several other persons, on his return to New York in 1833, a stove for anthracite coal, on the improved plan of Dr. Nott, and sent it to the brethren of St. Augustine. The bill for the stove and of the expenses of transport from Havre to Martigny, amounted to fifty eight dollars, the stove having been carried from New York to Havre free of expense. And, for this low sum, a monument of American practical sense has been erected in a distant country seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, opposite to the statue of the sinking and dying Dessaix, and will be blessed by many a thankful and exhausted traveller in years to come. The clarendier, or superior of the hospitium, thanked its transatlantic benefactor in glowing terms for this kind present, assuring him that "the joy of the brethren knew no bounds;" and I will leave it to you, to depict to yourself the many cheering scenes of which this blessed stove will yet be the cause, when a husband arrives with his half-frozen wife, a father with a child nearly dead, or when a body, discovered by the never-weary and intelligent *maron*,* is revived by the generous heat of the American

* *Maron* is the name of the large dogs, which are the faithful assistants of

stove; while it is a contemplation not the less gladdening, that the good brethren, surrounded by eternal and hard frozen snow, sparkling as if in mockery of fire, and yet morally elevated as high above the common toil for gain as they are physically above the peaceless world, may now also warm themselves without the fear of consuming fuel, which their piety had destined for travellers alone. I will try to get for you the New York American of July 8, 1833, in which several letters of Canon Barras, the clarendier of the hospitium, and the details of this affair are given; because I know you like, with me, to watch the pulsations of extending civilization, and to preserve the documents which testify to its internal and quiet, yet ever active life.

The following may, perhaps, serve as another instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a *restaurant*, with the words, "To-morrow Soup" written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its own flesh. When I stood there and looked at the victim incased and protected by nature against all enemies except the knife of the inexorable cook, as it carried its irrevocable sentence about with it, in the moment, when, probably, it felt as if liberty had been restored to it, after its long and uncomfortable position on the back, and when I thought to observe with some passers by, whose attention had been attracted like mine, a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, indicating that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain—I do not know why, but I could not help thinking of Frederic the Great and *Catherine-le-Grand*, as Prince de Ligne calls her, bent, with a look betraying but too clearly their keen appetite, over poor Poland, which they made to crawl about before them, also with her sentence on her back, before they partitioned her out in very palatable dishes.

these brothers of St. Augustine. *Maronier* is the name of the monk, who has particular charge of the dogs.—Editor.

A Frenchmán, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle-soup by various persuasive means; the taciturn Yankee put an inscription, in lapidary style, upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and fine size.

Reverting from the Nott stove and turtle to my general remark, I will only add, that as the Germans are often unpliant in practical life, but bold, universal, and agile, in science, so are the Americans and English of quick perception in practical matters, slow, timid, and comparatively confined in science. A book once an authority with them, remains such for an eternity; a subject, once fairly investigated, according to the means and knowledge of the time, remains untouched for many, many years.

Whatever is the element of a nation or an individual, is done by them with ease; in whatever they are truly at home, they proceed business-like. An English library is beautiful, but look at the rough book-shelves of a German savant; you see, at once, his library is collected for use; he is at home with his books. On the other hand, the members of parliament or congress sit with their hats on, are dressed in the common way, and speak from their places, while the French *deputé* is dressed in a *robe*, and "pronounces," formally, a *discours* from the *tribune*, and cannot speak when he chances to be without his *robe*. Form loses in importance the more the essence is esteemed. Frederic the Great wore a shabby coat, and often boots, which every one else in his kingdom would have considered worn out, and Omar had but "one bowl, one garment, and one God."

As to books, a conceited German might say, that, while other nations contrived to improve the paper, his countrymen endeavored to improve the contents. However, I am no advocate of badly executed books, in which the light-inked letters, variegated by "monks" and "friars," and the darkness of the paper, seem to meet each other in mutual love, each yielding part of their true character, and should

you ever come to the perfidious conclusion to inflict my letters on the public, in which case, at all events, you will allow me to appear *en embozo*,* I enter here my most solemn protest against my appearance on German paper, dim, like the dusk of morn, or on American paper, bulky, and flaccid, (to puff up a book, *in truth*,) and white, but so bleached by acids that an attentive reader has to take care, lest his very looks should read the leaves asunder. I love—call me whimsical, I cannot help it—the yellow paper of old books. Paper can be too white; it ought to have a mild, yellow tinge, which is much more beneficial to the eyes than glaring white.

* The Spaniard walks *en embozo* or *embozado*, when he throws his mantle over one of the shoulders, in a manner that his face is covered up to the eyes, and presses his broad-brimmed hat deep into the brows, so that, in fact, nothing but his eyes are seen, and these even indistinctly.—Editor.

LETTER XIII.

Names are always an interesting subject, if you have nothing better to occupy your reflection or inquiry. Every traveller finds it an amusing manner of whiling away the time, when detained in a place, to loiter about and read the names on the doors and house-signs. It is very natural; I do not say, that the name is the whole man, as Buffon said, *le style est tout l'homme;* but a name is so closely connected with the individual, as long as he bears it, that, however wide the difference between persons or places and the meaning of their names, may be in numberless cases, we cannot help considering them with some interest. Besides, their beauty or quaintness, their meaning or etymology, or historical signification, afford often entertaining or instructive subjects for reflection. In a young country, like ours, where the arbitrary choice of the namer has not been covered over by lubricating time, this interest is increased in a variety of ways, by names of persons, vessels, taverns, streets, places, counties and states. Often has some name or other formed the thread of many reflections in my mind, when I was sitting in a stage-coach or on the deck of a canal-boat, and no general conversation attracted my attention. Sometimes, it is the fine sound or portentous meaning of a name which occupied me, sometimes its peculiar fitness for the place it designated, at others, its direct contrast, sometimes its ineffable silliness, at others, again, its philological interest.

I had now arrived, in the course of my journey, in that country, which might be called, by way of excellence, the Land of Silly Names, though I own they are abundant all over this country, especially in the eastern and western parts, and not unfrequent wherever it was necessary to invent names for places. The French names adopted by the great Frederic, such as Monbijou, Sanssouci, &c.—in a German country—did not show, I think, much tact on his part; yet they were infinitely better than hundreds in this country, in some parts of which a traveller might think that history and geography had been chopped into small pieces, well shaken in a bag, and then strewn over a state. You have already met with the long lists of such names as Homer, Manlius, Paris, Paradise, Montezuma, Rome, Demosthenes, Ithaca, Ovid, Cicero, Syracuse, Ulysses, Lodi, Eden, Hamburg, Aurora, Alexandria, Scio, Bolivar, Palmyra, Parma, Greece, Russia, Egypt, mixed up with downright English names, such as Bath, Perry, Thompson, Greenfield, Newfield, Rochester, Pembroke, together with fine-sounding, or, at any rate, appropriate Indian names, as Canandaigua, Cayuga, Seneca, Saratoga, Cayuta, Genesee—in the same country with names as flat as Temperance and Tariffville—the whole appearing like a most indigestible minced pie. Oh, these historiomastices!* These are not "picked names," but taken, at random, from memory and a map; I might continue the list for whole pages, as you will convince yourself by looking at the accompanying map, which I send you not, however, for the sake of tracing our tastelessness in these absurd appellations, but, because it contains all the canals and rail-roads, finished or making, in this rapidly rising state of New York.

Nearly every author, foreigner or native, who has travelled in the United States, has animadverted upon this ludicrous naming of places; and I hold it to be the duty of every

† The author seems to have formed this word after the Greek Homeromastix, (scourge of Homer,) the unenviable surname of Zoilus, bestowed upon him for his hypercriticisms on the works of Homer.—Editor.

man who touches upon this subject continually to renew the attack against this barbarous habit. I have often conversed with Americans on this topic, both seriously and jocularly, and always found that they were of my opinion; or, if they were of the less educated classes, and had, perhaps, hardly ever before thought on the name of their birth-place, that they easily yielded to my arguments or jokes, with that good-naturedness which I find so prominent a trait of the American.

You may little expect to hear an assertion of this kind, after having read so many charges to the contrary; yet I must be permitted to state, that I consider the American eminently good-natured and disposed to allow any one to speak with perfect freedom of America and her institutions. Of such a thing as taking amiss, as it is termed, they hardly know. That those of them who have seen little of the world are often conceited in regard to their country, is natural; every villager, all over the world, thinks his steeple the highest, and assures you that the bottom of his pond has never been found yet. But even such as these, among the Americans, will allow you freely to make your remarks upon their country, laugh heartily with you, and never get angry on account of your free remarks. I have found this so constantly and in so striking instances, that I do not hesitate to state it as a fact. If a man in the west asks you, How do you like our country? or a Bostonian, Don't you think, after all, our climate very fine? you must not forget that, perhaps, the remark is made from a kind disposition, and that, in this, as in all similar cases, it is but one that bothers you, while a hundred others remain silent, and you remember only the one who may have troubled you, if you are so sensitive as to call this troubling. It is certainly a fact worth notice, that the severest books against the United States sell rapidly and often run through several editions, and when I once conversed with one of the first publishers as to a work on the United States, he said, "Any one who writes on this country ought to know that the severer

he is the better his book will sell; I am convinced of this fact by repeated experience," which is no encouraging prospect for all those who wish to say what they think and know that eagles soar high, and geese cackle loud all over the world.

That this good-natured equanimity of the Americans may be somewhat disturbed when a gentleman travels *tout le temps en maitre d'écôle*, all the time pronouncing his opinion *ex cathedra*, finding fault and ridiculing, might be supposed, though I have, even then, seen the Americans, almost without exception, pertinaciously good-natured. You may object that, if all this be as I say, why did they show themselves some time ago so irritable, when attacked upon certain points? Because a most powerful slander-engine had been directed against them from some quarters in England, when they were yet quite young, and had their character as a nation to establish; and because one kind of slander was continually thrown at them, which no one takes in joke, and which the rudest and most vulgar fellow in the street throws into the beard of his adversary, when he wishes most deeply to hurt him—an attack on the reputation of their parents. A man who can calmly listen to almost any charge, finds it difficult to keep quiet if his parents are attacked. Such parents, too, as the forefathers of the Americans were. It must be owned that whatever latitude may be allowed to party attacks and exciting language in time of war, it was a most ungenerous and fiendish charge, so often repeated in former times,—ay, so often that even to this present time thoughtless writers and public journals, repeat it, that the Americans descend from a parcel of criminals; while those who preferred this charge knew full well that never were colonists of any nation of better character sent out to any foreign country, than those earliest settlers of New England; that, however our views may differ from many of theirs, they were as honorable men as can possibly be found, and that the total number of criminals ever sent to this country, amounts

to an exceedingly small number, which, besides, had it been much larger, could not have been able to alter any thing in the essential features of the people. Moreover, if there be such a thing as hereditary sin, there is also such a one as hereditary virtue, and every babe is ushered into this world as a being to stand on its own feet. But all irritability of this kind has worn away by this time, and I believe you might tell the Americans, that all their fathers were Burkes and their mothers Gottfrieds, and they would only say, "Ah, indeed?" However, since English writers have chanced to pretend that the Americans descend from a set of ragamuffins, thrown out by their country, and as that which has been said cannot be unsaid, it would seem that some British counties honestly endeavor to make now, at least, as much as is in their power, true, what was untrue so far, and send us paupers, cargo after cargo, who, in many cases, walk directly from the vessel to the almshouse. Nothing like consistency! Some late reports of committees appointed by the city authorities of Boston and New York, for the special purpose of inquiring into the matter, exhibit a frightful picture, with regard to the influx of paupers, and, of course—as frail human nature is constituted—of vagrancy and crime, likewise, into this country. While they pour in through the sea-ports, the number who emigrate from Canada and New Brunswick into the United States, by land, is equally frightful. And sorry I was, indeed, when, some years ago, the sovereign authority of a German city sent actual convicts to our shores. They had heard, probably, of our excellent penitentiaries, and found themselves bound, in Christian charity, to procure for their criminals as good prisons as possible, for that they would here, in course of time, find their way to the prison again, was evident. If a government wants criminals, as, some years ago, that of Brazil did, it is quite fair to empty the prisons; if a single individual rashly resolves upon such an act as the above transportation of criminals was, it is possible, at least, to understand it, but how a measure of this kind can be concerted between

several persons, who are all, in the whole, honorable men, how they can pass over the act of making such an outrage an official measure, without compunctions—is something I cannot understand. So much for human morality without the pale of shame; distance of time and place gives us very different views respecting our actions, and the merchant who would not dream of deceiving at home, makes regular preparation to cheat the distant and sable cultivator of the pepper.

Now, then, again the lance is couched for an attack upon the names met with in this country.—I am perfectly well aware that the difficulty of giving names in the United States is often exceedingly great. You remember, undoubtedly, scenes in the families of your friends, which show that Mr. Shandy was not the only person puzzled at what name he should choose from the endless number before him. It is always a difficult matter to decide when there are no distinct rules to direct our choice, and we are at liberty to select among a great number of objects. If parents are puzzled at the choice of one name, what shall an official secretary of one of the United States do, before whom lies a list of a large number of newly surveyed townships to be christened by him? He takes a six cents geography, a twenty-five cents history, peradventure, and chalks off the names of the index. Or a committee is appointed to name the places; each member writes down a name; they are put into a hat, and the lot is drawn. It was thus that the charming city of Utica came to its inappropriate name. Or, to take another instance, a surveyor has laid out townships or counties, and fixes names to the list, as a circumnavigator names what he discovers; thus you may find on every large map General Jackson's whole first cabinet sticking in the north-western territory; a geographical immortality long surviving the personal one. However, perhaps, after all, this is not so very improper a way to make names; a poor fellow may, in this way, learn history from maps, and acquire the spelling of names which he might not have learned otherwise. I remember a county, I think I know of two or three, in dif-

ferent states, called after several distinguished politicians, which petitioned their respective legislatures to change their names, when the counties' politics had changed. It seems to me the most advisable way for such counties would be to adopt, at once, two, or three, or four different names, to be used according to emergencies and the changes of political winds. It would sound exceedingly dignified were a newspaper article to begin thus, Jackson county, alias Adams county, alias Crawford county, &c.

Sometimes,—to continue my account of the method of "calling names,"—a hunter goes out, finds a creek and perhaps a pair of yellow breeches, and immediately it will be called Yellow Breeches River; or a crow happens to fly over some lake, it is henceforth Crow Lake. Unfortunately these names are not now, as in earlier days, allowed to *corrupt* and gradually to *better* their condition as nouns proper; for names of this kind were given then, as well as now; but, in most instances, they gradually changed. Sailors, who, in more than one respect, represent nations or tribes in their early stages, as to their frankness, their improvidence, their readiness to assist and their readiness to avenge, have also retained this quickness and boldness of corrupting names and accommodating them to a pronunciation easier for them, and more suited to the spirit of their language; the English and American sailor perhaps more so than the mariner of any other nation.

Mr. Walsh, in his Notices of Brazil, gives several instances. Thus, for instance, a collection of rocky islets near Madeira is called *the Deserters*, from the Portuguese *Ilhas Desertas*, (Desert Islands;) the *Yeni Hissari* or New Castles, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, is made *Cape Janissary*, and is thus to be found on the maps. The *Archipelago* is called the *Arches; Coruña* is changed to *the Groin*. A goodly number might be added to these; let me mention but a few. *Setubal* in Portugal is changed into *St. Ubes;* and I am convinced, that, had this corruption taken place, or become known at an early time, when cano-

nizations were not yet controlled by the church, a saint called Ubes, with an appropriate legend, would have come down to us; in the same way as some Greek words on the frontispiece of churches, were taken for the names of martyrs, to whom these buildings were believed to have been dedicated, and thus actually led to the invention of some saints. Ilha Raza is changed into Razor Island.

The Spanish *cayo*, a cliff or breaker, has been changed by the English mariner into *key*, of which there are many in the West Indies; but one of the strangest corruptions is our *Key West*, from the Spanish *Cayo Hueso* or Bone Isle, because the form of the island resembles somewhat a bone; yet Key West is now the official and legitimate name, though it has nothing more to do with west than with east, north or south. The soldiers of the allied armies, when occupying France during the last war, were equally ready to accommodate names to their organs of pronunciation; and the highest instance of corruption of this kind on record, I believe to be afforded in the case of Napoleon himself. Oldeleben, who was a long time Saxon *officier d'ordonnance* in the staff of the emperor, and has given an interesting work on the French campaign in Saxony in the year 1813, informs us that Napoleon, who had, of course, to pronounce a number of foreign names of persons about him, did not always find them sufficiently easy for his pronunciation; nor could the ruler over so many empires be fairly expected to trouble himself much with hard names which it was difficult for his mind, otherwise so retentive, to remember, and his lips to utter. He, therefore, pronounced these names as his mouth found comfortable, and the person went ever after by this appellation, which it was necessary, though oftentimes not very easy for his aides to remember. Some names of German and Polish places are excessively difficult for the native of any other country to pronounce, and Napoleon was obliged to deal with them in a like way, which required great attention in his suite not

to commit mistakes, which often might have led to serious results.

But not only mariners and soldiers, but people of all occupations are apt to change names, if they are obliged often to pronounce any ill-fitted for their organs of speech. Thus, the French *Riviere de Fêves* (Bean River) has become with our population the Fever River,—a very bad name, as every one who hears it, without being acquainted with its etymology, will attach a hideous character to the innocent stream, which is just as healthy or unhealthy as any of its fellow waters in that part of the country. A spot in our western territory was called *Bois Brulé*, either literally from "burned wood," or in memory of some *Bois Brulé*, the name for a descendant of French white, and Indian blood. The present name is Bob Ruly. I mention these facts that you may compare our western corruptions with similar changes in Europe during the great changes in the middle ages. The name of nearly every existing Italian place, which dates from antiquity, affords an instance. Arezzo from Aretium, Folingo from Fulginium, or take the German Mailand from the Italian Milano from the ancient Mediolanum.

Not only geographical names are subject to these curious corruptions; they extend to the names of persons likewise. Many instances are known to you from English history. I will give you a few amusing ones of our country. That the German Schneider, Klein, Schuhmacher, Schmidt, Braun, quickly change into Snyder, Clyne or Klyne, Shoemaker, Smith and Brown, is natural enough. Sometimes names are positively translated; thus, I know of a Mr. Bridgebuilder whose ancestors came from Germany under the name of Brückenbauer. I have met with many instances of this kind. There is a family now in Pennsylvania whose original name was Klein; at present they have branched out into three chief ramifications called Klein, Small, and Little; and, if they continue to have many little

ones, they may, for aught I know, branch farther out into Short, Less, and Lesser,—down to the most Lilliputian names.

I was once, in England, in company with a Mr. Short, in whose presence a Mr. Shorter was mentioned. "Your son?" said a bystander, quite gravely, to Mr. Short, who, like most people, disrelished the joke on his name very much.

In Salem, Massachusetts, is now living a family of the name of Blumpay, a corruption of Blancpied, their original name. A German, called Feuerstein, (fire-stone, the German for flint,) settled in the west, when French population prevailed in that quarter. His name, therefore, was changed into Pierre à Fusil; but, in the course of time, the Anglo-American race became the prevalent one, and Pierre à Fusil was again changed into Peter Gun. That is somewhat like Albert the Great, which is believed by some to be corrupted from Albert de Groot. At that rate, Lord King might become the king our lord. Well, if Albert the Great has obtained his splendid name by corruption, he is not the only one in history who owes this surname to the same cause.

A barber in Boston, a most respectable man, and a great friend of mine—a real Burchiello*—calls himself Ashton. As he is a Sicilian, I asked him how he came to this name. "My Italian name," said he, "is Astorini, but they told me in Salem that Ashton is the English for Astorini."

One day I found him in a melancholy mood. "What is the matter with you?" asked I. "I am sorry," he replied, "that I did not hang myself yesterday." Bravo, thought I, a true fit of the *melancholia anglica*, as Sauvage so savagely calls suicide, in his work on insanity. "If this be all your misfortune," I said, "you may easily redress it to-day."—"That is just what I mourn for," he replied, "I

* Dominic Burchiello was the famous barber of Florence, in whose shop all the beaux esprits of that favored place of the arts used to meet. He himself was a poet, and his shop is painted in one of the arches of the gallery of the Medici. It is divided into two parts, in the one people are shaved, in the other poets make poems or play instruments and sing.—Editor.

wish to be dead, but I don't want to die." Burchiello jocosely said, what many gravely think.—Another time, I asked him how much he gets if he goes to a person into the house to shave him. "A quarter of a dollar, or half a dollar, according to circumstances, from those who can afford it; from poor people I never take any thing, but then I don't go to them." I could not help thinking of a letter written to a friend of mine, by a gentleman who had been asked to lend him a small capital for some enterprise, for fair interests. The letter expressed the highest indignation at the offer of so high interests, as if its writer had ever shown any symptoms of usury. "As to the capital itself," it continued, "it is utterly impossible for me to comply with your wishes."

The drollest instance of the changing of names with which I am acquainted, I have yet to tell you. I found it in an article, which I know to have been written by one of the first literary men in this country, and whom I feel proud in knowing to be my friend, inserted in one of the numbers of the North American Review, and will give it in the same words:—"We happen to have heard, from a friend in the Northern States, an authentic instance of this kind, which we think will amuse our readers as much as it did ourselves —the plain English Christian name and surname of *Benjamin Eaton*, a Spanish boy, derived from his single Spanish *Christian* name of Benito, or Benedict; and this, by a very natural process, though one which would have defied the acuteness of Tooke and the wit of Swift. When the boy was taken on board ship, the sailors, who are not apt to be fastidious in their attention to the niceties of language, hearing him called *Benito*, (pronounced Beneeto,) made the nearest approximation to the Spanish sound which the case required, and which would give an intelligible sailor's name, by saluting their new shipmate as *Ben Eaton!* which the boy, probably, supposed was the corresponding English name, and, accordingly, conformed to it himself, when asked for his name. The next process in the etymological trans-

formation was, that, when he was sent to one of our schools, the master, of course, inquired his name, and being answered that it was *Ben Eaton*, and presuming that to be his true name abbreviated, as usual, in the familiar style, directed him, as grammatical propriety required, to write it at full length *Benjamin Eaton!*"

Quiner, as now written and pronounced, Coonyar, is a legitimate corruption in orthography for the Portuguese *Cunha*, pronounced as above. The instance will show you at the same time the strange sound the letter R has for English ears. It ranks at the end of a word somewhat between a vowel and a consonant, and whenever I have dictated a foreign word ending in an *e*, softly pronounced, as the German *Freude*, an Englishman would write down *Freuder*. So children will say *par* for *pa*, the abbreviation of *papa*, and it is a common vulgarity to say *lor* for *law*, and *sawring wood* for *sawing wood*. So much with regard to the letter R. . . . . .

"How does it happen that the more remote a part of the United States, and the newer the names, the more classical or rather unclassical they are?"—My dear friend, for the same reason, that, some seventy years ago, every one in Silesia was a rhymer because there was no poet among them. Take it always as an infallible rule, that the more rhyming you see in the newspapers, &c., in a country or at a particular time, the more unpoetic are the people, as never more cry and noise are made about the purity of a government than when it is rotten and corrupt; and our attention is often then only directed to a virtue or moral excellence, when the contrary has first occupied our reflection, so much so that many of the former have but a negative name. Guilt was first thought of, and then *innocence*, which, in German, also, is called *Unschuld*, literally *unguilt*, or *guiltlessness*. Take, for instance, the most rhyming periods of any country, Germany, France, England, and observe whether they ever have produced the great poets of the respective nations, and in this country you can trace the truth of my

assertion in single papers. The less cultivated a community is for which a certain paper is issued, the more it abounds in rhymes and the more bombastic words the editor uses for his verbose articles. Simplicity is both the child of early limitedness and the flower of cultivation.

But some time or other these classical names must be exhausted, and what are we to take then for a copy after which we bestow names? The Olympus has not yet been sufficiently plundered. We have Aurora, well, why not Jove-Hill, Hebe-Bluff, Thesmophoros-Portage, Hyperion-Swamp, Astræa-Pond? When we have ransacked all mythology, Greek, Northern, and Hindoo, we may, by way of contrast, and in order to suit our character, so essentially utilitarian, descend at once to the useful.

Thus, we might have Rye, Wheat, Barley counties, and Hops-borough; or we might take the animal body as the foundation of our compounds, for instance, Nose-ridge, Upper-Jaw-borough, Kidney County, Liver-town, Mount Belly; or we might take other useful things for our names and say, Paper-city, Flax-ville, Gold-coin-county, or United-States-bank-note-parish. It would not differ much from Mechanicville or Tariffville in Northampton county, Massachusetts. Why not take the names of favorite dishes for the formation of geographical nouns? Mush-ville would not be so very bad, neither in sound nor association of ideas. Hasty-pudding, Barbacue, and Squash would afford delightful names; and to be born in the city of Bonny-clabber would augur future distinction in poetry, and it would sound so stately in a Latin epitaph, *Poeta Boniclaboricus* or *Vates Boniclaborensis.*

The truth is, I am fully aware that it is not easy to find a number of appropriate names for places, and of imbuing the people at large with sufficient taste to make good choices or produce good compounds.

The difficulty of selecting fit and decent appellations appears with all discoverers on land or sea. You can trace it in almost every name given to a newly discovered group of isles, mountains, lakes, &c. In New South Wales there is

a high mountain called Wellington, which, perhaps, is not so bad, as the name was given when this great captain won his fairest victories, and thus the appellation has some historical meaning, and is, perhaps, after all, as good as St. Bernard; but take the description of a voyage round the world. How unsightly and unsoundly are all the King George III. Inlets and Prince Edward Islands, and Rios de San Christobal, and Isla de St. Maria de Asuncion. Take one of the last of these voyages, that of Captain Kotzebue. The name of his vessel was *Predpriatie*. In the preface to the description of his voyage, the circumnavigator says that the name is, probably, so unwont to foreign lips that he will not any more mention it; yet he bestows it on an island, to the confusion of all geographers. I am truly glad that he had no connexion with the town of Mtzensk or some other Russian place of a similar name, or that he is no native of Srb! If Homer himself were born on such an island, it could not become immortal; for the best disposed scholar would be unable to remember the name. It was, to be serious, no trifling obstacle to the fame of many Polish heroes in the last unhappy insurrection, that they had names which left upon the mind of foreigners no effect but that of utter confusion. Skrzynecki was the only name the public could afford to remember, and even his name I do not know whether I have written rightly or not. All the others went as *nombres incomprensibles*, as the Colombians used to call the firm of a house with which I am acquainted, *la casa de los nombres incomprensibles*. The firm consisted of three individuals, and never went by any other name in the post office than the above. What would they have said of Knatchbull, Kuhlenkamp, or the English village of Home-upon-Spalding-moor? Not only geographical discoverers find it difficult to invent names; the same is the case in sciences and arts. When the study of mineralogy and chemistry began to be pursued with a success unknown before, it was no mean difficulty for their cultivators to find appropriate names, and, in many instances, neither taste nor scientific strictness can be said to have dictated them.

Difficult, however, as it is to find or make fair names, the difficulty would be lessened were we to render the chaos before us somewhat to order, could we find out rules, which in a degree might guide us. Had I more means than I possess, and I need not be possessed of a Thelluson property, I should certainly offer some price, for the best and most practical rules for inventing new or applying old names to new places, rivers, &c. I know full well, that taste, which cannot be taught, will always be important in regard to this subject; yet something might be done, by those rules and perhaps still more by thus directing more general attention to this matter. I really think it would be a subject worthy of occupying the attention of our learned societies, if they have any means to dispose of for the purpose.

Simple and tasteful names, will always be preferable. Captain Back, on his chivalric journey, to seek his friend on the eternal snow-fields, called the house, in which he wintered from 1833 to 1834, *Fort Reliance*. Now, this is a model for a name: it has sound, rhythm, and meaning; a meaning most appropriate for his situation, and withal is beautifully simple. Fort Reliance! what feeling heart or ear, that is awake to rhythm, can hear it without remembering it for ever?—We need but hear it, and it has stolen itself already into our ear, and our soul. Suppose he had called it after some of his patrons so called, say Fort William, or Fort Clarence, it sounds as well as the other, but would you remember it the next hour? Does it call up all those agreeable and more than agreeable ideas, with which the name Fort Reliance directly associates itself? Compare with this such a name as New Egypt, not far from Burlington; how flat,—and why shall not things be called by their right names?—how silly sounds the latter!

The English and Americans, so very practical in their views, take it altogether more easy to fix a name to a thing and let it pass. A chapel happens to be built in Regent Street, it is forthwith called Regent Chapel, though the regent had nothing to do with it. Germans would never have written

the name without prefixing a pedantic "so called." English and Americans call something familiarly by a certain name, and shortly after it is called so in books. In general this is right enough; the thing is more important than the name, and the chief end of the name is to signify the thing. This is all perfectly just, and people have said to me, "What is a name? It is all the same, how we call a thing." Why, a name is something which sticks to a person or place until it is changed, and if it forces unpleasant associations upon the mind of every one who hears it, it is a bad name, and if it sounds badly, you might just as well have chosen a better one. I have met in Germany, France, England, and in this country, with names positively indecorous, both of persons and places. One of them was actually so offensive, that the minister, an acquaintance of mine, could not pronounce it, in publishing the banns, and had to get over the matter by a cough. It did not simply cause an improper association of ideas, but it was itself indecorous; and why has that excellent Moselle wine, such a name? Every one will allow that names of this kind are nuisances; they break in upon the rights of society. He who wishes to be its member has no right to offend his fellows in whatever way it may be.

Now, let me ask, is it, as to the individual, much better with regard to a ridiculous name? If a name necessarily call up a number of ludicrous associations, it must be pronounced a bad name, and cannot possibly be agreeable or useful to its bearer. And, be it remembered, a name may be very much in the way, if its bearer is in public life. Puns may sometimes severely smart, and even seriously injure; for no weapon is so fiendish as ridicule, since you have often no counter-weapon to oppose, and there are many cases, in which a great deal is lost, if you have it not in your power instantly to counteract the effect produced by your opponent. A vote may be lost, and one vote may decide great things, both directly and by a series of rapid consequences.

A "good name" is an expression full of meaning; not only as to the moral sense of the appellation, but also as to its sound and the ideas with which it is associated; and this

holds not only with names of persons, but also with geographical nouns proper. A place ought to have "a good name," in every respect. Menu, the Eastern sage, says that a female's name ought to be beautiful and to terminate with a vowel. He was right in asking a beautiful name for a female, and might have asked a fine one for a man, and a decent one for a place. A bad name is like a bad razor; you may be a most honorable man with it, yet it incommodes you a thousand times.

That the custom of naming places after those distant spots, whence emigrants originally came, is natural, and often has something touching in it, no one will deny. We cling with fondness to every object or sound which reminds us of the spot where we were born, and enjoyed the unstinted happiness of childhood; and where, perhaps, those we love most continue to live. But, we must beware lest this sweet effect be counteracted by associations the very reverse of our feelings. If Swiss emigrants call their settlement, however small it may be, Vivay, it is in perfect accordance with their feelings and all that taste may demand; but if they call the whole county, in which the new Vivay is situated, Switzerland, their fondness for their old country chooses an unsuitable means of expressing itself. If a small place is called after London, go and be wind-bound in it for a whole week in winter, as I have been, and then tell me whether the stay does not become a thousand times more disagreeable by the constant comparison and contrast forced upon you. I love to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connexion with Europe. In many families cups, plates, chairs are shown you, which their forefathers brought over from your part of the world. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the period of Louis XIV., and brought from Europe at the beginning of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine; and a merchant told me, that when he lately received from a family in Guatimala, a quantity of old-fashioned silver and gold plate, the goldsmith gave for various articles a higher price

than the mere metal would have brought, according to what he gave for others. The reason he assigned was, that Americans cherish memorials of their ancestors so much that, sometimes, a general fondness for antique articles is met with.

But, then, the association of ideas, to which a name necessarily leads, should not counteract its intended good effect, and especially it ought not, by its glaring contrasts, to throw a ridicule on what it designates. The love of high-sounding names nowhere more generally prevails than with Americans. The baker calls his shop a Bakery; the shoemaker writes in gigantic letters over his shop, Shoe and Boot Manufactory; over the entry to a bookbinder's, the existence of a Bookbindery is testified to in staring capitals; a little fruiterer's shop in the outskirts of a city, is denominated Western Market. The instances which I have mentioned are by no means the most glaring.—The name of Waverley Place, in New York, has nothing bad in it: it shows as much as the Walter Scott grit, which I found advertised in the Berlin Royal Gazette, in 1826, the great popularity of the Scottish novelist.

The name of a place is not the place itself, I grant; no more is the flag, under which a gallant sailor fights for his country, and would fight for her, were it green, pink, lilac, buff, or chocolate, the country itself. Yet, I should like to know whether our sailors would not prefer, if they have the choice, the bright and tasteful flag of the United States, which has given rise to so many poetic allusions,—the star-spangled banner, with its stripes and stars, to the Mecklenburg flag, with a large ox-head on a white ground, and a ring through its nose? I, for my part, prefer a place with a simple name, to any American Memphis or Sparta. Some may accustom themselves, after a long time, to hear of a village Manlius without thinking of its namer, in like manner, as no one now is reminded of the eminently ludicrous character of the appellation *jardin des plantes*, but others cannot so accustom themselves; and all the absurdity of the thing ap-

pears in its most glaring light, as soon as we come to form an adjective of these names, and, to call an individual, born in these places, an Athenian, Roman, Ciceronian, Demosthenian, &c. Names of this kind have, as light wood railings round a palace, something provisional in them, as if they were not intended to last long; it gives a kind of an unsettled character. I do not deny that these names reminded me, constantly, while I was gliding along on the canal, of the journey of the Empress Catharine through the painted villages of the Crimea, when she was greeted by peasants from great distances, though the American places, themselves, which bore these names, gave rise to ideas of a very different character,—to wit, those produced by the sight of substantial comfort. On the other hand, it may be allowed, that this immense variety of names gathered from all countries and all ages, partly results from the peculiar situation of the United States, before which, all civilized countries lie like a map. Distance of time and place produces impartiality. Still it remains a caricature, though caricatures exhibit traits of character with more effect than when they are shown by more accurate delineations. The first canal boat we passed exhibited on its stern these words:

SHAKSPEARE OF LYSANDER.

What a monstrosity! no satirist could have wished it better. Republicans call a place after a general, whose character was the very opposite of what ought to be valued by republicans. But this is not the only instance I have met with, of names given so much at random, that they are, in fact, synonymes of wickedness. I have even sometimes found the names of persons, held up in the Old Testament for execration, ignorantly bestowed upon children. And a canal-boat, for the carriage of goods, dragged by one horse, and so slowly that all the passenger-boats overtake it, is called after the most favored of all the inspired disciples of the Pierian maids.

As botanists have now succeeded in somewhat reducing

the art of giving names to new plants, to certain rules, so I think considerable assistance might be derived in the formation of new geographical names, by paying some attention to the subject, and representing clearly to ourselves the effect intended to be produced. There are some general rules applicable in this case, as in any other; e. g. that good taste, which strictly avoids every ludicrous, or uncalled for association, ought to guide us, that simplicity is always requisite for beauty and propriety, &c. The most important after these seems to me the sound. The name of a place ought to flow easily, neither to be too long, nor too short, nor have an outlandish character, if no palpable reason for the contrary exist. The sound is, perhaps, even more important than historical recollection, if the latter can only be preserved at the expense of the former, because a name is a thousand times pronounced in the common concerns of men, without its historical meaning being remembered, and if we have sacrificed to the latter, fine sound, and rhythmical flow, we have lost, in all these cases, every thing. Secondly, if the name may be derived from some historical event, so much the better. It is well to surround ourselves, as much as possible, with that which reminds us of memorable events or persons; Göthe says, "The best which we have from history, is the enthusiasm it excites." But I would always advise to be cautious as to using nouns proper of persons for places. It is not in good taste to call a place Thompson, Brown, or the like, yet Hudson, I own, is good enough; for the latter is not so much associated in our minds with the idea of personality. Thirdly, geological features may afford good materials for names, yet good taste must here, as in all other cases, decide. Thus, Mount Carbon, sounds to me flat; it smacks too much of lectures on chemistry, while, perhaps, Colliers' Home does very well for a small number of houses, where the colliers of some neighboring coal-pits live. The form of mountains, rivers, &c., often affords us the elements of fine names, such as fork, ridge, mount, confluence, (like Coblentz,) rapids, fall, rock,

bridge, &c. Fourthly, the vegetable world, a prevailing plant, tree, or herb, may afford a very convenient element for nomenclature, sometimes it may give us a whole name, which is not bad; e. g. Mount Holly, Laurel Hill, Cedar, or Pine Grove, &c. Fifthly, the comparison to other places, by the addition of Little, or New. But this, as I have said, ought to be used very carefully. Sixthly, any English names of small places, villages, &c., some of which are very fine, and have never yet been used in this country. They are preferable to Italian, French, &c. names, simply, because they belong to our own language, and do *not* carry any association of ideas with them. Leominster, or Newham, sounds to me much better, for a small place, than all the Lodis and Waterloos. Seventhly, invention by arbitrary composition. If the person be utterly at a loss what name to bestow, let him put the consonants of the alphabet, written on separate pieces of paper, into one hat, and the vowels into another, and let him draw alternately from one or the other; sometimes, if he choose, he may draw twice from the consonants, until he has a word with two or three syllables. Though words, thus formed, will often be strange to our ears, they will at other times be exceedingly sonorous, and as it is very easy to make a great number of them, it is necessary only to select the finest. I confess, I do not like this way very much; for it is better to follow the general rule, that man ought to discard chance wherever it is in his power, and to let reason and reflection guide him.

In order to form names after the above rules, it would be well to collect a number of elements of names. We have *ville*, *borough*, (not as often used, by the by, as it ought to be) *city*, (as in Delaware City,) *town*, *mount*, *creek*, &c But these are by no means enough. It seems to me that if we consider of what elements many thousands of old geographical names are composed, we might use many of these component parts to great advantage, provided they be congenial to our language; on which account, words and syllables of Teutonic origin would generally be best. The

following may serve as samples, though there are many more:—

Ac, derived either from the Celtic *aa*, or the Latin *aqua*, signifies a proximity to water, and occurs often in the South of France, as the final syllable.

Adel, German for noble, often used for high, noble mountains.

Alt, German for old.

Arde, last syllable of several Dutch names, and signifies as much as the German *Erde*, earth: for example, *Oudenarde*, Old-Earth.

Arl, *Aar*, and *Adler*, German for eagle, as *Arlberg*, Eagle-Mountain.

Bach, German for rivulet.

Balt and *Belt*, Celtic for a great assemblage of water: for example, the Baltic and the Belt.

Berg, German for mountain, (and, in the English language, an ice-berg.)

Borg, Danish and Swedish for castle, and might be taken as borough.

Burg, German for the same.

Brig, Celtic for bridge.—Bothwellbrig in Old Mortality.

Brunn, German for well: for example, *Markebrunn*, (where fine hock is raised,) Well on the Frontier.

Den, Gothic for town.

Dorf, German for village.

Dun, Celtic for hill.

Ec, *Ey*, *Aye*, Celtic. Mostly found with names of plants, trees, &c., and signifies an assemblage of them.

Ey, Scandinavian for island, as in Anglesey, Isle of the Angles.

Feld, German for field. (If there happen to be two Greenfields, it might be convenient to change one into Greenfeld.)

Fels, German for rock.

Fiord, Danish and Swedish for *détroit*, an arm of the sea.

Furt, German for ford.

Gar, German and Persian for a fortified place.

Haff, German for port.

Hof, German for yard, a farm.

Holm, Scandinavian for islet.

Juge, last syllable of many Saxon names, meaning field.

Kerke, Flemish corruption of the German *Kirche*, Scottish kirk, church.

Mark, German for frontier, thus Marksuhl, i. e. Suhl on the frontier.

Mor, Celtic for sea.

Mund, German for mouth of a river.

Nant, Celtic for rivulet.

Ness, Scandinavian syllable at the end of a word, signifying a promontory, as Inverness.

Nieder, German for low.

Norr, Gothic for north.

Ny, Danish for new.

Ober, German for upper.

Oe, Danish syllable of termination, signifying island.

Ort, German for place, as Fredericsort.

Oude, Dutch for old.

Pen, Celtic for summit.

Schœn, German for beautiful, as *Schœneiche*, Beautiful Oak, and Schœnbrunn.

Seng, Danish for near.

Stein, German for rock.

Thal, German for valley, dale.

Wald, German for forest.

There are many short and well-sounding elements of geographical names in the Asiatic languages, but it would be droll again, were we to make compounds with the Chinese *ho* for river, *pe* for north, *pao* for fortress, *men* for passage,

or *lar*, the Russian for shore or bank, or *hima*, the Sanscrit for cold.

If we add to the above elements those we find in English names, but which we hardly ever use in our compounds, such as, *chester*, (from *castrum*,) dale, frith, hall, ham, (the same with the German *heim*, as, in Durham, meaning home, abode,) head, hill, stone, wick, and wich, (from the Latin *vicus*,) &c., we shall have a number of geographical elements, which, if used according to the above rules, might serve for the composition of many fair names. For instance, if the name Thompson must be retained, Thompsonort seems better than merely Thompson. It is not meant to say, that the given elements of foreign languages are better than the corresponding English ones, but one or the other may be more convenient in certain compositions, or the English syllable or word may have been used already, and every body who has at all directed his attention to the subject, will agree with me, that the enormous repetition of geographical names in this country is a serious evil which threatens to become greater every day. I have made some inquiry in various post-offices and the general post-office in Washington, and have found, what can easily be imagined, that the large number of places of the same name occasions, both to the offices and the public, countless inconveniences. In fact, you have but to open a gazetteer in order to convince yourself of what I say.

If, then, a name is to be given to a place, township, county, &c., and no appropriate Indian name be still in existence, let the name-giver inquire whether there be any prominent object within it, or whether any important event has happened there, and then try whether, with the above elements, a fair name may be compounded; for it is to be adopted as a rule, that, generally, some natural connexion should subsist between name and place. If the place has ever borne an Indian name, retain this before all others; if it be too long, omit a syllable or two; if it be too difficult for white men to

pronounce, change and shape it according to our organs, but retain the name as far as possible. Indian names have the advantage of natural growth and antiquity; we feel as if they belong to the place, and are not pasted on as something arbitrary, which may be changed again with equal caprice. Besides, the Indian names of our country are generally well sounding. If we come to the South American Iztaccihuatls, Huitzompans, Cajotepeques, and Axajacatls, it is different, indeed; yet, even there, if a general assumes an elevated tone in his proclamation, or an orator be desirous of addressing his hearers in a dignified style, they resort to the Indian names, and call the inhabitants of the different Mexican states by the native names of those countries. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the love of pompousness, so natural to Spaniards and their descendants, but there is, besides, a great power in ancient names. They are like the short titles of works, with the contents of which we are well acquainted. The French revolution abolished carefully the old names of the different provinces which had constituted the kingdom, and introduced the more statistic names of the departments. At no subsequent period of the republic or the empire were they revived or even alluded to, until Napoleon returned from the Russian snow-fields. Then, when he was conscious of being obliged to call for new and unheard of exertions, when he felt that he was in want of the undivided energy of the whole nation, he, for the first time, called upon the inhabitants of Burgundy, Brittany, Provence, Languedoc, &c., to rush to the banners for the defence of the sacred soil of their country and national independence. With a man like Napoleon, in his situation and knowing the French nation so well, we cannot ascribe this fact to trifling motives or, perhaps, to chance.

Another way of making names would be to collect the most general processes by which corruptions, or, to use a milder term, transformations have been brought about; to reduce the whole to some rules, and apply them in given cases. But the difficulty here would be, that first the name

or word, to be transformed, is wanting, and, secondly, that these transformations would, in most cases, not be easy, often impossible. Besides, the whole would be too scientific a way, and it is the people, who bestow the names.

Madame Roland (that high-minded woman, but misplaced in her age, as we find not a few such characters in history; who should have lived in Rome when Coriolanus threatened it, or when Hannibal was carrying terror over Italy) begins her memoirs, relating to the French revolution, by an anecdote of her grandmother, who, when one day the curtain support of her bed broke down, exclaimed, in astonishment, "This has lasted fifty-five years, how does it happen to break now!" I agree with the old lady, and as this dissertation on names has lasted so long, I intend it shall last a few moments longer.

Names very often amuse me, by giving me an opportunity of tracing their probable connexion with events of history. There are Baron de Schmidts (Smith) in Germany. Great and powerful convulsions of affairs were required to raise this name—originally given to individuals engaged in occupations which were considered fit only for slaves and bondsmen—to a rank in the peerage. The existence of this title represents, in the smallest possible compass, the ascendency which the popular principle has been continually gaining over the aristocratic throughout the whole European race. Again, take a name like Tariffville. What was not necessary to produce such a name! It is a *nux historica.** In order to induce people to give to a place so flat an appellation, their ardor for a tariff must have run high, indeed; it represents the existing state of American politics at the time, the zeal of the northern states to vie with older countries in the career of manufacturing industry, and brings to mind the struggle against this course of policy. But the name tariff would not have been given in this country to

* Thus is the text, but when the editor received the proof sheet, he found that the printer had made of it, *nux vomica.* Did he do it on purpose?—EDITOR.

the subject which it designates, had not England adopted it from Italy—Italy to which we owe, with so many other branches of modern civilization, one of the most important—the modern system of commerce. And she again took the word tariff from the Orient, which, in many respects, had obtained, at the time it afforded the name, great superiority over the Occident. Through Italy was then running the great stream of commerce; and mighty revolutions caused it at once to flow in a totally different direction, and made Spain great, and gave to Portugal the age of heroism. And Camoens, the soldier, bard, and swimmer, the noble poet, and the beggar, is brought before your mind, or the Italian tariff reminds you of the ancient castle Tarifa, which no sailor that ever passed the Straits of Gibraltar, will forget—that monument of the Spanish Manlius, Don Alonso Perez Guzman, called *el Bueno** by his grateful king, for having, like a hero, refused to surrender the castle to the Moors, who had captured his first-born son and threatened to behead him before his eyes, should he nôt surrender. Guzman, as answer, threw down from the battlement his own sword, with which the Moors severed the head of the son, in the presence of his father. And all the deeds of Spanish chivalry, and the songs which celebrate them in Castilian tongue, may rise up before you and—thus you may dream on, and on, if you are obliged to halt in a dreary inn of a barren place such as little Tariffville. Or take the name of Brazil, a vast, rich, and most glorious country, called after *brasa*, Portuguese for coal; or Africa, originally a mere province; or Madeira, sounding so pleasantly to the connoisseur in her noble wines, from *madera*, Portuguese for *wood*, or, properly speaking, *matter, stuff*.

These are instances of names which rose to signify higher things than they originally designated; there are other words

* This is the name which congress might have bestowed on Washington, had they thought fit to bestow upon him any peculiar appellation whatever. Washington the Good; it is a meet designation. But history is now bestowing it.—Editor.

which have met with a similar fate. The Spanish *rostro*, the proper word for face, which no poet hesitates to use, is derived from the Latin *rostrum*, which, probably, was introduced into Spain in connexion with the meaning of face, by the Roman soldier, who, vulgarly, would use the word *beak* for face, as people, of the same class, with us, would use *snout*, by way of contempt. Or, who thinks that when he says, Macbeth is the most tragic of all dramatic compositions, that he calls it, in fact, the most goatish of plays? But there are, in original languages, words of domestic origin which, nevertheless, have been elevated to the rank of a much more exalted signification than their original one. Yet their number is infinitely smaller than that of the words, which continually sink in their meaning. Words and phrases, in themselves the purest possible, become, in the course of time, common, vulgar, and even indecent, or, must I say *indecorous*, the word *indecent* itself having sunk already too low?

I'll give you yet another instance of a far-travelling name. The Baroness de Riedesel tells, in her memoirs, that she presented her husband, commanding the Hessian and Brunswick troops against us, with a daughter, when in this part of the world. She was called America, and is now America, Countess of Bernstorff. She would not have received this name, had not the chain-rewarded Columbus, an honor to mankind and a shame to monarchs, been wronged out of the glory due to him and to him alone. Then consider, that the Italian name Amerigo, the same with Emmerigo, is one of the many names not unfrequent in the northern part of Italy, brought thither by the conquering Germans, such as Arrigo, Carlo, Ludovico (Luigi,) Matelda, &c. Amerigo and Emmerigo are derived from the German Emmerich; so you see that our western hemisphere bears a German name, which made the *tour du monde* before it came back to its original land in the person of Countess Bernstorff. However, the name is certainly most melodious and beautiful, and

I feel truly grateful that the Spaniards have not named our part of the world after the family name of the Florentine merchant-navigator. Suppose our great continent to have been called Vespuccia!

The wrong done to the noble-minded Genoese, was felt, when Congress called the small piece of national ground,—where we meet to prove that we are a nation, and love to have one banner, waving alike over the representatives from all parts,—the *District of Columbia;* and when the American poet mentions his country, inspired with her noble destinies, he calls her Columbia, so that here, we have two names, one for politics and the common concerns of life, and one for poetry, as the Greek gods had an Olympic name, and one "by which mortals call them."

The quaint names used in all parts of the United States, but especially in the Eastern states, have often been commented upon, and I will not give you a list of them; I should not know where to stop. The custom of adopting names from the Old Testament, and, as I have already remarked, often with inconceivable negligence, so that women have sometimes to carry a name through life, which calls up in the mind of every one skilled in the Old Testament associations of a most unpleasant kind; or of giving the family name as a surname to a child, which is customary also in England, and a usage I like, though it cannot be denied, that it often gives rise to very queer compounds, as in the instance of a boy, whose baptismal name was Dolittle, after an uncle of this name; or that of following mere whim or fancy, renders these strange names very frequent. The following I cut out of the Barnstable Journal, of February 9, 1832, which I happened to find. There are, certainly, quaint names enough in a very short space, and not put together for any other purpose than the advertertising of marriages.

"In West Barnstable, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Capt. Thomas Cobb, of Hyannis, to Miss Temperance Cobb, of W. Barnstable.

"In South Dennis, Capt. Julius Baker, to Miss Diadema D. Killey. Capt. Shubael Nickerson to Miss Phœbe Downes.

"In North Dennis, Capt. Aaron Crowell to Miss Fear Hall. Mr. Jeremiah Hall to Miss Thankful Howes."

There was a lady in Berlin, so full of enthusiasm for the glory of regenerated Prussia, that she called her son *Landsturm* of Eighteen-hundred-and-Thirteen, (Militia of the Third Banner of 1813;) another called her daughter *Blücherine*, and you remember perhaps the Prussian cabinet-order, which forbade clergymen to baptize children by any other than customary names—a law which, in spite, of my hearty dislike of quaint and ugly appellations, I thought very queer. If parents are not the best people to be trusted with naming their children, I think still less ought they to be trusted with cutting their hair or nails, or judging of the best time of weaning them. This is certainly a striking example of the peculiar intermeddling principle, the cultivation of which, at one time, was considered, on the European continent, as the greatest problem of domestic politics, but which is now gradually giving way to more expanded views of legislation.

In few things, perhaps, appears the difference of the English and American character in a more decided light than in their respective regard for names and descent. As soon as an Englishman becomes known in any way, his descent is traced out through as many generations as possible. "He descends from a family highly respectable for several generations, in such and such a county," is an expression we often meet with in English publications. If some distant relationship to some distant nobleman exist, it is sure to be ferreted out, were all the pages of history to be ransacked before it can be arrived at, and did it exist, after all, but in the collateral line, as of some daughter to some nephew of some sister of some earl. Who can read the preface to the memoirs of Lord Collingwood without a smile? However, a preface of this kind is easily forgotton, when the excel-

lent subject of the biography may so justly say, with Napoleon, "Let my nobility date from myself." When Washington had risen to be admired, even by his enemies, the Garter King-at-Arms, Sir Isaac Head, requested the great man for his genealogy, as we are told in Roscoe's Memoirs. Such is the course of things: little people pay high for having made out their pedigree in London or Vienna; distinguished men, like Washington or Napoleon, are begged to give it, or to accept it from obsequious inquirers, and—care little for it

That this wish to prove a respectable origin comes from a praiseworthy source, can be denied by no one; but sometimes it degenerates into the ludicrous. On the other hand, the ease with which Americans change their names is still more astonishing. That a change of name is readily granted if the name be improper, or, as I saw in the petition of a lady to the New York legislature, if a change be necessary, "for obvious reasons," (the name, it must be owned, was one of the ugliest I had ever heard,) is no more than just. However great the respect we bear to our parents may be, I do not see any reason which obliges us to carry through life a name unfit for society, or expressing or indicating something ridiculous, and transmit it to our children. It is certainly not right to make a change of names so difficult as in many countries, where it approaches nearly to an impossibility. But the levity with which names are changed in some parts of the United States is again an abuse. Often it amounts to nothing more than that a person is called A B C, and now wishes to call himself B A C. I will send you, as a proof, a whole act, granted by the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1830, to change the names of persons. Remember, the legislature sits annually and, probably, grants usually as large a number of changes;* at least, I have not heard that the ac-

* We give the list of these names, though apparently a tedious enumeration, at full length, because it is, in fact, a subject worthy the attention of

companying is an unusually large number. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that there are more individuals of the same name in America than I have found with any European nation. Names which signify occupations or

our legislators, and will be interesting to many readers, as characteristic of American moveability:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

AN ACT TO CHANGE THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS THEREIN MENTIONED.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in general Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That Webber Ricker, of Boston, may take the name of George Webber Ricker; that Orlando White, of Boston, may take the name of Henry Kirke White; that Samson Wilder Thurston, of Boston, may take the name of Wilder Stoddard Thurston; that Petro Papathakes, of Boston, may take the name of Peter Patterson; that William McManagle, of Boston, may take the name of William Pinkerton McKay; that John McManagle, of Boston, may take the name of John McKay; that Elizabeth McManagle, wife of the said John McManagle, may take the name of Elizabeth McKay; and that Mary Ann McManagle, daughter of the said John McManagle, may take the name of Mary Ann McKay; and that his son John Pinkerton McManagle, may take the name of John Pinkerton McKay; that Rebecca Waitt, of Chelsea, may take the name of Ann Rebecca Waitt; that Thomas James Prince, of Boston, may take the name of James Prince; that Lucius Augustus Hoar, of Boston, may take the name of Lucius Augustus Horr; that William Smith, of Boston, may take the name of William Otis Smith; that Blowers Danforth, of Boston, may take the name of Bowers Danforth; that Thomas Goddard, son of James Goddard, of Boston, may take the name of Thomas Austin Goddard; that Nathaniel Thayer, minor, son of Susan F. Thayer, of Boston, may take the name of Nathaniel Frederick Thayer; that Andrew Haskell, of Boston, may take the name of Andrew W. Haskell; that William Eckley, minor, son of David Eckley, of Boston, may take the name of William Havard Eliot Eckley; that Robert Lapish, of Boston, may take the name of Robert Hardison Dalton; that James Lloyd Borland, son of John Borland, of Boston, may take the name of James Lloyd; that William Richardson, of Boston, may take the name of William Horatio Richardson; of all of the county of Suffolk.—That Elizabeth Wendell, of Salem, may take the name of Mary Elizabeth Wendell; that Samuel Becket Kehew, of Salem, may take the name of Samuel K. Appleton; that Elianan Winchester Knight, of Salisbury, may take the name of Winchester Knight; that Josiah Cooper, of Newburyport, may take the name of Henry Franklin Benton; that Caroline Chase, of Newburyport, may take the name of Caroline Boardman Chase; that Harriet Chase, of Newburyport, may take the name of Harriet Augusta

qualities, such as Young, Brown, Black, White, (why does no nation use Blue as a family name? All other decided colors are used by one or the other,) Mercer, Carpenter, Carter, Smith are common every where; but names of a differ-

Chase; that Peter Augustine Kimball, of Ipswich, may take the name of Augustine Phillips Kimball; that William Micklefield, junior, minor, son of Mary Magruth, of Salem, may take the name of Thomas Morris; that Daniel Putnam, junior, and William Putnam, second, sons of Daniel Putnam, esquire, of Danvers, may severally take the names of Daniel Franklin Putnam and William Richardson Putnam; that Timothy Dow Plumer, minor, son of Nathan Plumer, of Newburyport, may take the name of Charles Henry Plumer; that Helen Elizabeth Cook, and that Joseph Augustus Edwin Long Cook, minor, children of John Cook, junior, of Newburyport, may take the respective names of Helen Mar Cook and Joseph Augustus Cook; that Pedro Blasina, of Beverly, may take the name of Edward Harrington; that Margaret Welman McMillan, of Salem, may take the name of Margaret Ann Maskall; that Cynthia Clarinda Dennis Young, minor, daughter of Levi Young, of Ipswich, may take the name of Cynthia Clarinda Young; that Nathaniel Rogers Lane, of Gloucester, may take the name of Fitz Henry Lane; that Daniel Jackson Doggett, of Ipswich, may take the name of Daniel Jackson Akerman; that Lucy Lord Doggett, wife of the said Daniel Jackson Doggett, may take the name of Lucy Lord Akerman; that Joseph L. Doggett, may take the name of Joseph Lord Akerman; that Sarah L. Doggett, may take the name of Sarah Lord Akerman; that Lucy M. Doggett, may take the name of Lucy Maria Akerman; that Susan L. Doggett, may take the name of Susan Lord Akerman; that Walter P. Doggett, may take the name of Walter Phillips Akerman; the last five above-named persons are minor children of the said Daniel Jackson Dogget; that Daniel Wardwell, the third, of Andover, Mehitable Putnam Wardwell, wife of the said Daniel, that Susan Putnam Wardwell, minor, daughter of the said Daniel Wardwell, may each respectively take the surname of Davenport, instead of Wardwell; that Morris Hern, of Rowley, may take the name of Morris Hersey; that Joseph Wormwood, of Lynn, that Susan Wormwood, wife of the said Joseph, and that Eliza Ellen Wormwood, daughter of the said Joseph, may each respectively take the surname of Everett instead of Wormwood;—all of the county of Essex. That Charles Carter, minor, son of Jacob Carter, of Leominster, may take the name of Charles Augustus Carter; that Stillman Hoar, of Sterling, may take the name of Stillman Haven; that Hannah Ward Hoar, wife of the said Stillman Hoar, may take the name of Hannah Ward Haven; that Oscar Dextor and Ward Knowlton, minor sons of said Stillman Hoar, may severally take the surname of Haven; that Jonathan Fairbanks, of Leominster, may take the name of Henry Fairbanks; that Samuel Granger, of New Braintree, may take the name of Edwin Granger; that Thomas Law-

ent signification, and many of which are derived from baptismal names, such as Jackson, Andrews, Williams, Jones, Hamilton, Patterson, are very frequent. You have only to look at a directory of any of our large places, to convince

rence, second, of Leominster, may take the name of Thomas Edmunds; that John Babcock, of Fitchburg, may take the name of John B. Marshall; that Nathaniel Bradford, of Fitchburg, may take the name of Gustavus Lyman; that Ann Maria Keyes, of Ashburnham, may take the name of Almira Keyes; that Thomas Woodbury Gaffield, of Grafton, may take the name of George Woodbury Hale; that Oliver Goodridge of Lunenburg, may take the name of Oliver Newton Goodrich; that Abiel Murdock, junior, of Leominster, may take the name of Thomas A. Murdock; that William Meriam, junior, of Ashburnham, may take the name of William Sanborn Meriam; that Nabby Willis, of Charlton, may take the name of Abigail Ellis Willis; that Mary L. B. Wiswall, of Westminster, may take the name of Mary Lyman; that Sarah Crouch, of Bolton, may take the name of Sarah Alvira Nelson; that Jefferson Beers, of Spencer, may take the name of Edward Beman; that Samuel Bullen, of Charlton, may take the name of Samuel Boyden; and that Adams S. Bullen, of said Charlton, may take the name of Adams Boyden;—all of the county of Worcester. That Moses C. Danforth, of Lowell, and that Pamelia Danforth, wife of the said Moses C. Danforth, may severally take the surname of Monroe instead of Danforth; that John Henry Blasker, of Lowell, may take the name of John Henry Blake; that Jame Nichols, junior, of Reading, may take the name of James Churchill Nichols; that Vashti Brigam Barns, of Reading, may take the name of Mary Jane Barns; that Haslet McManagle, of Marlborough, may take the name of Haslet McKay; that Nancy McManagle, wife of the said Haslet, that Ann, his daughter, and that William Pinkerton, his son, may respectively take the surname of McKay instead of McManagle; that Ephraim Littlefield, of Holliston, minor son of Oliver P. Littlefield, deceased, may take the name of Ephraim Oliver Prescott Littlefield; that Benjamin Thompson, of Charlestown, may take the name of Benjamin Lowell Thompson; that Samuel Matticks Ellenkittle, of Townsend, may take the name of William Matticks Rogers; that James Kidder, minor child of James Kidder, junior, of Watertown, may take the name of James Hosmer Kidder; that Jason Chamberlain Smith, of Holliston, may take the name of Jason Smith; that Anna Damon, of Reading, may take the name of Anna Pratt;—all of the county of Middlesex. That Isaac Mahtoa Wansongthi Adams, of Brooklyn, may take the name of Isaac Mahtra Wansongthi Adams; that Franklin Oakes, of Cohasset, minor son of Levi Oakes, may take the name of Benjamin Franklin Oakes; that Martin Spear, of Dedham, may take the name of Henry Forrister Spear;—all of the county of Norfolk. That Anna Mayo, of Eastham, may take the name of Anna Doane Mayo; that Lucy Knowles, of Eastham, may take

yourself of the truth of this remark. This paucity of names, which exists in England, likewise, though not in so great a degree as, with ourselves, (except in Wales,) creates, of course, much confusion, which people are sometimes desirous of escaping by a change of name.

It happens, besides, very frequently, in the United States, that property is left to a certain person on condition of his changing his name for that of the testator; thus exhibiting again a strong desire of perpetuating a certain name.

The growing up of family names, as well as the peculiar distinction of Roman names, into *prænomina*, *nomina*, and *cognomina*, have served as grounds for various broad remarks as to the history of civilization. I will not here trouble you with my notions on this subject, but merely relate to you a fact of great interest, with which you might not become acquainted otherwise. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his Narrative of an Expedition to Itasca Lake, the Actual Source of the Mississippi, in 1832, (New York, 1834,) says, in page 146, "The most striking trait in their (the Indians)

the name of Lucy Harding Knowles; that Thankful Hallet Bray, of Yarmouth, may take the name of Susan Augusta Bray;—all of the county of Barnstable.—That Ignatius Loring, of Great Barrington, may take the name of Almon Ignatius Loring; that Grosvenor Curtis, of Egremont, may take the name of Harvey Grosvenor Curtis;—both in the county of Berkshire. That John Foster, junior, of Scituate, may take the name of John Hatherly Foster;—of the county of Plymouth. That Calvin Hoar, of Northampton—that Phœbe Hoar, wife of the said Calvin—that William Patrick, and Samuel Johnson, children of the said Calvin, may each respectively take the surname of Hoyt instead of Hoar;—all of the county of Hampshire. That Elisha Hunt, of Northfield, in the county of Franklin, may take the name of Elisha Watriss Hunt. That Martha Leavett Mayhew, an adopted daughter of Leavett Thaxter, of Edgartown, in the county of Dukes, may take the name of Martha Leavett Thaxter; that Nancy S. Covell, of New Bedford, may take the name of Nancy S. Blackmere; that Abigail Gifford, daughter of John Gifford, of Westport, may take the name of Abby Gifford; that Isaac Hathaway, of New Bedford, may take the name of Isaac Franklin Hathaway; all in the county of Bristol;—and the several persons herein mentioned are hereby allowed to take and hereafter be known by the respective names which by this act they severally are authorized to assume.

Approved by the Governor, March 13, 1832.

moral history, is the institution of the *tontem*—a sign manuel, by which the affiliation of families is traced, agreeing more exactly, perhaps, than has been supposed, with the armorial bearings of the feudal ages. And this institution is kept up with a feeling of importance, which it is difficult to account for. An Indian, as is well known, will tell his specific name with great reluctance, but his generic or family name,—in other words his tontem,—he will declare without hesitation, and with an evident feeling of pride." The philosophy of this is like that of the prohibition of mentioning the name of his Chinese majesty. He is emperor, and that is all. All individuality is merged in the general idea of sovereignty—the same principle as that of the French, *le roi est mort, vive le roi.*

And now the tester of my letter, having lasted so long, at length breaks down, and I wish you a good night.*

* The author speaks, in this letter, of American fickleness respecting names. In as far as this relates to names of places, it is not peculiar to the inhabitants of the United States, but results from certain relations inherent in countries so newly and rapidly peopled as many parts of North America. But lately the name of York, in Upper Canada, was changed back into its ancient Indian name of Toronto.—Editor.

LETTER XIV.

Utica is a fine and friendly looking city. You are acquainted with the astonishing rapidity of its growth, owing, chiefly, to its peculiarly favorable situation on the canal, and in a point where many channels of a large productive country concentrate. In the year 1794, the place contained nineteen families; at present, it counts above 10,000 inhabitants. This city, by the way, affords one of the few instances in which the name of an individual might, with perfect propriety, be bestowed upon a place. Instead of calling a town, which owes its peculiar character as to beauty and importance to its inland situation, after an ancient seaport, chiefly renowned for the suicide of noble Cato, would not Clinton have been a more appropriate appellation, after him whose monument Utica as well as many other thriving places on the canal may be considered? This name, it seems to me, would have had all the requisites of a good geographical appellation; and if, in former ages, men were called after places, places may well be called now after men, provided there be a strong reason for it, and the name have not too strongly assumed the character of a personal designation. I cannot help considering it in bad taste to call a town Smith or Taylor.

Utica is remarkable in the history of civilization, for when she was made a city in 1832, an express prohibition against licensing shops for retailing ardent spirits was inserted in her charter,—a restriction made, probably, for the

first time, in the history of the world, though temperance societies existed as early as in the middle ages.

The main street of Utica, like that of every other place in the Union, if at all considerable in size, exhibits a large collection of those vast shops or stores of all kinds, which, in the great numbers in which they are scattered over the whole country, seem to me quite peculiar to the United States, and to indicate the immense consumption of their inhabitants. In England, especially in London, retail shops of extraordinary size, with twenty and thirty people in them, to wait on the customers, may be found; but they are not so frequent in the smaller places. The spacious shops, or stores, as the Americans call them, of ironmongers, druggists, grocers, and for the sale of earthen ware, &c., have always astonished me. They prove, on a larger scale, what you see continually on a smaller one in your own house, in the streets, &c., that the American consumes more than any other human being, in respect to victuals, dress, and domestic concerns. There is not so much patching, pasting, puttying, in the United States, as in other countries, especially on the European continent; and when, in 1833, the judges of a court in Kentucky had to decide in a specific case, of what "a decent new suit of clothes," to be furnished to apprentices on the expiration of their term of service is to consist, the bench decided that it ought to be worth fifty dollars. Broad-cloth is here much dearer than in Europe, I own; yet this sum, large for the case, may serve you as indicating, in a degree, the "standard of comfort," which altogether is much higher in this country than any where else, if we speak of the industrial classes. Servants live infinitely better here than in Europe. If we could obtain as accurate statements respecting consumption of all kinds in any large place in the United States, as we possess of Paris, we would be astonished at the statistical results. I have made out some calculations of the kind from the lists of importations, but I think it will be better to reserve these statistics for another opportunity; for they will serve as the

basis of some farther reflections, too extensive, and of too numerical a character, for these familiar letters. My desire is to give some scientific work on the United States; and, there, tables and calculations of this kind will be more in their place.—"Very bad men, very bad, throw away best things," said once a Chinese servant to me, when I spoke with him on this country, in comparison with his. Poor fellow! the contrast must be great, to be sure, with his dishes made of every part of animals; and I, too, thought of the sheep entrails boiled with maize, which I was forced to eat in Corinth, and which hunger was able to make me swallow but not to relish.

The object of the greatest interest to me, in Utica, was a weigh-lock—an American invention if I am not mistaken. The toll for freight on the canal is proportionate to weight. To arrive at the weight of a cargo, gauges are commonly used: this is the process of weighing, for instance, in England; another means is used here. A steelyard on a gigantic scale is constructed; the scale, formed in a manner that the bottom of a vessel fits conveniently in it, hangs by three pairs of iron rods on a strong iron beam, which rests and plays on three nice points of steel. To this large iron beam another is fastened perpendicularly in a horizontal plain, forming the arm from which the scale, destined for the weights, depends. The whole is so balanced, that one pound in this latter scale balances one hundred pounds in the large scale; and, with such a degree of nicety is the whole machinery made, that quarter pounds are used as weights, which, of course, counterbalance twenty-five pounds in the large scale. This hangs down into a small basin, communicating with the canal, with which it can be disconnected by a lock. Whenever a boat is to be weighed the lock is opened, and the vessel floats into the basin between the iron rods of the scale, which is now under its bottom. The lock is closed, and by another lock the water is discharged from the basin, so that within a short time the whole boat hangs dry in the scale. Weights are now placed in the weigh-

ing scale; the original burden of the boat, the testimony of which every boatman carries with him, is deducted from the gross weight, and the toll is paid accordingly. The weight of the boat and cargo on which I saw the operation performed, was sixty two tons or 136,000 pounds; much heavier cargoes, however, are weighed. When the whole was balanced, I was able, literally, to move by my little finger, 136,000 pounds up and down. When the lock has admitted again a sufficient quantity of water, and the boat is once more set afloat, the first lock is opened, and the boat floats out. The operation of weighing, which I witnessed, lasted from the time the boat entered the lock to its sailing out again, nine minutes; but three or four minutes must be deducted, as the weigh-master had to fetch a lantern, it having grown dark. He assured me that when the people on board the boat understand the details of the whole operation, and no unnecessary delay takes place, he can weigh any boat in less than four minutes. I could not learn the name of the author of this invention, the more interesting as it is the bold application of a simple principle known to every one. In the cathedral of Pisa, the work of Buschetto, the worthy Greek architect, I found the following inscription on the monument erected in his honor:

Quod vix mille bovum possent juga juncta movere,
Ed quod vix potuit per mare ferre rates,
Busketi nisu, quod erat mirabile visu,
*Dena puellarum turba levabat onus.**

The engineer who invented the weigh-locks, deserves to be celebrated in a similar manner, though, it is to be hoped, in a better style.

About fourteen miles north of Utica, are the Trenton Falls. Before you reach them, you have to pass over the heights, which form the basin or kettle, as the German to-

* "A burden, which hardly could be moved by a thousand yokes of oxen, and which the vessel could hardly carry over the sea, has been lifted, a marvel to see it! through the exertion of Buschetto, by ten girls." Near Philadelphia is a weigh-lock of the same kind, and, probably, they are now to be found on other canals in the Union.—EDITOR.

pographer calls it, in which Utica is situated. From them you have a fine view of the whole. Utica lies before you, as in a nest, well-bedded. The Trenton Falls are formed by the West Canada Creek, a river—though called with us a creek, which empties into the Mohawk, but which, like the Missouri, has been wronged out of its name, and is, properly speaking, the upper part of the Mohawk, as the Missouri is the upper part of the Mississippi. I send you a description of Trenton Falls, by John Sherman, "through whose instrumentality the now celebrated Trenton Falls were prepared for examination, and brought into public notice." You must endeavor to pick out for yourself the interesting facts from the chaff of poetico-religious prating, to which, as yet, the Americans are certainly more given than any other civilized nation. Many books, indeed, in whatever language, when the subject matter is natural scenery, descend into this verbose and therefore unfelt "enthusemusy;" but the Americans excel in that style of description, which the Germans would call a "screwed" admiration of nature.—True, deep-felt delight at the beauties of nature, is silent, or it speaks a language very easily to be distinguished from that cant, which carries with it the proof that he who utters it thinks of himself and his words far more than of the subject which, as he pretends, causes his transport. A rude or blunt man, who feels nothing at beholding nature's magnificence, or charms, is no agreeable companion; but, if I must choose, I would a thousand times prefer him to a sentimental prattler. It was, undoubtedly, disgust, caused by artificial raptures or swollen, yet hollow phrases, which induced Göthe, when one day he visited some of the finest points around Jena, in company of some ladies, and they were soaring high on "the winged words," to turn round to a gentleman and drily to say, "Let us eat some of the sausage, while the ladies are so busily admiring."

The Trenton Falls are most romantic. I went to see them with a young clergyman of Boston, but now settled in Kentucky, who felt, and, therefore, did not say much, and whose acquaintance, I value as a real acquisition. It had rained

for several days previous to our visit, and the Canada was, consequently, very much swollen, so that the narrow foot paths, or I ought to say foot-steps, hewn in the rocks, were covered by the hurrying waves of the river, which tumbled like melted amber, graced with early snow from rock to rock, and we had to walk, sometimes with no little danger, for several hours bare foot in the water. But we were well repaid; no visiters disturbed us, and we could quietly enjoy the many beauties and variegated charms of this delightful spot, which looked as if made for the reveries of Petrarch. What nooks, and corners, and steep walls, cascades on cascades; what whirling and tumbling of the water, rushing with such rapidity, that you are unable to follow with your eyes a branch thrown in! The sound of the falling waters seemed to me, by two tones higher than that of the Niagara, which appeared to me to be G on the first line in the bass. I believe I am not mistaken, as I ascertained repeatedly the sound by my own voice, and verified it, as soon as I found a piano.

A man who suffers seriously with the *mania comparationis*, which seems to be a very common disease among all civilized nations, might compare the general character of the Trenton Falls to that of Saxon Switzerland, though there is no tumbling waterfall in that country equal to the cascades of the Canada at Trenton. The person who first called the mountain scenery of Upper Misnia, Saxon Switzerland, must himself have been grievously afflicted with this mania, which, in spite of its universality, has not been enumerated by any Rush, Pinel, Esquirol, Horn, or Heinroth; and certainly he has not done any service either to the scenery or the traveller. People seem to think that they elevate a pony by comparing it to an an Eclipse or Henry; but Bolivar remains Bolivar, though you may call him the Washington of the South. It is always forgotten that nothing recoils with such malignant force, as misplaced, or hypocritical, or servile comparison: no one laughs at the frog, until puffed up and comparing himself with the bull.*

* We perfectly agree with the author. The *mania comparationis*, as he calls it, is so common, because it is the abuse of a general principle. We

There is, near the largest of the cascades which constitute the Trenton Falls, a horizontal plateau of rock, on which abundant spray is continually falling. When we visited this spot, at half past eleven o'clock, on June 22d, the sun formed a rain-bow horizontally over this plateau, about a foot from the ground. It surrounded us in a semicircle, of a very short diameter, and, of course, moved with our movements, presenting altogether a very striking appearance.

If you go from Utica to Lockport, by land, you have the advantage of passing through a number of truly lovely places, which seem quietly to flourish there in the west, under the benign influence of the sun of liberty, shedding his enlivening rays upon a blessed and fertile country. No places in the world can make a finer impression, than Onondaga, Skaneateles, Auburn, (where you will not omit to visit the State-Prison, though standing in bold contrast with the smiling country around,) Geneva, and, before all, sweet Canandaigua; from here you must go to Rochester, a wonder of the west, and then proceed either by the Ridge Road, or by canal to Lockport.

The Ridge Road is very interesting in a geological or topographic, or, I should say, in a hodological view, to make a new word; because nature has acted here, for once, as *ingénieur des ponts et chaussées*, and made a convenient and even road of gravel from Rochester to Lewiston, a distance of eighty-seven miles; while, generally, she wisely leaves the making of communications to man's activity. Its general width is from four to eight rods. Near the rivers Genessee and Niagara its elevation is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty feet. This height is also its elevation above Lake Ontario, from which it is distant from six to ten miles. There is a regular and

may say, we live upon comparison; the processes of thinking, of acquiring knowledge, of obtaining even simple ideas—are founded upon comparison; language subsists by comparison. But it is true, we must not abuse this principle, which all limited minds are but too prone to do. It is the cheapest kind of critique.—Editor.

gradual descent from the road to the lake, and no way of accounting for this ridge seems to exist without supposing that the surface of Lake Ontario was, at some former period, one hundred and thirty feet higher than at present. There is a similar ridge on the south side of Lake Erie, one hundred and twenty miles long.

It was while travelling on this Ridge Road, that I asked a farmer, who was one of my fellow passengers in the stage-coach where he originally came from; for he had told me, in the course of conversation, that he was not a native of the state of New York, where he had now a farm. "Why, sir," said the old man, "my wife is from Mansfield in Connecticut." Two young friends of mine, of Boston, burst out in a loud laugh; and I directly asked, "And you, too, are undoubtedly from New England?" He answered in the affirmative. He was a fine, good-humored old man, who had already invited me to stay a day or two with him. He had been above twenty-five years in this state, yet he had not got rid of the New England round-about-way of answering, which has so often provoked me. This anecdote, I think, is still more characteristic than that which Abbé Corea used to relate. He was travelling in New England, and observed, at a distance, a fine blue flower. "My boy," said he to a lad working in the field, "what's the name of that blue flower?" "Why," answered the boy, "that yellow flower is called cowslip." Here there was at least some ignorance to be concealed, as the boy did not know the name of the blue flower; but, in my case, nothing else could induce my otherwise frank companion to give his spiral answer, except the deep-rooted custom of the common New England people, never to say or admit at once and frankly "yes," "no," "this" or "that," but always to prefix an "I believe," or to suffix an "I think," or some such words. What would Fichte have said, in such a case; he who wished, and not without some good reason, to excommunicate the whole class of *indeterminative* phrases, such as, "as it were," "so to speak," "one might say," "in a

degree," "if I may say so," the many "perhaps," "might," "may be," &c. So much is certain, that the less sound and firm a writer, the more he resorts to these qualifying expressions. On the other hand, the adopted style of some languages is much more timid than that of others. In the same degree as the Americans and English are more apt to adopt names and expressions of practical life in their writings than the Germans; they are more timid in using comparisons and metaphors; and you may use a hundred images in German prose, which you cannot introduce into English common writing without craving permission by a "so to speak," or putting over the glowing word an extinguisher, such as, "If I may use the expression."

I remember, soon after I had arrived in Boston, I asked a man, whether he had the key of a garden, where the gymnasium was, with him. "I believe," he answered, and the key was a big thing, large enough for a Briäreus to have known whether he had it or not in his pocket, and sufficiently long to fight a duel with, as the students of Upsala are said to fight them. It was long before I could accustom myself to this unmanly phraseology.

There are in the idiom of New England, a number of, what the first grammarian of the Yankee, will have to call round-aboutives, such as, I suspect, imagine, suppose, believe, judge, fancy, think, guess, reckon, calculate, conclude, rather think, am of opinion, am inclined to think, should think, should imagine, &c., all used where there is no intention to convey the idea of uncertainty. If this be the case, quite different expressions are requisite. There are whole phrases of a similar character, which it is not easy, at first, properly to appreciate. If you ask a thorough Yankee any thing, and he answers, "Hem, I don't know," the word *know* pronounced with a rising voice, you don't know whether he means "yes," or "no," or neither. If he answers, "I don't know," it means *no;* if he says, "I don't know that I shall," he means to express doubt; but if he answers, "I don't know but I shall," he means *yes*. The English, on the other hand,

continually throw in their—"you know," though it may be a case where a man cannot possibly know any thing. Thus, I was once conversing with an English gentleman, a friend of mine, when, in the course of conversation, he made me guess something. I answered rapidly, "I know," believing to have discovered the subject to which he referred, when he replied, "You can't know, whether you know it, you know." In the southern parts of Germany, the common people use the *wissen's*, (you know it,) in like manner as conversational suffix, or *interfix*, if you want it more accurately expressed.

In Rochester are some of the largest flour-mills in existence. It is really interesting to see, how here again, as in all other cases, true art and knowledge simplify the subject. There is more flower made, in a much neater way, by less expense and trouble, in one hour, in one of these mills than within whole days, in several others. Some years ago, I became acquainted with two millers, sent from Prussia, to study these mills of the west. They were delighted with them, and I suppose you know that Evans's Mill-wright's Guide has been republished in England and translated in France, probably in Germany too, and is altogether the standard authority, among the gentry, who still keep to hair powder. Thanks to him, who gave the decent, simple, fine name of Rochester to this place, whoever he may be, or have been. Perjury, was a crime so common with the old Franks, that a man was lauded, for never having perjured himself, as if he had been somewhat of a saint; so I think, ought those individuals, who, in this part of the country, have the moral courage to bestow a simple and proper name upon a place, be held up for public veneration.

At Lockport, (another decent name,) you will do well to take passage in a canal boat, after having examined the stairs, which the locks form here. They are at the foot of the Mountain Ridge, five in number, of twelve feet each, to rise, and five others to descend. The whole is of fine workmanship, and offers an interesting sight, when boats, full

of people, goods, and live stock, are rising sixty feet, and others close by, descending the same height. Between them, are convenient steps, with iron railings. Above Lockport, or, in fact, partly within the village, the cut begins, by which the Grand Canal has been lead a distance of three miles, at an average depth of twenty feet, through the rock of the Mountain Ridge. Lockport, contains, at present, four thousand inhabitants.

The native of New England is found here, as all over the Union, chiefly, however, besides his own part of the country, in all western states. It is remarkable how often you are reminded in the course of your journey, of New England activity. You see a large "academy building" on the road, and ask your fellow travellers, Who keeps it? Mr. Such-a-one. Where does he come from?" From New England. You hear of a good country school-master: you ask, which is his native state? A New England state. You ask, who was the engineer of this rail-road, or that canal? A New England man. Who keeps this tavern so well in Rochester? A New England man. Where did this rich farmer come from, who inherited nothing and has arrived at immense wealth? He came from Connecticut. Many of the most eminent lawyers and merchants, in different cities of the Union, came originally from New England. If you ask, who pursues the whale on the distant main, far up to the north, and who goes "sealing" on the New Shetland Islands? It is New England men. Who keeps up that brisk coasting trade? the modest but most important part of marine commerce. New England captains command the vessels. Who are the owners of this manufactory, which consumes so large amount of domestic produce? New England men.

If you make out a list of the members of congress, and of governors of the new western states, according to their birth places, you will find among them, a disproportionate number of New England men.—And these are the worthless people of certain travellers! If they have ways and customs of their own, which are not pleasing to a visiter, if those

among them who have not travelled are sometimes infatuated as to their country and climate, they are, at worst, but like most people. Besides, I reason from results. A people who do what they do; who, at their elections, behave as they do, must be considered a valuable part of our Union. Take it away, and you slacken the bow-string.

In going to the west of New York, you have to pass through the Genesee country, the delight of wheat-growing farmers, and which reminded me of Göthe's exclamation, when passing through Naples' happy fields and endless gardens: Yes here it is worth the while to cultivate the ground.

Far from agreeing, as a politician, with those writers who wish to see the right of representation attached to landed property only—a system, which, at one time, when the great mass of intelligence found a pretty fair standard in landed property, was sound, but which the noble struggle fought by the cities of the middle ages for all mankind, ought to be considered as having dismantled for ever; and equally far from agreeing as a political economist with that school, which considers the cultivation of the soil as the only source of national wealth—I, nevertheless, consider, both in an historical and political view, the condition of the cultivator of the soil as invariably one of the most interesting subjects which any nation can offer to our observation.

In America there is no peasant; I do not mean that there is no bondsman, that is a matter of course; but the American farmer forms no class by himself. He is a citizen to all intents and purposes, not only as to political rights, but as to his whole standing and social connexion. No views of his own, no dress distinguish him, from the inhabitant of the towns. He is no conipode, no rusticus, no Jaque Bonhomme,* no villain, or boor. He is a farmer, and may be rich or poor; that is all the difference. This circumstance seems to me of great importance in our whole national orga-

* Conipode means dust-footer, a nick name given by the inhabitants of ancient Greek cities to the peasants; Jaque Bonhomme was the nickname given by the French nobility to the peasantry, keeping quiet to be fleeced. —Editor.

nization, and would alone account for numerous phenomena, which foreigners often seem unable to explain.

The condition of the cultivator of the soil will always afford one of the standards by which to estimate the general amount of liberty enjoyed by a nation; at any rate, it will always form an important item of the scale, and nearly every peasant war, if at all of a general character, has been in consequence of advancing civilization, whatever the appearance of it may have been at the moment; however ferociously the peasant,—treated like a beast and breaking loose like a beast,—may often act. We may turn with horror from the revolting cruelties which often, perhaps, generally have stained these wars, yet not on one side alone; the masters have shown as much cruelty as the insurgents, yet, as I said, these insurrections have been nearly always in consequence of the spreading of some general, broad ideas; whatever may have been the immediate cause for the outbreaking, whether it be of a religious, political or physical character, only excepting mere accidental causes, such as the cholera, and the consequent suspicion of the Hungarian peasants. Often enough, it is true, their struggles have ended by a total submission of the cultivator; hardly ever has he risen from the lowest and most degraded state, without a struggle, the fiercer, the more degraded the struggler had previously been; until in modern times, concessions have sometimes been made by the intelligence of the rulers alone. Such was the abolition of all service attached to the soil in Prussia. But whether Prussia would have been led to this peaceable change at that time, without similar changes having taken place in other countries, where they were obtained after fearful contests only, is another question. The rise in the scale of social and political existence, of the *farmer*, is a much more melancholy subject than the gradual rise of the mechanics and industrious commoner, but of equal importance; and I repeat it, whatever cruelties of the peasant we meet with in studying this subject, our opinion of their masters will not be exalted, neither in Eng-

land, France, Germany, or Hungary. The Stellinger, the ancient Saxon peasants, the peasants in Switzerland, in Normandy, in Jutland and Schonen, the Stedinger, these noble Frisians, the Pastoureaux in the south of France, the Jacquerie, the peasants under Wat Tyler, Ball and Straw, the Curuczians or the Hungarian peasants under George Dosa—all prove the truth of what I say. It has been long, and after much, and, oftentimes, apparently unsuccessful struggling, that the farmer has elevated himself throughout a large country, to that station, which he now occupies. Instances do indeed exist, that in former times, the free peasants of a small country were as jealous of their rights, ready to defend them, and proud enough of their condition, as the Ditmarsians, that intrepid and most noble band, which nevertheless was doomed to perish. Yet in most cases the farmer has either risen from actual slavery or servitude, to independence; or he had been reduced from a state of a free proprietor, to that of fettered and stinted ownership, by long continued attacks of the stronger, by way of force or fraud, and had to emerge again.

The American farmer generally owns the land he cultivates in fee simple; what he gains is his. He is intelligent, thinks, and knows how to converse on his affairs. I have never received from one a stupid answer. He loves his country, yet has no especial attachment to the peculiar spot of his birth, which, however, I believe nowhere exists in any great degree, except where the farmer cannot move. If he sees before him a noble country, where he can buy for a dollar and a quarter an acre of ground, yielding abundant crops and affording him the greatest pleasure a farmer knows, that of seeing a fine soil willingly answer to his labors, it would be strange indeed were he to remain on a jealous earth, which seems to grudge the husbandman his well-earned reward. A proof of this may be found in the emigration by thousands and thousands of European peasants. On the whole, the American farmers are a hardy and well-disposed race. Homer's wise—

" Ημισυ γαὲ τ'ἀρετης ἀποαινυται εὐρύοπα Ζευς
'Ανέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δὰλιον ἡμαρ ἕλησιν."*

does not only continue to be true, but is also true reversed, and Jove *gives* half of the virtue with liberty.

That you should not seek for refined and minute husbandry among the farmers in the west, who have to plough between the stumps, because the labor to dig them out would cost more than would be gained from the spots thus obtained, is evident; and that, moreover, the facility with which a farmer can here obtain land, sometimes induces him to commit the common fault of farmers, of husbanding too much land, and thereby scattering his means, you may easily imagine. Bad as the soil is in the Mark Brandenburg, I have still but little doubt that in many places the farmer would obtain fair crops, could he be induced to abandon part of his land and cultivate the rest with greater care. The thirty years' war, which exterminated the inhabitants of some whole villages, threw too much land into the hands of the remainder. On the other hand, it is necessary to travel but a short distance toward the west, in order to be convinced how erroneous the frequent assertion is, that the Americans are more a commercial nation than any thing else; they are on the contrary, thus far essentially agricultural, that not only the vastly greater part of them are farmers, but also that their disposition is fitted for the farmer life. Every American loves farming. In this the Americans resemble the ancient Romans and the English, not the Greeks, who never were famous farmers.

If I say, you should not seek for refined and minute husbandry here, I speak of the west alone. In some parts of the same state of New York, which have been settled for a long time, and where the price of the land is not so exceedingly low, if compared to the price of labour, farms are found which

* Half of the virtue of man is taken away by far-sighted Jove, as soon as the day of slavery begins.—Editor.

are managed with minute care, in all the different branches of husbandry; so that the farmer does not only compete with the cultivator of the soil in other countries, as to his chief article—wheat, but even butter is exported in considerable quantity from the farms along the Hudson or near it. Some of the best butter, called Goshen butter, is exported to Malta and other places of the Mediterranean, where the best kind brings as much as a half-penny more per pound than the best English or Irish butter. Thus I have been told by a gentleman who had long resided in various ports of that sea. So we go; American butter sent to the shores of antiquity!

In the west of New York, probably, nine farms out of ten are owned in fee simple, though many (perhaps, as much as a third) are subject to mortgage. A lease is seldom for more than ten years, and for a rent in kind, or money, or wheat alone. The proportion of produce given as rent is, with few exceptions, (I speak, here, always of the western part of New York) one-third of the grain and one-half of the hay. This proportion is delivered to the lessee, ready for market, on or near the premises. On fine wheat land it amounts to about $2,50 per acre, for all the farm not in timber. Many recent leases are at about $2 per acre, for the cleared land. One-third or fourth of a farm is generally reserved in timber. One hundred acres is the magnitude of fair farms. Those persons who occupy less, carry on, besides, some trade, or take jobs and work on larger farms; few farms exceed five hundred acres. Many consider the largest farmers the best cultivators; and the character of the cultivation is here, of course, as every where else, governed by the relation between price of labor and price of land, as I said before. Throughout the United States, as compared with Europe, labor is dear and land cheap, and it is this which causes difference in American cultivation and agricultural improvements, and not, as is not unfrequently supposed, a want of industry or capacity for business in the agricultural

population. It is very obvious, that a farmer upon one of the western prairies, who gives $1,25 per acre for his land, seventy-five cents per diem to his laborers, and gets for his corn from ten to twenty cents per bushel, must adopt a different mode of agriculture from the European cultivator, who pays for his land many pounds per acre, a few pence per day to his laborers, and who gets for his products from ten to twenty times as much as the western farmer. Reverse the case, and let the English farmer pursue the American mode of cultivation, and vice versa, and one would be ruined about as soon as the other. Each must adapt himself to the given circumstances, and only thus can prosper. At least nine in ten of farm laborers in the west of New York, purchase or lease farms by the time they are twenty-five years of age. A majority of them go to the west, after having accumulated from 200 to 500 dollars, and purchase government lands. There are very few of the class of cottagers. Those who are so, I have been told, are generally found improvident, incompetent to take care of their earnings, intemperate, or the victims of unusual misfortunes. There are, as I said, few of them. The plough used throughout the state of New York is the cast iron mould board plough, patented by Wood, and found to answer better than any which have been tried of a different construction. I send you the drawing of it, the sacred weapon of the conquests of civilization: it differs essentially from yours, is simple, and seems to me very judiciously formed.

The American farmer appears to me, as a member of society, superior to the farmers of other countries with which I am acquainted; I mean the actual cultivators of the soil, and of large countries, the population of which is nearly equal in number to the inhabitants of the United States; for there are spots in Europe where the farmer is certainly superior in some respects to the American farmer in general, for instance Altenburg. I have not sufficient personal acquaintance with the English common cultivator, but accord-

ing to what I know of him, and to conclude from various circumstances, I should believe him not to be superior. So I consider the American mechanic, intelligent, industrious, and well-disposed in general. They, like the rest of mankind, labor sometimes under delusions and seek to redress evils, such as a diminution of demand of their articles, by means which, by this time, experience ought to have exploded; but I hold my remark to be true, in general.

The degree of physical comfort and mental development, in which the two large classes of a nation live—those engaged in husbandry and the common mechanics, is of so vital an interest to society, and a clear knowledge of it so indispensable for the formation of a correct idea of a nation, that it has appeared to me necessary to reduce those vague expressions, as, "the farmer of such a country is a superior being;" "a greater stock of ideas is to be found among them;" "the mechanic of such a country is more intelligent," and others of the kind, to distinct nations, if we be at all desirous of comparing two countries, decidedly different in their character. You do not believe that I am guilty of the sin of statistical temerity, which declares that there is "but one prophet and one truth"—the tabulary form, and acts as if the most delicate relations of the human society were tangible by numerical calculations; but, on the other hand, you know also both my conviction, that in no case in which an extensive subject lies before us, we can hope for any degree of accuracy in our knowledge, without analyzing the matter and abandoning wholesale thoughts and phrases, and the great value I put upon the collection of any statistical data, on whatever subject it be (and, were we in possession of a correct statement of the number of carious teeth in a large place, or how many pints of tears have been poured forth in a year, or how often people have given their most decided opinion on subjects they do not know, or how many books have been read, and how few thoughts been gained, &c.,—all these would furnish valuable data to a Guerry or

Quetelet: and altogether, I think, could we but arrive at domestic statistics, they would prove more important than those relating to national affairs.)

I have, therefore, endeavored to analyze the physical and mental life of these classes into its component parts, and thus tried to arrive at a more definite knowledge. I will not give you here the tables which I have drawn up for this purpose, because a statistical work would be a fitter place for them, and you shall have them sooner or later. I will but give you an idea of them, so that you may decide whether I am likely to have arrived at the truth in judging of the American farmer and mechanic.

The first division is Physical Comfort; some of the most important items under this head are, what constitutes the great bulk of nourishment, (potato, rye, wheat, or rice &c.;) and is it the same food with that of the better classes or of a totally different substance? how often do people eat meat, what is their chief beverage (beer, wine, grog, &c.;) clothing, (of what does it consist? what is it worth? &c.;) Domestic Comfort; what houses do they live in, crowded or not? cleanliness; in what station is the woman? &c.

If I speak of dear or cheap &c., I always use these terms with reference to the value of a common day's labor, as unit, and with reference to a comparison of this value of a day's labor, to the daily expenses of an individual, considered in a common comfortable situation.

Further questions are, whether the people are generally good looking, of what race, and whether peculiar in an anatomical view. Then comes the State of Agriculture, whether quite rude, whether improved, whether the results of science are continually applying to it, or stationary; whether utensils are home-made or bought; cattle, &c. Are there societies for its furtherance, or not, &c.

Character. Cowardly or courageous; open and manly, independent, gay or morose, fond of drinking, hunting, love of country; seafaring men, mountaineers; whether provident or not, &c.

Civil State. Participation in government, justice, &c.; criminal laws; corvées, military laws; castes, or equality.

Intellectual State. Education, reading, writing, &c., of males and females; at whose expense the schools are kept; poetry, whether acquainted with national poetry or not, romances, &c.; music; knowledge in general; reflective; inventive; whether they form a progressing society or a stationary, striving for improvement; are the history and the laws of the country generally known; division of labor; public amusement; love of dance; is there much police of government; colors of dress, and whether national; influence of clergy, and their condition and learning; knowledge of value of time; state of medicine; popular belief in supernatural powers, &c.

This may serve to give you a very general idea of my plan and tables. More I do not attempt to offer you here. The last division contains more especially those ideas, for the amount of which we have to inquire, in order to ascertain more clearly the intellectual state of a given tribe; I mean, for instance, the ideas of right and wrong (how different are these in a Bushman, a Turk, an American) of attachment to the soil and society; (wandering, hunting, settled community, lively interest in the welfare of the community, public spirit,) value of time (Indian, Turk, Spaniard, Englishman;) family attachment and care for the young; combination of forces and division of labor (Patagonian, numerous companies in England and here;) fine arts, taste, &c.; religion, &c.

After this test, I have given my above opinion of the American farmer, though he is, with regard to some items enumerated above, very deficient, and far inferior to the Italian husbandman for instance. But in order to ascertain how near I have come to the truth, more is necessary than the mere observation of outward signs. What are outward signs! deceptive indeed, if not well and cautiously weighed. Suppose a foreigner goes to the continent of Europe; the first thing which strikes him may be an odd title,

conscientiously pronounced each time that the name of the person is mentioned, who perhaps wears a little riband in his button-hole, such as in the country of the traveller children only, and that but very young ones, would dare to wear. Would he be warranted in setting down the whole people as a childish race, which pays attention to such unmanly decorations? He may read in the official paper of some government, that a certain counsellor in a distant provincial place, received a snuff-box with diamonds from his monarch, that he placed it on a table in his house, and invited all his acquaintance to come and view it. The traveller may, with perfect propriety, compare the account of this affair with a similar one, in the Peking Gazette, in which the public are informed, that Governor Lee of Canton has received the peacock feather; that it was placed in the great audience room of the gubernatorial palace, and there received the honor due to this sign of imperial grace and favor.

But would our foreigner be justified in going farther in the comparison of the two governments, nations and countries? That man who wears the little riband in his button-hole or who lays out the snuff-box for the admiration of his friends, may be a man of independent character, zealously working for the true benefit of his country,—perhaps (it happens often, indeed,) despising these very signs, while the monarch who bestows them, knows, too, that by no means always the most worthy obtain them. Yet he uses them as a means, following the advice of Horace, with a slight modification: *Misce stultitiam pecuniæ brevem;* and—such things often are connected with a thousand extraneous matters, from which it is impossible to disentangle them in the moment. Every form of government has its sham, though, undoubtedly with some there is a far greater quantity of it than with others.

During my tour through this part of the Union, I remarked again what had always struck me as peculiar to this country, wherever I have travelled in it—the absence of cripples. Here there are no hunch-backed sextons as in Italy,

no deformed hostlers, no lame in the street. Are such persons merely removed from the observation of the traveller, or are, in general, families better able to provide for these unhappy beings, so that their misfortunes are not so much exposed to the view of any but their friends? We cannot account in this way for the rare sight of deformed persons in the United States. Deformity is actually of comparatively rare occurrence. Any inquiry into the subject will show the fact. On the continent of Europe deformed persons are not of very rare occurrence, even in the better classes; here they are nearly unknown.

Whether the comparative ease of child-birth in this country can be considered as one of the causes of the fact in question, I do not know; but, in my opinion, it certainly does not form the chief one; the two following causes are, perhaps, the true ones. In the first place, the Americans have, in a considerable degree, adopted the English treatment and management of infants, in which, as in every thing else appertaining to physical education, the English so vastly excel the nations of the European continent. The free play, which is allowed to every limb of an English baby, together with the whole treatment, contributes certainly not a little to the formation of those fine figures we meet with in England. A hundred unhappy ways of incasement, and of fettering the tender limbs of the young creatures, together with the most injurious systems of nourishment, are yet common on the continent of Europe, especially with the lower classes. Whoever has seen the infant of a German or Italian peasant, and does not declare that its remaining alive in spite of all parental care and love, proves that man is made of the toughest material in the universe, as if in him the durability of glass had been united to the pliability of Indian rubber, can be no lover of truth.

Secondly, American parents seldom leave their young children entirely without capable attendants, or under the care of children but a little older than the infants themselves.

You rarely see here a child of two years dragged about by a little sister of perhaps ten, and both in danger of deformity, the one by being exposed to falls, the other by carrying a burden much too heavy for its yet undeveloped limbs.

It might be thought that at a later age, American children are quite as much exposed to accidents, calculated to induce deformity, as with us; for a more independent, and, I may add, more daring race, than that of American boys, I think does not exist. Climbing, riding, driving, sailing, shooting, are *arts* which they cultivate with great zeal and boldness. Perhaps this very independence at this age, contributes to make them better fitted to take care of themselves, and to escape unhurt, where others would be injured. Yet I would not give much for this argument; for the obvious reason, that deformity may be brought on by a single mishap, such as these independent boys daily run the risk of.

I like American boys very much; there are a frankness and boldness about them, which please me greatly. They are, when very young, not unfrequently fine looking, and it appears to me that, in this respect, the Americans are like the Jews. Their children are beautiful, and again, their old men are fine looking, because the good looks of Jews and Americans consist much more in the delineations of the bones, than in any thing else; their young and middle aged men, therefore, do not strike me as generally good looking. A set of less attractive faces than those you meet with in some of the northern houses of representatives, can hardly be imagined. So hollow, care-worn, and looking almost as sour as their cider actually is.

Speaking of babies, I was reminded of a little thing well bandaged from chin to toe, which, during my residence in Gensano, near Rome, a woman used to bring to an old cobbler, who worked in the noblest workshop I ever yet have seen—under heaven's canopy. The baby was provided with two bands, fastened like leading strings, and near the

proud cobbler, who "mended bad soles" right opposite my window, was an iron hook; on this the woman would hang her baby by the leading strings, with a, "*Come sta, amico mio?*" "*Benone, grazia, cara mia grazia,*" said the light-hearted disciple of St. Crispin, who continued to hammer and sing away, while the little thing was hanging from the hook, dangling about and crying, its shoulders bent forward, and its arms hanging perpendiculaly down, as if it had been the intention of the mother to teach the child the position of a higher and more conspicuous hanging. After the child had screamed for a while, as if near its end, the mother would return from her errand or labor, and ask, "Well, my dear neighbor, how has the *bambina* been?"—"*Un' agnella, signora cara, una colombina,*" would the cobbler reply, having, perhaps, actually not heard the child bawling, as if its lungs had been made of the remains of a pair of blacksmith's bellows.

When I visited the Riesengebirge,* I once entered the log-house of one of the graziers, who live in the highest parts of this chain of mountains, and feed their cattle on the short but fine grass growing on what the Tyrolese call *Käs* and the Swiss *Alps*.† When I entered, I observed nobody in the room, but in one corner I saw a cradle, moving, apparently, without a rocking agent. Was I within enchanted walls? I approached the cradle, and a healthy looking baby was enjoying in it a sound sleep, its round little head moving and rolling on the pillow from one side to the other. Farther inquiry showed me that far from all the machine stirring world, a second Arkwright dwelt here on the mountain top; for the father of the baby had used, with great ingenuity, the rushing stream, which every grazier in this part leads through his dairy-room to keep his cream and butter

* The chain of mountains in Silesia.—Editor.

† Käs in Tyrol, and Alps in Switzerland, signify those small patches in the high mountains on which that fine grass grows, which is almost as thin as hair, and affords excellent pasture for dairy cattle.—Editor.

fresh, as the moving agent of the cradle. I defy any Yankee, with all his ingenious "improvement" of "water privileges," to beat our countryman here. Truly, I thought this looked like coming pretty near to the time when children are to be baptized by steam.

LETTER XV.

Buffalo, the western point of termination of the Grand Canal,* is an interesting place, both for its situation on Lake Erie, and its rapid growth, which it bids fair to continue for a long time. It is astonishing to see wide streets (a little too wide, indeed, like those of Washington) of handsome and high houses of the best appearance, where but a few years ago an inconsiderable village was all that was to be seen.

What is to be done, my dear friend, if the plan of a place is at once to be laid out? Wherever I have seen towns built according to a regular plan, they seemed to be failures, contrivances which look very well on paper, or sound well if you hear them described, but are very different in reality. From the concentric circles of Carlsruhe to the compound plan of Washington, all these places have a thousand inconveniences in practice, and as to the rectangular plan, on which Philadelphia, Mannheim, and many places here and in Europe are laid out—taste, in matters of this kind, is no subject of discussion, but I dislike the eternal sameness of this plan, if the place be of any considerable magnitude, particularly if to the rectangular prose be joined the abstract numbers

* Of this, as of all other canals and rail-roads, a brief, but instructive description is contained in "A brief Description of the Canals and Rail-roads of the United States, &c. By H. S. Tanner. Philadelphia, 1834." This small work is a useful addition to Mr. Tanner's large map of the United States, in four sheets.—Editor.

in the appellation of the streets. Man is a systematizing being, systematizing is, in part, thinking itself. Hence his fondness for seeing principles carried through; but very often principles only sound well, because they appear simple, while applied, they offer little for approbation. Such is to me the rule after which the Philadelphia streets are called. I have a peculiarly good sense of locality, and never lost my way in a foreign place, with the only exception of Philadelphia, where to this day I am continually obliged to ask, "What street is this; seventh, eighth, ninth?" while directions given to me, escape my mind much easier than those in other places, owing to the character of generality attached to all these numbered streets; and, as to the numbers combined with the letters of the alphabet, as in Washington, they require a man born for a mathematician, to remember these *viatic* formulas. A man may just as well remember

$$Cotang : (180° - \alpha) = -Cot. : \alpha,$$

as Mrs. So and So's, on the N. W. corner of B and Sixth and a Half streets.

Before I entered the city of Buffalo, close to it I found an instance which very strikingly exemplified the immense power which custom exercises. I saw a farmer's house built of stone, and having the appearance of being owned by a man of substantial wealth, yet, though of brick and spacious, it was built on the Westphalian plan, the cattle and horses standing with their heads turned into the barn, at the end of which are the hearth and sitting-room of the family. Here the farmer had the examples of much more convenient farm houses around him, he had all the means of imitating them, yet he followed a plan which originated in times when neither cleanliness, health, safety, nor even interest was made a subject of unprejudiced reasoning, and improvements were but rarely made. Thus the migrating nations in the beginning of the middle ages, carried a thousand customs with them into countries for which they were not calculated.

In the hotel the following card was given to me:—

STEAMBOAT UNITED KINGDOM,

AND EMIGRANT'S GUIDE.

		miles.		s.	d.
Distance from	Quebec to Montreal, - -	180	S. Boat	7	7
" "	Montreal to Prescott, - -	140	D. Boat	6	3
10s.	Prescott to Kingston, - -	70	S. Boat	5	0
	Kingston to Toronto, - -	180	"	7	6
	Toronto to Queenston, -	41	"	5	0
	Queenston to Chippawa, -	10	Wagon	2	6
20s.	Chippawa to Port Stanley,	150	S. Boat	15	0
	Port Stanley to Sandwich,	150	"	15	0
	Sandwich to the entrance of Lake Huron, - - -	70	"	7	6
	Entrance of Lake Huron to Goderich, - - - -	75	"	7	6
		1,036		£3	18 9

What distances and cheapness! The steamboat which I found here for Chicoga, I think I have already mentioned; in fine, distances are not considered in this country as in Europe; if they were, we should not have crept much beyond the Allegany mountains by this time. And what is the reason that a thousand miles in the United States are not as much as a thousand miles in Europe? There are several reasons for it, in my opinion. First, The early settlers had to think of many thousand miles off, whenever they thought of their beloved home. Thus, a far different unit by which to estimate other distances, was laid down in their minds. It is clear, that a person settling a hundred miles from them, could not appear far away to those who had their original home some thousand miles off; and, although a generation born on this continent soon grew up, their relations to Europe still continued to be of such a character that all considered themselves intimately connected with her; and even to this day, we feel that, as to every thing in science and civilization, we are closely connected with Europe; and a

lady in New York thinks no more of going to Havre or Liverpool than a lady in London of going to Paris.

This feeling, together with the vast unsettled continent before them, induced people to push on and settle at great distances, especially as the life of the early colonists was such as to develop a daring spirit of enterprise, which gradually has settled down into a fixed trait of American character. General Moreau, when residing in this country,—so said a French gentleman, an acquaintance of mine,—believed that no soldier would be equal to an American, if well and thoroughly disciplined; (to be sure, the present militia would require some "rubbings,") because, said he, "An American doubts of nothing." It was true what Moreau observed, that an American doubts of nothing; sometimes owing to enterprising boldness, sometimes to want of knowledge or to self-confidence, always, in a measure, to the fact, that want of success in an enterprise is not followed in the United States by obloquy or ridicule, even though the undertaking may have been injudicious. This, though often calculated to mislead, is, on the whole, an excellent thing; and, even supposing a man to have miscalculated his strength in one attempt, he may take better care the next time.*

This spirit of enterprise and adventure pushed new settlers far into all directions; a consequence of which is, that we now dwell in a vast country, inhabited by people of the same language, and living under the same laws—another reason why distances appear shorter to us. The comparatively small number of mountain chains is a third cause of the same singular fact. As we require objects by which to judge distances,—thus, for instance, objects, seen over a wide expanse of water, appear nearer to us, than when the view lies across an equally extensive tract of land,—so a distance by land, if we have to pass through many different languages and governments, and over mountains, appears to us greater than if no such intervening objects existed. In the Atlantic states, people are, besides, so

* "Or he may not," as one of Mr. Mathew's characters says.—Editor.

familiar with voyages to Canton, the Pacific, Buenos Ayres, &c., that I have seen in Europe more bustle in a family, a member of which was going to a university, perhaps some sixty miles off, than I have here when the son or brother was embarking for China or the Manillas. The steamboats,—which greatly facilitate travelling, the population being scattered over so vast a country,—and the migratory disposition of the American in general, originally caused by the above given reasons, contribute, in turn, their full part to the production of the same effect. The next nation after the Americans in this respect are the English, whose possessions in all quarters of the globe would make them consider distances as still less than the Americans, were their own country not itself so very confined. Every mile has there its full value.

Not distances alone are measured here by a standard different from that of other countries; time, too, receives a different value, but it is measured by a smaller standard than in Europe. An American wants to perform within a year what others do within a much longer period. Ten years in America are like a century in Spain. The United States really change in some respects more within ten years, than a country like Spain has within a hundred. England moves, in all practical affairs, quicker than the continent: the United States move quicker still, in some respects, than England. There are many reasons for this more rapid movement which I will not oblige you to read; let me only observe, that it influences all relations of life. According to recent statements, a female servant in London remains, on average, four hundred and sixty-two days in the same situation. I have no doubt, that, if similar accounts could be obtained from Germany, we would find that they remain much longer there in the same place, and the corresponding period in New York would average much less. Sometimes individuals long for a stationary country, where things remain in their place for some time, and where one does not feel all the time as if tied to the wing of a windmill. This desire

is very natural: whether they would be pleased by a change for a long time or not, is quite a different question. For the rest—the choice is not with the nations. There are, at present, two classes of nations, which, in all your inquiries, you must strictly distinguish from each other; namely, moving nations and stationary nations. The former would be utterly ruined, were they to counteract their own impetus. I speak here chiefly of industry, and diffusion and application of knowledge. This movement has become with them one of the "historical tasks" which they have to perform. They *must* have steamboats, though a sailing boat may grace the landscape a thousand times more: they *must* have rail-roads, though travelling on them be a dull thing. And—"You know," as Professor ——— in Berlin used to say, when, in the overflow of his ideas, he could not wait to finish his sentence, but hurried to other subjects, which were crowding his fertile and abundant mind. Now, his overflowing of ideas corresponds, in my case, to the scantiness of paper and time, and the fertility of his mind, perhaps, to my paucity.

I happened to find, here in Buffalo, an English paper in which the writer of a pretty able article calls upon the Americans to imitate England, as to the late emancipation of her slaves, and declares that it would be astonishing if the United States, were not to free their slaves, as they have now only to follow the brilliant example of their once mother country—a language which it was easy to foresee, would soon become common. In some English papers, I had previously seen even amalgamation hinted at, and once openly demanded as a necessary measure. Let us calmly and fearlessly look at a few prominent points of this vast subject. You may easily imagine, that it cannot be my intention to enter here fully into a question of so grave and momentous a character; it would require a treatise, a thorough inquiry, rather than a few considerations thrown out in a letter; yet having occupied myself much with this subject, of absorbing importance throughout his-

tory and in our own times, I think, I may place before you a few considerations, which will aid you in forming a more correct opinion upon the matter.

In the abstract, I hold slavery to be,—philosophically, an absurdity, (man cannot become property.)—morally a bane both to the slave and his owner;—historically, a direct violation of the spirit of the times we live in, and, with regard to public economy, a great malady, to any society at all advanced in industry. I neither allow with Achille Murat, son to the late King of Naples, that slavery is for the present condition of our southern states, a highly desirable state of things, and conducive to the greatest advantage of society (he does not speak of pecuniary advantages,) nor do I at all agree with Duden, a German author, who, in his Report on a Journey to the Western States of the North American Union, in 1824 to 1827, inclusive—a work which contains some very valuable information, whenever the author abstains from political and historical disquisitions—supposes himself to have very nicely demonstrated, that a society has a full right to declare on what conditions it will admit other people, and how it will treat them in future, to make them incapable of participating in government, if the original society think fit to dictate in what relation of dependence they are to be placed, who, in short, sees no objection on the ground of justice to slavery, and altogether forgets, that the idea of right between men, cannot, by any possibility, be established, except on the idea of mutual duties and obligations. He has recourse, in order to make out his case, to the relation of a father of a family to his children, as nearly every one does, who wishes to make out of a state of things founded on force, a state founded on reason, always forgetting that hardly two things in the world can be more different than family and state; the one based on instinct, love and forbearance, the other on justice, law, and right; the one to the end of the preservation of the species; which we have partly in common with the animals, the other in no degree whatever. Thrice unhappy comparison,

entailed on us from ages when every thing in politics was poorly defined; which has served the legitimatist and slave-dealer, the absolutist and the ambitious priest, as a cloak for sordid plans!

I must observe, however, that I hardly ever found a native American who attempted to palliate slavery in principle; they say, as in fact the matter stands, slavery exists; what are we to do with it. In one single instance, only, I have met with an attempt to represent slavery as something quite the thing, on the ground of the relation between servant and master, being comparable to that between child and father, the "noble Romans," and the Old Testament, being likewise adduced as evidence, that slavery is not so bad. This *mauvaise plaisanterie*, to call it by the mildest term, was contained in an article of one of our reviews. Heaven preserve us from Roman liberty, and if we are to take the Old Testament as a code of legal relations, we had better create ourselves Jews surrounded by heathens at once, and adopt all their laws and social relations. Moreover, the author did not even know what was signified with the Jews, by slavery, which was an institution, very different from what he supposes. In order to become acquainted with the spirit of the slaveholders themselves, in our Union, you ought to read the interesting debates on this subject in the late Virginia convention, which had assembled to make some changes in the constitution of that state. They have been collected into one volume, which appears to me to be one of the most interesting works with regard to the history of man, and practical morality.

I will grant even more than you might perhaps, suppose me willing to do, after my general remarks at the beginning of these reflections. Whether the African race ever will have among them a Shakspeare, a Charlemagne, or Aristotle, I know not; nor is it necessary to know this, in order to settle the question as to their political capacity for participating in all civil rights and duties. There are many respectable colored persons with us, and I believe none will

conscientiously deny that, when fairly educated, they stand on quite as high a level of mental development as the lowest of the whites, who are nevertheless admitted to a full participation in all political privileges; nor that the question under consideration would ever have been started, did the African race not differ from ourselves in color. One way of testing the comparative capability of the two classes, is to try colored and white servants. The mental as well as physical difference between the white and black races, have formed a subject to which I have directed my attention ever since I came to this country; and I will communicate to you a few observations, not as supporting any of my statements—I disclaim entering here fully into the subject—but merely as detached facts, interesting in themselves.

State prisons, where a large number of colored and white people are kept under the close observance of intelligent men, and have to obey the same laws, to perform the same duties, and live upon the same diet, seemed to me to afford a peculiarly favorable opportunity of ascertaining certain facts relating to this subject. There are, of about eight hundred convicts in the penitentiary at Singsing, about two hundred individuals of color. The physician of the prison from whom I obtained my information, had not found that there was any striking difference between the diseases of the blacks and the whites, nor did they assume any different character in their course. I have been assured of the same by experienced physicians in large cities. However, as the colored people resort to quacks, perhaps even more than the whites of the poorer classes, and have sometimes physicians of their own color, closer examination would be still required to state any thing definite on this point.

It is for ever to be regretted that Doctor Spurzheim died so early. This able anatomist and observer of the configuration of the head, told me that one of the chief subjects of inquiry which he had laid out to himself in coming to this country, was to investigate the physical difference between the two races and to settle something definite on this point. He in-

tended to proceed to our southern states, and to make as many observations as possible on living and dead subjects. I trust that some able anatomist will take up the subject. It is a field where a fair name is yet to be won, and the consequences of a thorough inquiry into the minutest details of this subject might be of incalculable effect.

As to moral difference between the prisoners of the two colors in the above mentioned penitentiary, it is a curious fact that in general the colored people behave themselves better; they are more orderly, follow the laws more willingly, and work more steadily. The superintendent of that state-prison, a gentleman of much intelligence, and who bestowed unwearied attention to my often repeated and troublesome inquiries both in person and by letter, did not attempt to explain the fact; he merely stated it as such, and as such I give it. Whatever reasons may be given for it, it deserves our attention. At one time, when I was walking with him through the building and we had entered one of the cells, after having given me some information on certain points of its architecture, he looked round and said, "I am sure this cell belongs to a colored man." "Why so?" said I. "Because every thing looks neater, better arranged." On inquiry, we found that his surmise was correct. I was greatly surprised, and he then told me, that a colored prisoner will generally keep his cell in more snug order than a white man. Equally interesting is the fact, that more colored people ask for admission to the Sunday-school of the prison, and for instruction in reading, than white people; speaking merely of the proportion of individuals of both colors, who have no knowledge of reading.

I allow all this, but the question is not an abstract one; not whether we shall introduce slavery or not, but—slavery existing—what shall be done with it? Fanaticism, which like Procrustes, stretches or chops the body of the question in hand, according to the measure of its own preconceived ideas, or has no other means to untie a Gordian knot, than by cutting it, cuts this matter also short. Emancipate, is

their short prescription of remedies for the disease. And if you ask, what will become of the emancipated? Amalgamation, is the drug by which they think to perfect the cure. But a statesman, who knows that countless evils are invariably produced by solving from a partial view of the case, a question which has two aspects, e. g. a political and a religious, or a commercial and a political,—by making ourselves voluntarily blind to the other view, will not decide so hastily.

Suppose, for argument's sake, that all the slave owners would be induced to emancipate their slaves to-day; or that the non-slave-holding states were willing to pay annually a large sum by way of compensation to the slave-holders, and that gradual emancipation could be thus effected. What would be the consequence? We should have a large increase of free colored population, which, if we choose, might be politically as free as any class of our citizens. What would be gained? Political equality is of very little value compared to social equality. A race, socially degraded, or, let us not call it degraded, one excluded from general society, and consequently from the broad course of civilization, is in a state of real suffering, and will necessarily generate in its bosom all kinds of vices and crimes. History affords us many instances to this effect. It is of no use whatever to be, in the eye of the law, equal to all others, if you are socially disabled, except you hope to attain social disfranchisement by means of the former. The free colored race, the existence of which the argument supposes is large in number, would then remain an oppressed and degraded race, as long as they were not socially emancipated. Hence would arise, in order to obtain a real state of freedom for the emancipated slave, the necessity of amalgamation; by which I mean social intercourse as well as intermarriage: the latter would indeed be soon the consequence of the former. Two different races, equally free, and equally elevated in the social scale, hence equally cultivated, and yet distinctly separated, cannot be imagined.

Whoever does it, has other views of mankind, and learnt other lessons from history than myself. Whether this be founded upon prejudice or not, is not here the question; the prejudice is at any rate so founded in human nature that it would not depend upon us to change its effects.

Here then we have already arrived at the barrier, which will make it for ever inexpedient to follow the course in question, of restoring the wronged race of slaves to their natural rights among us, where their number is large. That a Montesquieu, and other writers of his age, ridiculed the idea of making a difference of color the ground of a substantial difference in *caste*, treating the color of a human race as they would that of an inanimate object, of which it may form an unessential quality, was but natural, since enormous wrongs and cruelties were at that time heaped upon the African race, and palliated on the score of difference in color. But the matter presents itself in a different light to one who now lives surrounded by the children of this family. It is easy to say, at the distance of many thousand miles, what is color! but if you were to act daily and hourly *up* to this assertion, you would find cause to change your opinion, or to judge milder of those with whom the difference of color forms an insuperable barrier.

Color is something which strikes that sense which carries the most vivid impressions to the mind; you cannot expect the millions to disregard it; it presents too glaring an appearance; it is so striking an outward sign, that the idea of a well marked difference between the two races cannot be well eradicated. I can very well imagine that in some cases a white man might lose his sensibility to this difference; in fact I know a mulatto-man who is clerk with a bookseller, and I went often there and transacted business with him, without thinking of his color. Generally, however, you cannot expect to find this indifference; especially, as another sense is affected by near intercourse with the colored population.

Objections of this kind seem very light and perhaps frivolous, to one who only becomes acquainted with the fact by

hearsay; but few things affect us more powerfully than disgust. Why does the Prussian code allow, under certain circumstances, divorce on the ground of "unconquerable disgust?" The dissolution of the most sacred tie is permitted with you, on the ground that it is utterly impossible that people should be happy with each other, if one is continually an object of repulsion to the other, though it be only by way of the senses. A peculiar odor is continually emanating, more especially in a warm climate, from the bodies of negroes, even when cleanly, which renders them personally unpleasant to white people. There are individuals of the white race from whom a strong musky odor is emitted, unpleasant enough, it is true, and sometimes disgustingly repulsive; but that of a negro is different. It resembles that exuding from the snake and beetle.

Soon after I arrived in this country, I found that this peculiar odor was considered one of the chief causes which would for ever prevent a social equalization of the two races, and I was anxious to ascertain for myself whether it had a real existence. I have very sensitive olfactory nerves, having received them from nature well organized, and having exercised them by studying botany, on my travels, &c. I have been able, on my pedestrian journeys, to scent a lake or a village at the distance of several miles, if the wind was at all favorable; and yet I could not at first discover any difference between the odor of the negroes and that I have often perceived when many soldiers, after a long march, were assembled in the same room. I was at that time in Boston; the summer was very cool, and no colored servant was in the house. Since I have gone farther south I must testify to the correctness of the current statement. There are some very few who deny this; so I knew an old lady who actually loved the music of quarreling or plaintively squalling cats. It was no affectation with her, of that I feel convinced; yet I should not be willing to charge all the rest of mankind with affectation or disregard to truth, because they declare that this kind of music does not affect

them with pleasurable sensations. Some nations seem to be more affected by the scent of the African race than others and none more so than the English: Spaniards care less for it. Bolivar had some colored aides, if I am rightly informed; and in Brazil you may see black priests administer the communion to white people. Yet even there is no social mixture, no true social disfranchisement of the colored.

In judging of this subject, it ought never to be forgotten that the stability of social intercourse does not depend upon the agreement of a few broad general ideas, but chiefly on an agreement upon the minor affairs of taste, views, opinions, &c. I do not pretend to say that the white race is handsomer than the colored; I can very well imagine that a white man appearing among them must seem frightful to them. I can imagine that people, unaccustomed to our faces, perceive in them, when they first become acquainted with our race, all those shades of yellow, blue, and green, which the painter has to mix with his colors to arrive at the true tints. Analyze a bloated face, and you will shudder at all the ugliness it contains. Yet be this as it may, it is clear that our views of beauty must essentially differ; and races who cannot, in general, please each other, will never cement.

This strong barrier will for ever prevent a free social intercourse between the two races. But, suppose it did not, shall a white man wish for a mixture of them?—for, with me, a free social intercourse and intermarriage are one and the same: one must lead to the other. If the love of country has ever had any meaning attached to it, the love of race has a weightier meaning still. I am a white man, and I for one love my race; that race which,—however many misdeeds and crimes it may have forced history to enter on her records, however often it may have suffered avarice to guide its actions and blast the noblest plans, and however much its superior skill and knowledge may have led it to superior and shameful incongruities,—is, nevertheless, the favored one from which the Europeans

have descended; who, with their children, in other parts of the world, have risen to an immense intellectual superiority above all other tribes and nations. I for one do execrate the idea of seeing this noble race degenerate into a yellow mongrel breed, such as exists in Brazil and the Portuguese islands along the coast of Africa. I for one pray that heaven's best blessings, the extension of knowledge and civilization, may be showered down on our brethren of a darker skin, but desire with equal anxiety that the white race be continued in its purity,—that race, which becomes master wherever it appears, because it unites in itself many good properties which are but scattered among other races,—intelligence, sociability, activity, desire of private property and elevation of mind.

Let us suppose, however, for a moment,—and we must be prepared for the most extravagant expectations—that we could suddenly divest ourselves of the unpleasant sensations hinted at, could disregard all considerations of property, politics, &c., and let the two millions of blacks be absorbed by the eleven millions of whites, and that the whole mixture should, within six or seven generations, return to a tolerable white, this color being originally so much preponderant;—through what state of barbarity should we not have passed, how low would our nation have sunk! Or is it really believed that those tender relations between husband and wife which, within the house, put them on a par, could exist between black and white? Now, if the relation between husband and wife be changed, the whole state of civilization is changed. It is only befitting the fanatic to spin out the subject any farther; to say that laws would be required to prevent a relapse of color, to enforce our white females to ally themselves to blacks, &c. That fanatics should be found senseless enough to preach amalgamation as the only means to overcome the great difficulty which slavery presents to us—our chronic disease which, of one kind or other, every state and government have; yet, I hope, not in our case an incurable one—is what we might expect accord-

ing to history. Whenever great and important questions are agitated, men will always be found who are incapable of placing themselves but on a single point of view, and who neglect or forget every thing else but their one favorite idea; they look but to one single spot, and thus fall into what must be called a mania. I know that the habit of paying too much regard to all the possible bearings of an important projected measure, has not unfrequently stifled the noblest zeal and thwarted the hopes of the best friends of mankind; but I also know, that well-meaning maniacs have done incalculable mischief in politics and religion, in the arts and the sciences.

I believe that every disinterested and clear-minded observer will allow that slavery is against the spirit of the times, and will become more so every day; and history affords thousands and thousands of examples, that whatever is against the spirit of the times must sooner or later fall; and that it is the part of true wisdom to prepare in time for the change. If I judge aright, the most judicious mode of emancipation would be gradually to create a peasantry of colored people, which should have in itself the means of melioration and final discharge of the relations of peasantry, because, without the latter condition, this peasantry would, in course of time, become as much an element alien to our system and contrary to the general course of ideas, as slavery now is. As, on the other hand, the two races will not, and ought not to amalgamate, it would be always inconvenient to have a disproportionately large number of colored people at one time among us; elimination of the greater part of them ought, therefore, always to be considered as the final object of the measure just mentioned—colonization, either in Africa or in some distant part of our own continent, should be kept steadily in view as the result to be finally effected. If the southern states, or some of them, could agree among themselves on some effective measure of this kind, there is no doubt but that the other states, at least all the northern and eastern ones, would be ready to make a great sacrifice of the

public money in order to assist the operation of the plan. But, for many reasons, political, legal, and moral, the measure must proceed from the south; it could not, otherwise, be possibly carried into effect.

Let, at the same time, our southern brethren do away with a certain system of harshness in one part of their conduct, which justly surprises every friend of mankind. No plea of expediency, of advantage, or of fear, can justify a law which directs a colored person, who cannot give a ready explanation of his condition as to freedom, to be arrested, and, if nothing can be proved against him, to make him pay the expenses of his arrest, and, if he cannot pay them, to be sold in order to defray them. It is double and triple tyranny. It is even worse than the Brazilian law, which does not provide for a prisoner before trial, nor allow him a trial and proper counsel until he has the means for paying a lawyer, so that, at Rio, people may always be found chained to the outer wall of the prison, *pedindo justiça*, (begging justice,) as the begging of alms, in order to defray the expenses of support in the prison and to pay a counsellor, is called.

Physical force is nowhere so powerful as moral force; and the condition of a peasantry endowed with certain rights, and with a way before it, which leads, by good behavior and industry, to final entire emancipation, would afford, it seems to me, tenfold more security than slavery, which, in its character and essence, is a state of force, pregnant with countless dangers, and particularly so in a republic like ours, in which the executive has not many means of physical force at its disposal, and in which the severity of laws—the more readily enacted, as the law-makers are the interested persons, and between whom and the slaves stands no independent government—must supplant the means of safety which, in monarchical states, is afforded by a large military establishment. Another very important point would be gained by the above measure, namely, the gradual accustoming of the once slaves to industry, directed by their own judgment, without which the sudden emancipation of a large

number at once, is one of the greatest evils which can befall either the emancipated or the emancipator. Maryland affords an instance of the growing desire in our southern states to rid themselves of their slave population.

More ardently than myself no one can wish that the measures of the British parliament may meet with full success, and, finally, lead to beneficial results. How so numerous a free colored population will behave toward a few whites, whose superior intellectual development would be unable to oppose any effectual power to the superior number of the Africans, will always, until the event determines it, form a subject of intense attention to the citizens of our republic.

If the English glory in this measure, it is but natural, but they ought not to forget, that it was not their own slave-owners who emancipated, but people at a great distance, and, in like manner, our northern and eastern states wish to see slavery abolished, and would be willing to contribute whatever is in their power, by way of money; and let the English remember, that many of our states had emancipated their slaves long before the English thought of it; that the people of this country, when dependent upon Britain, made repeated efforts to prevent the importation of slaves, but in vain (to which Jefferson, also, alludes in a passage of his original draught of the declaration of independence, but which was erased,) and that our republic was the first government which abolished slave-trade, as early as in 1794, while a Roscoe was yet hooted at in 1808, in Liverpool, for having voted against this abominable traffic. And who does not remember the foul arguments, which were at that period brought forward to prevent its abolition. Persons at a distance often judge of the question of emancipation, quite wrongly, because they think congress might, like a parliament in a capital, decree it and it would be done; but nothing of the kind is in fact the case. Congress can do nothing originally in the matter; it is altogether a subject which belongs to the forum of the state-legislatures—those true foun-

dations of our liberty, without which it would not have been possible even to preserve her appearance.

I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that by far the greatest majority of our southern people would be glad, could they abolish slavery, but it requires more to effect such a measure with wisdom, than a newspaper article, which calls us, "slave-holding republicans." May we never experience a sudden emancipation in the south. The whites would either become the slaves of the blacks, or at least the suppressed class, or they would have to emigrate, and the south would be lost to our Union, and for a long time even to mankind.

In the same paper, the assertion was made, that the want of wisdom, in our national organization, was proved by the dissolution of the Union, evidently approaching with hasty strides, and chiefly brought on at the very time that this political system was ever put to the test. Suppose I grant all, I grant that the Union is hurrying toward dissolution, that the separation once having taken place, wars, and wars of the worst kind, will soon follow—a dissolution of the elements of society, similar to that in some periods of the feudal ages, yet without chivalry, and that severe contests must be gone through in order to arrive once more at a stable state of things—even if I grant you all this, I nevertheless, maintain, that the Union, and our constitution, were a wise contrivance, and it seems to me, the only one which was capable of producing so rapid a progress, in so many respects, of this young nation, and that if to-morrow the whole should tumble to pieces, it was yet worth the while to have established it.

I am the warmest advocate for forms of government which carry within them the guarantee of stability: continual changes undermine the whole society, to its very views of morality and the pursuit of knowledge. The civic spirit, the firm adherence to right and law, cannot grow and expand. Many states in the middle ages, and France, afford numerous instances; but the duration alone is no test of the goodness of

a government; otherwise we ought to send ambassadors to China, as the Romans sent theirs to Greece. A shoe, as such, does not last half as long as when it is trod down and worn as a slipper.

There are some tests which no government can possibly stand, because every government, even the strongest, must have, like Achilles and Siegfried, one vulnerable point, where it may be wounded to the quick. Wisdom must choose, with regard to durability, that form which bids fair to expose with the least frequency, this vulnerable point, according to the given materials and circumstances. Thus the English constitution, which combines a number of the finest points, has, in my opinion, never yet been truly tested. I speak of course of the constitution since it has become a true and professed contract between the people and the monarch. The weak point of a constitutional monarchy is, that one person is by inheritance endowed with great privileges, which nevertheless shall be used in the spirit of the constitution and for the benefit of the people only. A variety of contrivances are resorted to in order to effect this result, contrivances which in my opinion do as much honor to the human mind as any thing I know of. But, nevertheless, they constitute the vulnerable point of this form of government. The English constitution would be put to a severe test, if a Frederic or a Napoleon should be born upon the throne of the Brunswick family. In such case, if the crown were not to absorb the constitutional privileges of the people, it would at least stifle their truly constitutional use and application, or the people would rise and absorb the privileges of the crown. Men like those I have mentioned cannot but be independent and unshackled, or must be conquered and subdued.

You ask, what are our vulnerable points? I think they are two in number, but, in order to let you judge whether I am right or not, it would be necessary to give you a *tableau* of our whole political organization, and an abstract of our history in the bargain.

LETTER XVI.

To-day I write to you, my dear friend, in no happy mood, for I have seen man, once more, in a situation not calculated to exalt our opinion of him—a camp-meeting. The religion of the methodists is, in a great degree, founded on the excitement of feeling. The followers of methodism will grant you this. They do not admit, indeed, that the peculiar trait of their sect, distinguishing it from all other protestant denominations, is what they would term an excitement of feeling; they would call it an agitation produced by the power of God, or the powerful effect of the divine spirit, or would characterize it by an expression of this kind. But, however we may differ as to the cause and name, we agree, I believe, as to the subject itself. That which appears to us as a high state of excitement, and which they believe to be the effect and true sign of intense piety, forms that trait of their religion which is peculiar to them, as a sect. Camp-meetings, if I have properly understood the explanations, given me by methodists themselves, are held, for the purpose of promoting this powerful effect, with the followers of this creed, and thereby of strengthening religion in their souls, as also, in order to excite in persons, not yet converted, that state of overwhelming contrition, which according to methodism, must generally precede conversion and regeneration. The object of camp-meetings, then, is powerfully to excite religious feelings, and sorry am I to say, that they are the scenes of unrefrained excitement, which to every one, but the methodists themselves, appear but as a wild outbursting of vague, though passionate and

powerful feelings; of great danger, in my opinion, to true moral and religious development. A camp-meeting is to me a most gloomy sight, and gives you the clew to a number of phenomena in history, which otherwise would be nearly inconceivable by a sober mind.

A conveniently situated spot, shaded if possible by trees and near to water, is selected as the place of the meeting, which generally takes place in autumn. A temporary platform, with a shed and a kind of desk for the ministers to preach from to the multitude, is erected. It is generally, or always, in the middle of one line of an oblong, which is formed by the tents, pitched for the accommodation of the people, as well as for their religious exercises in their "classes." It is not my intention to give you a description of the whole proceedings, or of all the scenes which are acted under the eye of the visiter; it has been done by several writers on the customs and manners of this country with considerable fidelity.

Nothing is easier than to write an attractive account on subjects of this very kind, since the most striking contrasts are forced upon the mind of the spectator, even were he not generally apt to seize at once upon the characteristic traits of subjects offered to his observation; but you must expect nothing of the kind in the following; though I openly confess, that no religious service, however it might differ from my views of a due reverence to the deity, not even the Jewish confusion during some of the religious celebrations peculiar to that people, has inspired me with less of that respect which we naturally feel for any mode of adoration adopted by our fellow creatures, than the scenes I witnessed in the camp-meetings. The service of the Shaking Quakers is strikingly ludicrous; but camp-meetings are startling in the highest degree, filling you at once with contempt of certain designing men, and compassion for their unwary, deluded, and tormented victims. I intend merely to give you a few observations, which, indeed, will not inform you of any thing new, but will be additional facts of psycholo-

gical interest—contributions to the account of man's aberrations; alas! a long scroll in the hand of History, compared to the slip on which she notices his acts of wisdom. Should the perusal of this letter, nevertheless, force a smile upon your lips, this effect is not its object. It is with grief I write these lines, not with pleasure; and I have omitted several facts, because they had too much of the merely ridiculous about them.

Let me first give you a few general observations, the truth of which has been impressed upon my mind with additional strength by my seeing camp-meetings.

First: All protestant enthusiasts or fanatics resort to the Old Testament and the book of revelation in preference to the New Testament, for proofs and testimony of their belief and kind of worship, for imagery in preaching and their forms of conception and expression, often even of the principles of their peculiar ethical views. They believe themselves to be the people of Israel. A God "who swears in his wrath" seems to be more congenial to them than a God who "is love," the bountiful father of his children. Roman catholic fanatics, though their zeal may carry them to monstrosities of belief and action, nevertheless move more within the general outlines of the tenets of their church, or, at least, within what is believed to be true by great catholic masses.

Secondly: Christian fanatics universally occupy themselves more, nay nearly exclusively, with the fear of hell and the state of the damned, not with the hope of a reunion with God; with the anxiety to escape eternal punishment, not the zeal to win the love of God, and to love him with the increasing pleasure which a pure soul finds in loving the only perfect being. If the comparison be not offensive to you, I would say, they are like bad soldiers driven into battle by cannons placed behind them, not led by the love of country, and a genuine feeling of honor.

Third: All religious enthusiasts preach dogmatics and polemics, not practical virtue or the longsuffering of a purified soul; or if they do preach the latter, it is not in order

to instil into the souls of the hearers that gentle charity and elevated kindness, which is one of the choicest flowers of all religion, all virtue and all cultivation of the mind, but rather to strengthen them against the gibes and sneers or attacks of the world. All the sermons I heard in the camp-meeting which gave rise to this letter, and in another I visited some years ago, were exclusively dogmatic or polemic, and one preacher actually mentioned every Christian sect from the catholics to the quakers, with unkind and uncharitable remarks, excluding them all from the bliss which the true methodist is to expect in after life.

I have often enough heard similar strains of preaching in Roman catholic countries. Once a landlord of mine, when I was a soldier, took great pains in his way, to save my soul, and assured me, when I asked him whether he really believed, that a good and virtuous protestant could not possibly enter into heaven, that perhaps he might by way of exception, but undoubtedly only to wait upon the catholics. I expressed my hope that I should be made his servant and that he would prove an indulgent master. On the other hand, the minister who preached the above mentioned sermon, said that if any but methodists would be admitted to the purest bliss, he was sure his grandmother would be one of them; she was a most pious baptist. The ignorant will always mingle their personal affairs with whatever subject they may be treating of. So much for uncharitableness, the vulgarest banner that can be unfurled for enlistment in any cause.

Fourth: Also, the less informed a preacher is, the more dogmatic and polemic he invariably is in his sermons.

Fifth: All Christian fanatics give to the word *love*, though used in a religious sense, a certain amorous meaning, applied in a spiritual sense. You can trace this index of enthusiasm through all ages of the Christian church; from the times of some most glowing early hymns, to those of the latest methodist songs.

Sixth: All enthusiasts dislike exceedingly to reason, as

is natural, and always will end by saying, All you say is perfectly right according to the world's reasoning and from your point of view; but the true light has not dawned upon you; you cannot understand us; we know we are right, because God is within us; we know it, and if ever the light appears within you, you will say with us, "We know it, it is certain."

Seventh: Love of notoriety, be it even but in a very limited circle, is one of the main springs of action, with most fanatics.

Eighth: Fanatics are never satisfied with a calm and placid adoration of the deity, but evidently seek for excitement, and obvious proofs of it; so much so, that frequently the preachers appear dissatisfied when they are unable to bring their hearers to the desired pitch, and they judge of the excellence of a sermon or prayer by the degree of excitement it has produced; though every observer knows well, that nothing, in fact, is easier than to move a congregation to tears, or to produce any similar signs of emotion. The account of a few touching scenes, eloquently described, is sufficient; but conviction, which takes root in the mind, and which lasts, is a more difficult task. I found in a work on pastoral theology the advice given to young ministers, carefully to avoid excitement, because, said the writer, (an experienced and pious minister and professor of theology,) nothing is more enticing if once begun, and nothing creates so craving an appetite for more excitement, and disposes the hearer less for true conviction, and that calm state of mind, without which no fulfilment of our most sacred duties is possible.

Ninth: Nothing is more frequent, than that fanatic preachers entertain their hearers with accounts of their own former state of infidelity, and in a boasting manner badly covered over by words of self-accusation. Sometimes this is done in order to show that they too, in their time, were smart people, sometimes to show their great humility by thus exposing their sins and errors, and it is always, partly,

owing to the circumstance that ignorant as well as fanatic people delight in treating of themselves, to which I have already alluded. This remark holds not only in religion.

Finally, fanatics of all times, in all countries, and of all religions, have considered religious hysterics as a sign of the peculiar favor of the deity toward the afflicted individual; and have dwelt upon them as a striking proof of the strong effect which the spirit of the deity exercises upon those who have received its influence. Heathens, Mahometans, Jews and Christians, in antiquity, in the middle ages, and in our own times, have done and are doing the same.

The camp-meeting of which I speak was held in West-Chester, not far from the borough of the same name, about three and twenty miles from Philadelphia. I went with a friend of mine; when we approached the "camp," we heard a loud shouting, peculiar to the methodists, when in a state of religious excitement, intermingled with tunes equally peculiar to their worship. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that the methodists adopt any popular tune, however gay, and for whatever wordly text it may have been originally composed, or be still universally used, and either substitute other words, or adapt those belonging to the tune to their religious phraseology by changing a few expressions, which, as may be easily conceived, produces songs sometimes appearing to the adherents of other sects in a dress very different from what they consider an appropriate religious style, and one sometimes even positively improper and indecorous. Amorous and sailors' songs &c. are not rejected, but merely altered in certain parts, which might not give rise to the purest associations with the uninitiated. I send you, as a proof of what I say, a copy of the Zion Songster, New York, 1830. There are some of their tunes, in which the existence of a lyric glow, the rapid expression of intense feeling, or the vivacity of an enraptured soul, cannot be denied, however they may differ from the tunes of hymns which alone are considered by other sects to be fitted to this species of poetry. But they are sung in a manner

so little consistent with the most modest demands of music, that they never produced any becoming effect upon me.

So gay are some of their tunes, that I have several times believed myself to be approaching a scene of merriment, until I happened to hear a *hallelujah* or *hosanna*. But a few days ago I was under the same impression, when I met a stage-coach full of methodists. You must know, that when assembled in any number, they are much inclined to sing their hymns, wherever they may be. I travelled last winter from Washington to Baltimore with six travelling ministers, returning from a meeting of theirs with two ladies of their sect, and at various periods one or the other began to hum one of their tunes, in which several of the rest, or all of them shortly joined. In the adaptation of worldly songs and tunes, the methodists are not unlike the early Christians, with this exception, that the latter, as far as I know, employed only odes to the pagan gods, or other poems of a higher cast,—substituting a Christian meaning; in like manner as the statues of the dethroned gods, or of consuls and senators, were not unfrequently used to represent the evangelists or other saints. The opposite to the methodistical substitution of a religious sense to worldly songs, is the adaptation, in the middle ages, of psalms or religious poems, to gay wine songs frequently sung in this way, in the convents and by students. Such, for instance, was the origin of the famous *Gaudeamus igitur*.

My companion, whom I mentioned above, is a German physician, who passed with credit through the whole Prussian medical "state-examination" at Berlin, which will be sufficient to convince you, who are acquainted with the organization of the medical school of Prussia, that he is a thorough bred physician.* I mention this, because it will

* The various examinations, established by the Prussian government, to assure itself of the fitness of candidates either for offices under government, or the license of practising, are in all branches—in medicine, theology, law, education, pharmacy, mining, the department of forests, the army, the administration, &c., so infinitely more rigid, than similar examinations in any

be found to be a fact of some importance in the sequel of this letter.

We went first to the "camp" at about eight o'clock in the evening, when the meeting had already lasted five long

other countries, that it may not be uninteresting to some of our readers, to give them a hasty sketch of the "state-examination" mentioned in the above text. No student of medicine is admitted to the university, any more than the student of any other branch, without having proved by examination, that he has received a thorough classical education. The time he is obliged to devote to his university studies, is a period of four years, the two latter of which are chiefly spent in the medical, surgical, and obstetric *clinica*. In the one half year the student is but a "hearer" in the different clinica, in the next he practises himself under the direction and constant examination and instruction of the directing professor. Hospitals are likewise regularly visited. That the reader may obtain an idea of the great variety of lectures and thorough treatment of every single branch, we would refer him to the article *University* in the Encyclopædia Americana, in which the catalogue of lectures, delivered in one half year in the university of Berlin has been given. It is the catalogue for the winter term from 1829—1830, in which we find ninety different courses of lectures enumerated, some of which are of course on the same subject, but by different professors. When the student has finished his university studies he is allowed to take the degree of doctor, for which he is orally examined in all branches, is compelled to write a Latin dissertation, and publicly to dispute in Latin on certain theses, selected by himself, with any person, professor or student, who chooses to enter the arena. The degree of doctor is merely an honorary degree of the university, bestowed as an acknowledgment of sufficient theoretical attainments. In order to obtain the *licentia practicandi* it is necessary for every Prussian to repair to Berlin. Here, after having proved that he is doctor, he is practically examined. Among other tests of fitness, he is led to the bedside of a patient in the *Charité*, the chief hospital in Berlin, and after having thoroughly examined the case, is locked up in a room without books, where he has to write down his diagnosis, the plan of treatment, with all the reasons for his adopting it, and the various ways of treating the disease in all the different shapes it may assume. After this he draws by lot, out of an urn containing slips of paper on which the different important surgical operations are written, and the one which falls to his chance he must forthwith explain, with the history of the various ways of performing it, after which he must perform it himself on a subject. He then receives a number of acute and chronic cases, which he must attend for the space of three months. In obstetrics he is not admitted to the examination, if he has not previously delivered himself at least twelve cases in the obstetric clinicum. After this he is orally examined in all branches of medicine, and the related sciences,

days and nights. The field was not crowded with booths, offering refreshments or entertainments of any kind, as I have seen on particular days, near places of pilgrimage in catholic countries, causing scenes of great dissipation, on account of which the governments of France and Germany, that of Austria perhaps alone excepted, have entirely abolished them. Nor do I really believe that these camp-meetings occasion as much mischief of a certain kind among the methodists themselves, as the pilgrimages just mentioned; for instance, the annual one to Einsiedel in the canton of Schwytz, creates among those who attend them. But this evil is certainly not entirely obviated, as may be supposed, *à priori;* for there is nothing on earth more dangerous in this respect than a concourse of many people of both sexes, in a state of high religious excitement, for the very reason that they are excited and brought nearer together under the delusive forms of brotherly and sisterly love and religious purity. If you throw a glance at history, you will find, that all meetings of religiously excited people end with mischief of this kind. Nor is this by any means peculiar to Christian sects; it is the same with Mahometans, of the meeting of whom on Mount Ararat for instance, Burckhard gives a frightful picture, and you are well acquainted with the licentious disorder among the Hindoos, when thus assembled. When in the course of the evening one of the ministers made from the pulpit the necessary arrangements for the watches, &c., he did not omit to recommend to the sentinels, not to allow "men and ladies" to walk about together.

We entered one of the tents where a "class" was assembled. These tents, destined for class meetings, are divided lengthwise by a bench about a foot high, and called

such as botany, chemistry, &c. If he passes through all these ordeals to the satisfaction of the examiners, he obtains the license of practising. There are not more than about one hundred individuals a year in the whole kingdom (containing thirteen millions of inhabitants,) who obtain this license.—EDITOR.

the mourners' bench. On one side are the men, on the other the women; they lie or sit in disorder on the straw, which is strewn on the ground, and was by this time broken into small particles, causing in those places where the people moved much about, dense dust, extremely offensive to the lungs. This dust, together with the hot atmosphere, poisoned by the breath of so many people crowded into a narrow space, and the smoke of lamps, rendered the interior of the tents very obnoxious to a spectator coming from the fresh and pure air without, and not in such a state of excitement as to be insensible to its injurious effects upon the human organs. Along both sides of the mourners' bench kneel "the sinners in a repenting state" who wish to join the faithful; or, overpowered by their feelings or by exhaustion, they lie on the ground, or in the arms of others, quiet, half faint, exclaiming, groaning or weeping, while, from time to time, the minister or any other "brother" speaks into their ears of impending everlasting damnation, or the bright hope of salvation; and I saw, repeatedly, men taking the hands of women between their hands, and patting and striking them, exhorting them, mean while, to trust in God, or, if they stood at the entrance of the tent as mere spectators, to join those in the interior and to repent. In these cases, as well as at several times when the ministers or other "brethren" addressed the uninitiated, a language was used, the familiarity of which struck our ears as very strange. "Now come," they would say, "why won't you try?—come my dear brother or sister; God calls upon you—don't you see how powerful his spirit is? just try it, you will see how sweet it is—won't you? Come in, the mourners' bench is open for you, come in, it may soon be too late;" and other expressions of this kind.

One actually indecorous scene we saw, which I have no doubt would be considered so by most methodists themselves, were their attention directed to it. A man stood near the entry of a tent as spectator, and a woman, a friend, perhaps a cousin of his, because she called him James, was very

anxious that he should join their service. She tried her best, though, of course, she did not use any kind of argument; but during the whole time she stroked his hand or fingers, taking one after the other between her hands. She succeeded at length in persuading the man to enter the tent, which he did with the words, "I don't care, but you won't catch me." We saw another man ushered into the tent, in a way which really reminded one of a similar kind of seizing on men, adopted by persons of which the methodists would not like to remind the spectator. He half walked, and was half pushed in by one of the ministers handed over to the minister of the respective tent, and pushed down to the mourners' bench, where he lay for some time, his face resting on the bench, but he soon turned it upward, with convulsive distortions of his eyes and the muscles of his face. As many of the methodists' songs appear undignified, so is their language in speaking of religious subjects not unfrequently offensively quaint and familiar to unaccustomed ears. One person we heard say, directly after a most passionate prayer, "I think it is now time to close the concern."

In the tent which we visited first there were several persons in a state of blessing, as the methodists call it; I shall say presently more about it. One woman exclaimed, several times, "Five or six sins I have committed, which, I fear, never can be forgiven;" weeping, at the same time, bitterly. Others prayed aloud, or called amen, whenever a passage in the prayer of the loudest seemed to strike them as particularly true; some slept in the corner, others, again, were quiet, but, from time to time, they would ejaculate expressions of sorrow or delight; and the laugh, not the smile, but the loud laugh with which these people greet the assurances of the bliss and happiness of the saved, or the glory in which Christ will appear to his faithful followers, or their familiar exclamations, such as, "God bless my soul," and the like, are as strange to others as many of their ex-

pressions of grief and religious fear. The constant and invariable theme of their exhortations was, as long as we were witnesses of these proceedings, "It is yet time to repent, come then and do so; death may suddenly cut you off, when your eternal doom will be pronounced upon you:" and it seems to be a decidedly settled opinion with the methodists, that, whenever and however you may happen to die, the state in which you are at the time of death is the sole testimony for the great judge by which to pronounce his irrevocable sentence for eternity. Not one single time, (I state this while I am fully aware of the import of my words,) have I heard a rational advice calculated to lead to the fulfilment of our duties, to a true elevation of the soul, or to teach forbearance to others; and I can assure you, that the constant repetition of the words "everlasting flames and eternal damnation," would alone be sickening to the hearer, leaving their meaning entirely out of consideration.

I found here, again, what I have often had occasion to observe, that each sect, and especially those which appeal in a great degree to feeling, has its peculiar kind of delivery and enunciation. The methodists, generally, add an *e* at the end of words, after which they make a short pause, and thus say, *Godde, cominge, salvationne*, which peculiarity in fact appears to be a result of their excitement, which cannot as readily find words as their minds, wrought up to passion, would require. It is somewhat similar to the dwelling on words, like *is, have*, &c., so common in the British parliament, and made use of, in order to gain time for the arrangement of the next sentence. The methodist pronunciation of "Oh, Lord!" is quite peculiar to them, from Maine to Mississippi, in America and England; while the unpleasant, nasal pronunciation is very common with them but not exclusively their own. A nasal and tremulous twang belongs generally to all protestant sects, who consider themselves the persecuted people of Israel. It originates in my opinion, from a sickly feeling of over-humility, which expresses itself in these tones of a *lachrymous* character. The fact cannot be denied,

and as it is so general, there must be a general cause for it. Trust no sect or man, with a nasal long-drawn twang.

After having listened to their singing, exhorting, praying and violent preaching, we entered one of the tents, which distinguished itself by a greater noise, and wilder devotional exercise, at nearly two o'clock in the morning. The air was pestilential; the dust from pulverized straw and particles of dried earth very thick; the general appearence of the whole was similar to that of a room in an insane hospital, but even more frightful; the same motions of the limbs, expressions of faces, and fearful noise. Some were seen rubbing their hands, apparently in great agony, others clapping them together, others stretching them out toward heaven, and distorting their eyes, some stamping with the feet, some rubbing their knees, some moving the upper part of the body forward and backward, others screaming, and weeping, surrounded by a number of friends, who prevented the small current of air, which yet existed, from reaching them, and sung and spoke into their ears; some leaping up and down, with staring eyes, their hair dishevelled, others, lying on the ground, distended as if in a swoon, some sitting in a state of perfect exhaustion and inanity, with pale cheeks and vacant eyes, which bore traces of many tears. One before all, was lying on his knees, apparently in a state of great agony, and uttering the expressions of a desponding soul, addressed to a wrathful God.—An Esquirol would have found here more interesting subjects, than a theologian.

We approached two of the girls, extended on the ground in a "state of blessing," in order to find out their precise condition, determined to retire immediately, should we be considered as intruders. But I had not miscalculated; fanatics are invariably pleased with attention being shown to their proceedings. We touched the pulses of the girls and found them rather slow, but not more so than can be easily explained from previous great exhaustion, and the quiet breathing, lying as they had been, for a long time on the ground.

One had her hands cramped together and her eyes open; the other, the hands extended: the skin of both had a perfectly natural heat. We attracted, of course, immediate attention, and from some girls near us, a sneer of religious conceit at the benighted profanity, which endeavored to become acquainted with this state of blessedness, by the common method of worldly science. Two girls, I observed, found it amusing, and had a real girlish giggling at it. I addressed one of the first females and said, "My dear young woman, you do not seem to have yet learned one very important lesson from your religion, and that is to be charitable toward those whom you consider ignorant." This was attacking her on her own ground, and she was not unconscious of it; a modest silence showed that she confessed herself guilty.

Another girl, a bright and friendly little person, came up to us, as well as many men, and a long conversation ensued, of which I will give you the substance as accurately as I can remember, and which strikingly illustrates one of the most amiable traits of American character,—namely, the allowing every one to have and state fully his own opinion,—displayed even here, in this scene of violent excitement. I spoke with unreserved freedom, without at all provoking their indignation; on the contrary, they listened calmly to what I had to say. They, on the other hand, no doubt saw that we were in good earnest, and made no joke of it, that we thought them greatly wrong and were displeased with the whole exhibition of religious passion, but that we took the whole matter to heart. One surly fellow, indeed, left the little crowd around us, and said when passing me, though not directed to me, "What do you talk to them fellows, and if God should show them signs all day long, they would not believe."

An elderly man came up to me, one of the very few more aged persons present, and asked me, what we thought of the girls, meaning those extended on the ground. I said, that we thought that many of them were actually endeavoring to deceive the others: an assertion in which we were justified: because one of the females who lay with open and

staring eyes, had winked when we passed our hand at some distance from her face, and the other, who had her eyes closed, rolled them instantly up, when we opened the eyelids,—an evident proof, that the light had its full effect upon them; nor were her pupils either unnaturally dilated or contracted, but appeared in their natural extension. Indeed, any physician will tell you whether it be possible, that an individual can lie for two or three hours together in a state of real exhaustion and unconsciousness, deprived of all the power of volition, without laboring under a serious affection of the nervous system and experiencing the evil consequences of such a fit for several weeks. Yet these individuals appear a few hours after, in a comparatively sound state of health. That these simulations cannot but finally bring on disturbances of the various functions of the body, is evident.* "And," continued I, "if it were not improper to sprinkle their faces with cold water, you would see how quickly they would leave their present state."

"Oh, my dear, you might throw a whole bucket of water over them, they would not awake a moment sooner than the Lord had intended."

"We cannot make the proof," I said. "But, what is your idea of this peculiar state, in which you believe these individuals to be?"

"It is a state of happiness; the Lord makes them happy, and shows his power," was his answer.

"Do you mean to say, that the soul leaves the body, and is united for a time to God?"

"Oh no, that would be entrancement; they are only blessed."

"So you call it blessing? Why do you give it this name?"

"Because they feel blessed, when they are in this state:

* A case is on record, in which a man had the power voluntarily to suppress the pulsation of the heart for some minutes. At length he died during one of his exhibitions. Hysteric attacks, if freely indulged in, and not checked in time, pass over into real spasmodic fits and nervous affections.—EDITOR.

they say, when awakening, that they feel happier than they ever do otherwise. And, it is to show the power of the Lord." I expressed my great astonishment, at calling the fit of a girl a peculiar proof of the power of God: "He," said I, "who can fix that light in the heavens," pointing at a glorious moon, "I think should not be doubted by any one, to have the power of depriving any living being of consciousness" No answer was given, and the old man asked me, "How would you call this state?"

"We would term it a kind of hysteric fits, half voluntary and conscious, half brought on by the exhausting fatigue, and noxious air—fits, which might be, probably, in every single case prevented by severe reprimand, or threats. How does it happen that they are chiefly women, and young women, who fall into this condition?"

"I cannot say, but men do also, and sometimes very strong ones."

"They may, nevertheless, have weak nerves, or deceive you, and, which is not unlikely, deceive themselves; for fits are often half true, half not, and very often they end with a real kind of fit, though they were brought on voluntarily." In fact, the girl whom I designated above as a bright little woman, told us the next morning, when the conversation had turned upon the same subject, and in order to prove that there was no simulation in these cases, that she knew a woman who once continued three days in this state of blessedness, with short interruptions, and that her friends became so alarmed, that a physician was called, who restored her to health after six weeks of serious suffering. To us this was just a case in point. Alarming diseases must be, in many cases, the consequences of these fits.

"But," said I, "how does it make them happy? I cannot understand this."

"You are right, you cannot, but the Lord is within us."

"And," added my companion, "you will find that all the girls who are often gifted with these blessings, will come to their end by diseases of the heart or epileptic fits."

"No fear of that; there are some who have had very often these blessings, and are yet healthy."

"There may be exceptions, but depend upon it, either these diseases or insanity must be the consequence."

A little girl, pale, with a nervous look and peculiar stare, stood near. "This girl," I said, pointing at her, "is subject to these blessings, is she not?"

"Yes," said the smart girl, "she has them often, and," asked she, smilingly, "am I subject?"

"Assuredly not," I said.

"You are right," she answered.

"But," said one of the crowd, "if the Lord's Spirit is not the cause of these blessings, how does it happen that they never hurt themselves if they fall? I have seen a man who fell with his head right against the corner of an iron stove, and it did not hurt him in the least."

"Well," said my companion, "that is only a proof that they always know very well what they are about, and, besides, it is bare superstition to believe what you do. You have serious objections against the baptists, as I have seen from one of the sermons of your ministers, and yet the baptists say that it is a proof of the Lord's spirit being with them, that no person baptized by them, even were it in dead winter, in an open river, catches as much as a cold."

"Oh, the baptists; that is very different," was the answer, yet an American will always relish something smart, and as such, the reply to their observation respecting the safety from injury of the person in "a state of blessing," appeared to them. Americans have, likewise, a fear of being considered superstitious; so they urged nothing farther against us on this score. I, for my part, could not help thinking of what I found in a translation of a Chinese work on medicine, by Abel Remusat. The Chinese naturalist ridicules, in the passage of which I am reminded, the credulous people who believe that the cherry-bird is transformed into a mole, and that rice, strewed into a river, at a proper season, changes into fishes. "These," he says, "are ludi-

crous tales, calculated for children only. There is but one transformation well authenticated; namely, that of the rat into the quail; that is told in all good books, and I have myself often observed it, because transformations have their regular course. But as to the absurdity of cherry-birds changing into moles, and rice into fish, no person in his sound senses can believe it; it is too foolish."

Our discussion extended yet to other subjects, and I said, in the course of it, that, they having granted me that camp-meetings are held in order to get up excitement, I must declare them essentially unchristian; that Christ no where excited the people, nor did he recommend it, nor establish camp-meetings. "Did he not preach in the open air?" asked one.—"Yes, because he had no other place, nor do I now speak against preaching in the open air, but against this revelling in religious excitement night after night and day after day." "And did not David leap before the ark?" said another.—"It means, in the original, dancing, and that was considered then as not indecorous, but it does not mean leaping, with frantic movements, as you do here. [You remember that the shakers use the same argument for their jumping about during service.] "Besides," said I, "are you really not aware of the great indecency of girls lying here, stretched on the ground in the sight of numerous people, men and women stepping over them; nor of the injurious consequences with which the inhaling of this shocking dust, so near the ground, for hours together, must be pregnant?" No answer was given, but the elderly man advised some girls to carry one of them into their sleeping or boarding tent; and when she was lifted up, I observed how she stiffened her body and suddenly cramped her hands together. I have the strongest suspicion that this case was one of decided deception. Only remember how often the love of notoriety induces females to practise all kinds of deceits: sometimes they fall into religious fits, sometimes they read with their fingers, sometimes they fall into convulsions every third day, at the precise minute, &c.

We parted good friends, and continued our conversation the next morning. I was glad none of their ministers were present, because they would have allowed me little chance to bring in what I had to say. The volubility of their tongues is really immense, owing to their constantly speaking in real or assumed passion, to their speaking so often, and having, of course, accustomed their minds to a certain train of ideas and their tongue to certain words and phrases.

I freely confess that I look very differently upon the travelling preachers from what I do upon their people. The latter are deluded, and pay with grief and mental torments for their delusion. But the travelling preachers, whether they are deluded or not, set up as preachers, and yet are so grossly ignorant of the most common knowledge requisite for a right understanding of certain passages of the Bible, they preach with such unanswerable boldness from some passages totally misunderstood by them, because they have not the requisite knowledge of biblical antiquity,—they work so intentionally upon the deluded minds of their hearers, in order to bring them to a desired state of excitement, they are so uncharitable in their exhortations, and in all their conceptions so crude, that they produce a feeling of abhorrence.

When we went away, after our first conversation, a gentleman addressed me, saying, "Believe me, you made several doubtful in their minds: these people are utterly ignonorant in matters of religion, and give themselves up to this kind of sectarianism, because they know no better;" and indeed I was surprised to hear several times from these persons who were so positive in their assurances of damnation, &c.: "I cannot answer you, because I have not read the Bible so much as you have."

Consider now the deplorable effect which a camp-meeting must produce upon health, domestic happiness, industry and national wealth. Here are girls and young men who, the Sunday before, had been probably three times to church; on Monday the camp-meeting began. They remained in this

state of excitement, fatigue and exhausting way of living for a whole week; on Sunday, the minister announced there would be again three times service, and that the Lord's supper would be administered. For what can these people be fit after this long indulgence in fanaticism? Certainly not for any kind of the common, and, therefore, most important duties, upon which our whole happiness so much depends. How entirely must they become unfitted by these gross excitements for what must be the end of all religion, the true refinement of the soul, the elevation of charity, the peace of mind, and the development of our best powers!

Could those who are their leaders, but be induced to read Brigham on the Influence of mental Excitement upon Health.* They might learn there, among a number of other useful facts, that insanity in the state of Connecticut is twice as frequent as in Europe, and there is no reason to suppose that it should not be nearly or equally as frequent in many other states. Yet we ought to have less insanity than Europe, because all our relations in life are much more simple. Religious excitement and too early instruction, (not education,) whether they originate from a mistaken notion of parental duty, or from vicious parental vanity, are at present like two scourges of our country. They will probably wear out, like other excitements, but not before having destroyed thousands of victims. Strange, that religion, which has been given to man to calm and comfort him, to give him peace and happiness, is made a tool of, to ruin our health and destroy in the surest way our wellbeing. The Greek impairs his constitution

* Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health; by A. Brigham, M. D. 2d. ed. Boston, 1833: a small work, which we would take this opportunity of recommending most earnestly to all American mothers and ministers.—Dr. Brigham enumerates, among others, the many religious papers, periodicals, occasional publications, &c., read in a single place, as Hartford. The reader may in addition refer to the American Almanac for 1835, page 279 and seq., where he will find a list of the extraordinary number of religious papers published here, not a small part of most of which is occupied with mere controversy.—Editor.

by a rigid fasting of forty days, allowing himself nothing but bread and olives; the Jew abstains for many hours from any nourishment, solid or liquid; the methodist undermines his whole system by mental and physical means.—Juggernaut travels with his crushing wheels over the world, and the infatuated cry, Behold how powerful he is!

I am not against fasting on general grounds. On the contrary, I believe it to be very salutary, and especially necessary in our mode of social life, that some time should be dedicated to reflection and abstaining from enjoyments, those of the palate of course included. We are but too apt to allow ourselves to go on without much reflection, and it is therefore very useful to fix a certain time for directing our ideas more especially to serious subjects, because without such a fixed period, they will be forgotten by most. But as soon as this fasting itself is considered as a good work, or made use of only to change the dishes, it becomes an abuse. Never omit, my friend, to go in your healthy days, from time to time, through the long rooms of an hospital. Otherwise, you forget that there are many of your fellowmen in bitter agony. Nor omit to see man happy, when you are afflicted, or you will forget that happiness is yet on earth. Shun not the sight of misery; turn not from the view of happiness.—But I am preaching!

Add to this the many thousand other excitements which man is getting up every day, as so many new idols to be adored, in politics—in regard to which many papers and people might adopt as their motto, what Mr. Gutzlaff found as a sign on a house on the Pei-ho: Idols and Budhas of all Descriptions newly made and repaired—in regard to rank, in —but my letter would never end in this style.

I am surprised that in the vast number of methodists, among whom are many respectable people, not one has as yet dared to raise his voice against camp-meetings, and yet there must be many sober-minded members of this sect, who heartily disapprove of them.

When we left the "camp," after three o'clock, we saw the

bright moon and a starlight sky. What a contrast between the calm majesty of the heavens and the scenes of man's fanaticism, which we had just left. How much wiser would the actors in them have behaved, had they made a few contemplations on that great subject.

At nine o'clock on Saturday morning, a procession was formed, when each member shook hands with each minister. We had then a sight of every individual, and I was horror-struck at the dire expression of many countenances among those who came up. Some continued their distortions and frightful movements even in this procession, some looked down, many girls cried, and looked shockingly worn out. Beware, beware ye who promote this fanaticism, what you are enacting—literally the most revolting physical and mental mischief, to the advancement of ignorance and the depriving your fellow-beings of the choicest blessings—peace of spirit, and an enlightened mind.

There are many reasons, physical, moral and political, by which we must explain the great religious excitement now prevailing in the United States, and extending to more than the methodist sect; but my letter would assume too much the character of an essay, were I even briefly to touch upon these causes, and, perhaps, it has had too much of that appearance already. But one cause I must be permitted to mention, since it is not so easily detected as the others, and yet is, in my opinion, very powerful in its effect.

The American is an independent being; his government is founded upon an appeal to the reason of every individual, and as there is nothing in human life—no principle of action, no disposition or custom which forms an isolated part of his being, but must necessarily send its ramifications in every direction through his whole character, so also this spirit of independence, although productive of much good in many respects, induces the American sometimes to act for himself, in circumstances where he cannot have sufficient knowledge or experience to guide him. And this is perhaps in few cases more apparent than in those in which medical

knowledge is required to act with safety. Every American is a quack, and remedies, which on the European continent are considered by the people with a kind of awe, are administered in American families with a boldness which surprises every foreigner. A mother will give to her child calomel or laudanum, as if they were the most innocent remedies that could be employed. If an American is sick, he first quacks for a long time for himself, or, which in most cases is not much better, allows an apothecary to quack him. Generally, therefore, serious and already neglected cases come under the eye of the physician, and to this cause, perhaps, is partly owing the bold character of American medical practice in general. In no other countries, I believe, are the great mass of the people so ready to use quack medicines, as in England and the United States. In France, there seems to me to be less of this abuse; but nowhere so little as in Germany. I speak now of common quack medicines, panaceas, catholicons, &c., not of quackeries *en gros*, such as Hahnemann's homeopathics.

Calomel and laudanum, the two trunnions of the gun from which American country medicine shoots its grape-shot, (often supported and seconded by the lancet,) are also used unsparingly in families without special advice of the physician. I have been startled at finding with what temerity the latter, especially, is administered by parents to children, both in the cities and, in a still greater degree, in the country. To such an extent is this abuse carried, that laudanum is called simply *drops*. If a child is a little restless and disturbs those around it, laudanum is immediately given. I know a farmer's family in which every child receives regularly some "drops" before going to bed. That there are many children killed by laudanum, paragoric and other preparations, I have not the slightest doubt. I need not say how injurious this practice must eventually be to the whole nervous system, which it reduces to a state of morbid irritability, calculated to lead to those religious excesses in the consideration of which we have been en-

gaged, and which in turn promote to a greater degree the excitement of the nervous temperament, while on the other hand this unwarrantable use of opium creates, at a later period, that immense craving for strong liquors, which with many ends in habitual drunkenness, but with an incalculably greater number in habitual drinking, not characterized by any excesses, but manifesting its melancholy consequences by fatal diseases, whose true cause remains perhaps unknown to the sufferer himself. Temperance societies ought to turn their attention to this calamitous malpractice and systematic preparation of children for a future abuse of strong liquors.

Though, probably, not so fatal in regard to physical consequences, as the exposure and fatigue in camp-meetings must be, but equally objectionable in itself, was the excitement which I witnessed in the cathedral of St. Januarius, in Naples. In a small tabernacle on the grand altar of this church are preserved the head of the patron saint of the city, and two vials containing his blood. The latter is in a solid state, except when placed before the head, when it miraculously liquefies. The ceremony of this miracle is repeated three times a year. It is considered as a sign of peculiar grace, foreboding great blessings to the city, if the blood becomes liquid immediately when placed before the other relic; on the other hand, the anxiety and terror shown, especially by the women, when the blood refuses for a long time to liquefy, are surprising. The vials stand on the altar, and a priest is near to try from time to time, by moving them, whether the adored substance has become liquid or not; while a large number of believers kneel before it, praying and imploring the saint to grant the miracle, growing more and more urgent in their supplication every moment that the liquefaction is protracted. When I was in that paradisiacal country, the blood of the saint had remained solid much beyond its usual time—if I remember right, a day and a half; I went with a friend of mine to see the ceremony. The alarming news had already spread over the city, and a

large concourse of people had assembled. Two women attracted our particular attention. They knelt with their arms stretched out toward heaven, betraying by their wide and staring eyes a most intense anxiety, the fervor of maniacs. They uttered imploring words, which had far more the character of imprecations than prayers.* In fact, they boldly reproached the saint for his refusal of the necessary miracle. And every time the officiating priest lifted the vial, and showed that the sacred contents were yet in a solid state, the excitement and feverish vehemence rose still higher. At length it became liquid, and the rush to the altar was so sudden and universal, that in a moment we found ourselves before it, where the vial was presented to us to be kissed, after which the priest touched our foreheads with the sacred vessel. The whole scene had a very strong tincture of that clamor and religious passion, of which we read as having accompanied some sacred rites of the ancients.

There was, also, a considerable number of negroes at the camp-meeting of Westchester: a separate place had been assigned to them, nor had they any tent. They seemed to me to behave very quietly here; it is not so in the meeting-houses of the colored people. There, their boisterous violence is greater in proportion to their greater ignorance. Some years ago I went into one of the principal methodist meeting-houses of colored people in Philadelphia, and I never shall forget the impression made upon me by the unbounded excitement and passion of the congregation. The preacher, a mulatto, spoke incoherently on a variety of subjects, throwing in, at the same time, a number of passages of the Bible,

* Many of our readers will hardly understand this passage; yet it is true, that the great vivacity and excitability, peculiar to the inhabitants of southern Italy, often carry them on this occasion so utterly beyond their own wits, that a language is used toward St. Januarius, which does not only appear to a foreigner as threatening, but which actually is in part composed of threats and reproaches. That the women far exceed the men in this religious clamor is a matter of course.—Of what the contents of these vials consist, no uninitiated person can say; to look at them is all that is granted, and a Davy or Berzelius never touched them.—Editor.

much in the style of all fanatics. His gesticulations were violent in the highest degree; a large mug with water stood in the pulpit, from which he took frequent draughts. It was not long before his ideas concentrated upon the constant theme—the torments of the damned, which he depicted not without the eloquence and poetry of high passion. I remember some of his fanciful descriptions.—"Imagine," he said, "that you will be for ten thousand years on the bottom of the sea, and mountains of rocks weighing upon your breast." The people uttered a deep groan. "Imagine that no being on earth or in heaven, or in all creation, listens to your agony." The people groaned in still greater excitement. "Imagine ten thousand years more, alone, without a single friend, without a soul, not even the consolation of a fellow sufferer." The groans and shrieks became louder and louder, and the preacher at length wrought himself to such a pitch of excitement, after he had called with a loud voice, "Hear ye the trumpets, hear ye?" that he himself could find no longer either words or images; and, bending forward over the pulpit, he waved several times with both his arms in different directions, and uttered a loud, tremulous groan. This was the sign for a general convulsion of the meeting: screaming, shrieking, moaning, calling to absent persons, weeping, praying, stamping, groaning were heard or seen in every part of the church; while, in contrast with this scene, I observed an old negro without any signs of violence, over whose dark cheeks rolled the big tears of contrition.

After some time the agitation subsided; the preacher was heard again praying, first in tones comparatively calm and moderate; but, as his excitement increased, his utterance partook more and more of the former violence, and his prayer ended by his grasping the pulpit with both hands and actually stretching both his legs far out behind in the air, from the mere overflowing of passion—a phrensy incapable of being any longer expressed in definite words, and seeking vent in these vehement movements of the body. That

the hearers followed in their agitation their preacher at a proportionate distance, was natural. There was no emotion, it was all intoxication—it was the bewildering opium of passion, instead of the pure wine of religion, which strengthens the weary wanderer on his long and toilsome path; it was a religious running amuck.

The same stages of excitement were run through, when, toward the conclusion of the service, the servant of the boarding-house where I lodged, and who acted it seems as clerk, uttered his fervent prayer. "Wasn't it fine?" said he, when I left the meeting-house, and he saw me.

I should not have given you these descriptions, had I in the least to fear that you will peruse them by way of amusement: they are, in my opinion, of a character but too grave. I give them as contributions to the study of the human soul, and much as I abhor the amusing ourselves by the recital of man's aberration, madness and crime, I am equally disposed to discountenance the smothering of a true knowledge of man by ill-timed delicacy. Let the truth be unveiled, and let him who is zealous of knowing man, boldly look reality into the face. Unwarped knowledge of bare reality must accompany and direct our reflections on man and society, lest we should never be enabled to choose appropriate means for realizing the best and wisest plans.

These preachers resemble, in their violence, the monks or street preachers whom I have often seen in Italy, when, in great agitation, they pace up and down, a crucifix in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other, to remove their profuse perspiration; now loudly calling upon the faithful, now offering them the crucifix to kiss, now threatening and fulminating, now supplicating and imploring. And with them, too, the torments of the infernal regions formed a frequent theme of their addresses, to which the hearers responded with their well known *o Gesù, o Gesù, misericordia*, though, with them, this theme is often varied with that of indulgences.

I have heard many, many startling sermons, and speeches on religion, and the offering of indulgences "cheap, re-

ally cheap, if you consider," as once a monk said to me, and the long lists of indulgences regulated by year and month at the church-doors, or the *roba santa*, as the Italians often call the various articles offered for the edification of the faithful in Loretto or Rome, or almost any place in Italy, formed certainly not the least surprising addition.

I find in my journal, on November 25, 1822, an account of a street sermon in Rome, which I will translate as accurately as I can, though things of this kind sound in Italian both more striking and, in some respects, less positive. I remember the whole perfectly well, and that I wrote it down as soon as I had returned home. The passage is this:

"After having seen the church of St. Gregory, beautifully situated on *Mons Coelius*, I went again to the Coliseum (the mighty fabric, which tyranny seems to have raised to reconcile posterity to its existence—the quarry for the palace-castles of the Orsini and other Roman families*) and found here again the old man in soiled garment, preaching to the peasants. Sometimes he sung the *credo*, &c., the peasants and children sung after him; then he preached in the most familiar style; suddenly he addresses one: 'Who has created the heaven?' Answer: 'God.'—'Might he let the heavens fall down?' and, answering himself, he continued, 'certainly.' 'Could he break down the earth?' 'Most undoubtedly!' and now he spoke of earthquakes, sudden deaths and the oath "accidente." He flew from one subject to another, and spoke of the first Christians, ('*attento!*' he stamped with his foot;) they used to keep all feast days, and that of St. Andrews too.' 'Now,' said he,

* The Coliseum is so mighty a fabric, that the stones form any buildings in Rome were obtained from it. The *Teatro Marcello*, which Augustus caused to be built and dedicated to Marcellus, the son of his sister Octavia, was changed in the middle ages, into a fortified palace of the Orsini family, who had obtained permission from the pope to take the stones necessary for their building from the Coliseum. And yet after all these spoliations, enough remains of this edifice, to show its gigantic dimensions. A clear moonshine, such as is common in Rome, falling upon these vast ruins, piled up like rocks, is one of the most impressive sights.—Editor.

'if you appear at the gate of heaven, and knock at the door (he knocked himself against the wall) St. Peter will ask, 'Who's there?' 'I am a sinner.' 'Have you paid proper regard to me?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you properly kept my feasts?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And those of my dear brother St. Andrew, likewise?' 'No!' 'And why not?' 'Because the festival was abolished.' 'Go along, go along, I have nothing to do with you; yes, yes go along I say, begone.' 'And where shall we go?' 'Where you like, I don't care?' —'Thus,' continued he, 'eternal complaint is raised against the many festivals, and here you see the consequences.'" His sermon lasted yet for a long time. While he was preaching, people began to assemble to hear a monk, who spoke in a somewhat higher style, but again with uncommon vivacity. The old man is paid by a pious society.

On the 19th of January, 1823, I heard another man preaching in the coliseo. In the course of his address he asked his hearers, "Who is the prince of the church? (*principe della chiesa.*") "St. John," one of the people answered. "St. John! what stupidity!—St. Peter, my dearest friend; are you so stupid! St. John!—St. Peter, ass! Who of you calls himself John?" "I, sir," said a lad of about seventeen. "Well, now look here: St. John came to preach penitence before Christ, that people should make good Christians of themselves, in every thing and also in their customs. Now, thou wearest Turkish pantaloons, and the Turks are not Christians. Go therefore to your father and ask him to have your pantaloons made tighter." The lad had somewhat wide pantaloons made of some blue stuff. A few minutes after an old man, and one of about forty years, both of this congregation, quarreled with each other, as to which had taken off his cap first at a passing clergyman, since the preacher had scolded his little congregation for not showing due regard to this priest, who "was nevertheless spending his life in praying for them."

I have now spoken of so much startling preaching, that I will give you a sermon which appears to me one of the sub-

limest I ever heard. At any rate there is no ranting or cant in it. An acquaintance of mine marched as a volunteer against the French in 1813, and had been made, by the time to which I refer, an officer. Previous to his taking arms he had been a student of theology, and is now a minister. On the morning of the battle at Leipzig, the commander of his battalion called upon him to preach to the soldiers. The usual scaffold of drums was formed; the regiment was placed on a hill, the view from which extended over a large part of the field of the largest battle ever recorded—the giant battle, as it often has been termed. It is easy to imagine how the preacher felt when he stood on his elevation, and looked on his brethren in arms, and on the extensive plain which was soon to drink the blood of the brave in torrents. He began, "Brethren, warriors—there is the enemy of our country—there is God (pointing toward heaven)—pray"—he could say no more. The whole congregation in arms prayed in silence, when the distant thunder of artillery called them to their martial duty, and gave the signal that the murderous contest was beginning, which raged three days, and decided the fate of Europe.

LETTER XVII.

"El que no ha visto á Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla;
El que no ha visto á Granada,
No ha visto nada."
Pero el que á Niágara vió,
*Todo lo bueno se halló.**

The last is, at all events, as true as the first and second positions; but have no fear, I will try to be sober.

Nature is a book; this is so true that it has become a commonplace. The readers of this book of nature are various as the readers of other works. Some few ponder silently on the great contents of this sacred volume, faithfully striving to perceive the spirit of its author, as an humble reader is anxious to wed to his mind the contents of a book written by a master. And, as a volume of deep contents forms the bridge on which the minds of the author and his earnest reader meet, so will the contemplative student of nature's pages perceive the breath of life of its great author, when

* The four first lines are proverbially used by the people of Granada; they mean, "He who has not seen Seville has not seen any wonder; he who has not seen Granada has seen nothing." A similar expression is, "*A quien Dios lo quiso bien en Granada le dió de comer,*" (him, whom God loves, he gives his bread to eat in Granada.) The two last lines, probably added by the author, mean, "But he who has seen Niagara, has seen every thing worthy of admiration."—Editor.

he peruses them in solitary meditation. He will forget the letters and the words and phrases before him, and be carried away by the thought which lives within them. Other readers approach this book as they take up any other work, with a mind whetted by egotism. They read it, but cannot rid themselves, in doing so, of their own self; they do not enter on its contents freely, and as a scholar who has to learn, but as a reviewer who thinks himself above the book. Others read with the eye of vanity, to be able to quote it, to appear in society as well read and learned; to grace and ornament their own pages. Others look at it as a thoughtless girl hastily skims over the pages of a new novel, forgetting to-day what they read yesterday, merely to drive away time, which for others rushes by so inexorably swift; or, to catch a few passages for the motley scrap-book of their shallow mind. Others,—plodding tourists,—dwell upon every syllable and letter; but when they stop they remember the words only which they have seen, as a reader, fatigued by long study, when morning begins to throw her glances on the book which he opened in the evening, passes with his eye repeatedly over a page, and yet cannot any longer comprehend its meaning. There are other readers of nature, who peruse her with noisy devotion; who would make people believe that they feel much because they exclaim, admire, and talk much; others who read with garrulous sentimentality; and still others who spell nature's poetry, as the proof reader goes over the most exalted passages to the compositor, with heavy, loud monotony, every syllable and comma well pronounced:

As–if–to–sweep–down–all–things–in–its–track (comma)
Charm–ing–the–eye–with–dread (comma–dash) a–match–less–ca–ta–ract (full–stop.)

To which of the above mentioned classes I belong you must judge. I only know to which I would wish to belong, and that I cannot be counted among those who—some in reality, some apparently—are affected in the presence of the noble aspect of Niagara, more deeply with the sensation of the power of God, than they ever were in their lives be

fore. The following pages and the verses I send you,* however poor they may be in themselves, will show you that I cannot be called a thoughtless gazer on the mighty cataracts; but I own, I cannot see how they can impress us more or even so much with the idea of God's power as many other phenomena. The firmament, the sea, from a mountain near the shore, the lofty Alps, when they appear for the first time to the lonely wanderer with the rosy evening glow on their hoary summits, like Raphael's Jove with his gray locks, yet cheeks glowing with immortal vigor, have a more expansive power upon my mind than the great falls.

It is painful to see how many people seem to require grand and powerful physical phenomena in order to be roused, and how they seem thus to adhere to matter, not elevating themselves to a contemplation of the principle of life. One walk in the spring in the open fields, when the blades shoot forth from the ground, and variegated flowers bud, and trees put on their new garments, all taking nourishment from the same ground and the same air, but changing it by unseen and unknown processes with subtle delicacy, into opposite colors, into juices of the most different properties, into millions of different forms, reminds me more of the central hearth of life, of the power which pervades all nature with unaccountable laws,—the breath which blew life into matter. You will often find that people seem astounded at some contrivance in nature which, when you inquire closely into the grounds of their astonishment, is found to be in fact nothing else than a surprise that nature should have been as inventive and wise as man himself; for I speak here of cases, when, in nature, the application of a principle which man has independently found out and applied, is discovered. The fructification of sage is certainly a very interesting subject of observation and reflection; but the circumstance that the stamina work like levers, and powder, with pollen, the back of the insect, which searches for the honey

* Probably a German poem on Niagara, which we have seen, published in Germany.—EDITOR.

exuded in the bottom of the flower, so that the insect must carry this powder to the female blossoms of the same species, seems to me, if we once admit a difference in these subjects, not to be calculated to excite our admiration of the power of nature's God, in as great a degree, as the colors of these very flowers, which are formed by processes as yet entirely unapproached. In short, the *life* in nature is a subject much greater than the contrivances, but the pulley of the wrist seems to many people more admirable than the living pulse close by.

There seems, moreover, to exist a general disposition among men, in my opinion founded upon an erroneous conception, to draw a sharp line of distinction between the works of nature and those of man, and to admire the former at the expense of the latter. This feeling was carried, at one time, so far, that it was even a usual pretence to find the most common object in nature more admirable than the most perfect work of art. Yet what is man? Is he excluded from nature? does he stand without her? or is he, like all the rest of creation, wrapt up in the all-enshrouding spirit of the Creator? Can he sever himself for a moment from all the matter which surrounds him, and to which he is bound by a thousand ties, and can he abandon for a moment the laws which form the principles of his body and his soul? Is his mind not a work of God, as well as a plant, or a mountain? are we not taught to consider it God's greatest creation? Are not the laws, according to which the mind of man works and conceives, his laws, and is not a statue of Apollo conceived and made after the images of perfection which he moulded and set up in the noblest souls, as much a work of his creation as the towering Alps? Does it indeed reflect his almighty power less than the "wing of a bee?" Not to me. When I stand before the noble fabric—the cathedral of Cologne, I perceive God's spirit in it as much as I see it in the heaven-kissing hills. When Palestrina's heavenly peals swell upon my ear, I feel its presence, as when a glorious sun rises out of the sea, and changes the lilies which

a silvery moon had strewn on the main, for the roses and rubies of the morn.

That there is a sublimity in the great works of nature which more powerfully affects most minds than the sublimity of works of art, I admit; but this does not prove that there is less of this character in a perfect statue or painting than in a mountain scenery or a cataract; but it requires perhaps a more cultivated mind to be as susceptible of the sublimity of the former as of that of the latter; for the grandeur of art is of a more spiritual cast. The impression of awe, which the sublime includes, is more powerful in stupendous works or great phenomena of nature; but as to the other qualities of the sublime, I would not make any difference in general.

You have read nearly all the late accounts of Niagara, and I shall not detain you by a fresh attempt at description. I merely intend to give you some items in relation to this magnificent spectacle. If I now and then repeat what others have said, you may apply what Göthe said of Italy: Let every one give his impressions; there is room enough for all.

It is my custom, whenever any thing great or powerful is brought within the sphere of my observation, be it of a moral character, an action, a great era, a work of art, a phenomenon in nature, a beauty, or an object of sublimity,—first to allow it its full and undivided effect upon my mind, and then to endeavor to analyze it—to discover its component parts, in order to become acquainted, if possible, with the process by which I have been affected. It is by this latter operation alone, that we can obtain a calm, true and unbiassed view of intellectual or physical phenomena; that we can deprive danger of its fearful aspects, or bring moral sublimity within the grasp of our emulation.

I have performed this analysis with regard to the Falls. After I had gazed, and given myself passively up to my sensations, I endeavored to trace out, as far as an individual can, the elements of my impressions. In writing to you I

shall perhaps follow somewhat the opposite course; and be obliged to begin with the little and rise to the grand. But in order to do this, let me hastily sketch, once more, some of the most characteristic outlines of the picture of the great cataract.

The vast inland seas west of the Niagara, send from out the mighty basins their waters toward the Falls, and all their never-ceasing volumes tend to this point, which forms the greatest beauty of that chain of lakes whose vast sheets vie with the sea, extending nearly fifteen hundred miles in length, and constituting the ornament and a great blessing of our North. The distant St. Louis, which in its beginning moves in a doubtful* course, as if undecided whether to contribute its contents to the giant river of our west, and travel with it, three thousand miles, down to the gulf of Mexico, or empty itself into the basin of Lake Superior,—is the most remote source of this chain of waters. The last named lake, with a sheet of thirty thousand square miles, Lake Michigan, with a surface of fifteen thousand, Lake Huron with one of eighteen thousand, and all three of amazing depth, so that their bottom is nearly three hundred feet below the ocean tides, while their surface is from six to seven hundred feet above the level of the sea,—and Lake Erie, with a sheet of eight thousand square miles,—all these reservoirs send their waters to Niagara.

Niagara Strait, a channel of thirty-seven miles, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, is about a mile in width at its commencement, but narrows and again widens even to as much as five and six miles, and bends in various directions before it arrives at the Falls, after a course of about twenty miles. In some places its depth has been ascertained to be two hundred and forty feet; in others it is probably much greater. Shortly before arriving at the Falls, the course of the stream is a little north of west; rolling over the Falls it

* The course of the St. Louis is, in the beginning, directed toward the west, as if it were to join the Mississippi.—Editor.

makes an abrupt angle, and runs toward north north-east. Not less variable than the breadth and direction of the strait, is the rapidity of the current. Near Black Rock, the velocity is probably not less than from six to eight miles an hour; the stream then glides quietly along, at the rate of not more than from two to four miles, like the silent brooding of a people, mocking patience, before a great revolution. At the Rapids, above the Falls, the current assumes an immense velocity; and the water below the Falls, rushes on, in some places with mad fury, in all, with great rapidity as far as Lewiston and Queenston. The descent of the water in the strait is three hundred and thirty-four feet.

The banks of the strait are low as far as the Falls; from this point the water flows in a deep ravine with rocky walls as high as three hundred and seventy feet, which gradually lower near Lake Ontario. It is this sudden change of the bed which produces the Falls. Immediately below them these stupendous walls, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes with beetling rocks, and defying with very few exceptions the best crags-man, are about three hundred feet high. The distance between the two landing-places of the ferries, nearly a mile below the Falls, is about seventy-six rods. You have then the depth and width of this ravine: its rugged sides are adorned and crested with shrubs and trees. They run nearly parallel; at the beginning or upper end of the ravine, they join in a curve. Over this curve of the ravine rolls the Niagara in three distinct Falls, divided from each other by two islands enthroned on the edge of the ravine. One of them, Goat Island, the largest of a group of three, is quite at the end of the south-eastern side of the ravine, leaving on its western side or end only the closing curve, over which the largest of the cataracts, the Crescent Fall, flows into the deep abyss below. On the northern side of Goat Island, and between it and the small Prospect Island, is the Central Fall. To the north of the latter island, again, is the Schlosser Fall. The bend of Niagara is so peculiar, that it requires some exertion of your

mind to arrive at a clear perception of the four cardinal points in relation to the cataract. You ought, however, to represent clearly to yourself the precise situation of the Falls and their bends; and the better to enable you to do this, I send you hereby a little book, "A Manuel for the Use of Visiters to the Falls of Niagara," by Mr. Ingraham, which he has published merely as the forerunner of a larger work. The latter will be, probably, the most complete publication ever sent forth on this great work of nature.

The little book I send you contains, along with a sufficient number of exclamations and quotations, a great many facts; which will have the more value in your eyes, when I assure you that the author has spared no pains and fatigue, in reading and observing, to arrive as near the truth of the various subjects as possible.

Goat Island contains about sixty acres, and, for a variety of reasons, is a most charming spot. Prospect Island is very small: I have written it down on the tablet of my memory as Isola Preziosa; and a precious isle it is. It lies on the brink of the lofty battlement between the two Falls on the United States side, like a jutting watch-tower, placed there for the purpose of affording the finest prospect of the Schlosser Fall. There is one particular spot,—where you tread upon the roots of a juniper, overhanging the fearful precipice,—from which you can see far under you, and there have a view of the waters precipitating themselves in one great mass after having tumbled over the many cliffs between Goat Island and the main. It is one of the finest situations for the sight. They might have called this island, the Islet, par excellence; Prospect Island sounds a little of the show-case.

Let me now rapidly sketch out the upper line or edge of the end of this ravine, which forms the Falls. Schlosser, or the American Fall, as it is sometimes very loosely called, the most northern of the three, is about fifty-six rods in width, and one hundred and sixty-seven in perpendicular descent. Prospect Island is about ten yards in

width, and the Central Fall also about ten yards. The edge of the ravine, which is formed by the north-western limit of Goat Island, is eighty rods, and the Crescent or Horse-shoe Fall, extending from Goat Island to the Canada shore, "is about a quarter of a mile in a direct line, or about half a mile following the curve;"* which, though Crescent Fall is a fit name, and a thousand times better than Horse-shoe Fall, resembles more a parabolic line, the longer leg of which lies toward the Canada shore, and the apex of which gives way to a sudden angle receding to the south-east. This angle and the comparatively straight line close to it on the west, are the causes of the production of one of the sublimest spectacles in the world, as you will see from the sequel. The whole Crescent is lower than the eastern bank of the ravine, which causes a much greater body of water to roll over it than over either of the two other falls. The perpendicular descent of the Crescent Fall is one hundred and fifty-four feet, therefore, thirteen feet lower than the Schlosser Fall.

From the shore of Goat Island, a bridge, called Terrapin Bridge, of three hundred feet in length, is built, leading to a point north of the receding angle of the Crescent just mentioned, and projecting over the falls about eight or ten feet. It ends in a point, and this point, (from which you can see perpendicularly down into the gulf, while under your feet the waters rush and hurry on, and swell and roll over,) is one of the jewel-spots, as I call them in my journal, where, as I think I have mentioned already, I have placed all the fine views I have seen, together—a precious list to me. The tower of the Acrocorinth, the highest point of the crater of Vesuvius, the eastern side of the convent of the Camaldoli, near Naples, the Königstuhl, near Heidelberg, a certain spot on the Palatino, in Rome, a spot above the Hudson, near Wiehawk, Terrapin Bridge, several spots in Switzerland and Tyrol, and a certain point near Mar-

* See Ingraham's Manuel, p. 46 et seq.—Editor.

seilles, when you approach from Avignon, rank among the solitaires of these jewels. The view from the point of this bridge, though of uncommon interest, is not, however, a good view of the Falls, as a whole; this can only be obtained from below, or at a distance.

Close to this bridge has been erected a turret, which, I think, is perfectly in keeping with all the gigantic objects and stupendous phenomena around you, provided you can bring yourself to take it for a pepper-box. But I will be fair. Much, and not without reason, is said against this turret, yet from it you have a view of the incision or receding angle of the Crescent, such as you could not possibly have any where else; and, even with regard to its own appearance, I must say that when on one afternoon I saw from Table-Rock the rainbow resting with one end on Goat Island edge, and the other on the opposite shore, like a glorious triumphal arch over the mighty cataract, this turret, seen at a distance, contributed not a little to beautify the great picture. It was a slight indication that man was there, also; somewhat like a little garden which we sometimes suddenly meet with, perched among the steepest rocks in a lonely Alpine country.

The depth of the mass of water, where it rolls over the precipice, is prodigious. Mr. Dwight estimates the quantity which hourly is sent into the abyss, at 102,093,750 tons; Mr. Darby at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet, and Mr. Picken at 113, 510,000 gallons, or 18,524,000 cubic feet per minute. These estimates have been made according to the depth and velocity of Niagara at its leaving Lake Erie, near Black Rock.

The water, precipitating itself with such immense swiftness over the edge of the ravine, (it descends about fifty-eight feet in the half mile immediately above the Falls,) does not, as you may well imagine, drop down perpendicularly, but in a parabolic line. It is believed that the waters of the Crescent Fall touch the surface of the stream below about fifty feet from the point, which they would reach, were the fall perpendicular. The whole height, including the descent

of the rapids above, is given as two hundred and sixteen feet.

Owing to this projecting of the waters, the traveller is enabled to get some way behind the sheets of two of these cataracts the Crescent and Central Falls. The passage behind the latter we owe to Mr. Ingraham, who induced the owner to cut a path in the rock, about midway in the bank. If the sight here is not so full of terror as behind the sheet of the Crescent, you have, at least, a better opportunity of studying the grace of these leaping waters, when the moving crystal arch descends before your eyes, with such a steadiness and continuance, that I, who never was giddy in my life, felt a powerful effect, when I looked up and followed, with my eye, the rushing arch in its whole course down; it was a sensation as if I were powerfully drawn after; and, indeed, I would not advise any one, who is liable to giddiness to try this particular experiment.

It was, I own with jealous feelings I lately read, that Mr. Ingraham has succeeded in getting behind this sheet from below. He had long foreseen that it would be practicable to penetrate behind this fall, though only an individual who had resided so long on the spot, and familiarized himself as much with every appearance of the Falls, as he had could have conceived the idea, and persisted so perseveringly in the attempt to realize it. The rushing streams through which you must wade, the dangerous and slippery rock, over which you must climb, the tremendous noise, the streams of water which the crossing winds dash in your face, and which almost prevent you from seeing your companion, while your face is whipped by blasts, altogether render it a most hazardous expedition. He was the first who insisted upon its possibility, and the first who attempted it, and if he was not actually the first who succeeded in the attempt, it was owing merely to a temporary absence from Niagara.

When I had the good fortune of meeting Mr. Ingraham

at Niagara, we went together in a boat to the foot of the Central Fall, and he made an attempt then to penetrate behind the sheet while our boat was in great danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, the current here driving violently toward the shore, owing to the immense mass of water which falls from the centre of Crescent Fall into the depth, and is then forced violently up in the middle of the stream, by the pressure of succeeding volumes of water. At that time he was not successful.

Almost all travellers go behind the sheet of the Crescent Fall, at its western end. The works which you have read have already informed you, that, for the first time you enter, a guide is necessary to lead you through the violent blasts. Most people will always require one. The spot where the path ends is called Termination Rock, and is above a hundred and fifty feet from the commencement of the volume of water. You cannot arrive there otherwise than perfectly drenched, and the entire novelty of the scene, incomparable with any thing you have ever perceived in your life before, and the difficulty of breathing, as you inhale a quantity of water, would induce most people to give up the idea of penetrating to the end, had not long experience shown that, with proper precaution, there is no real danger. Even most ladies who visit Niagara, go behind this sheet.

When I had arrived at the extremity of the path, and looked over into the gulf—the deafening roar, the gusts of water, the sight of the rebellious streams driving in all directions, and of the watery volleys shot up from below, the rolling sea above, water on all sides, and the air nauseously impregnated with heavy moisture; the eyes deprived of half their vision, by the water which is driven into them by the violent blasts; and the piercing whistling of the latter round the edges and sharp points of the rocks; the uncertainty of the color of the waters, white, gray, green, continually changing, and the greenish dim light reaching you through the furious waters above; the enraged froth beneath, boiling in madness, that it must break against the rocks

peaks and points, when all that which I slowly enumerate, burst in one moment upon me, my first thought or feeling was, "Oh Dante, why couldst thou not see it!"

Most commentators on this great poet, (who wore the best wreath on Mount Parnassus, until the inspiring maids placed a still richer, on the brows of Albion's son,) say that his inventive mind, has exhausted all the terrors of which the human soul can conceive, and which are fit subjects for poetry. I, too, was of this opinion, until I stood on Termination Rock. There is not once, in Dante's whole poem, even an allusion to watery torment and horror, and yet how would he have seized upon the sight, and wrought it into poetry! I have read Dante again and again, and in many various situations; I believe I have not remained a stranger to the spirit which lives in his great work, and trust I *feel* it; and yet I am convinced that he could not have seen this work of nature, without showing that he had seen it, in his poem. It cannot be said that Dante could not have used the horrors of the water, since the belief then prevalent chose to consider fire as the chief agent of infernal sufferings. Dante, though in the general outlines adhering, as was necessary, to general belief, is independent in all his details, and there is no reason why he should not have filled one *bolgia* with the terrors of the waters, particularly as they seem to most people more terrific than those of fire. There is a clammy disgust, a scent of mouldering, a sight of slime and slippery weed, a want of warmth and animal life, in caverns filled with the terrors of the waters, which is not inherent in fire, an element with the effects of which we are much more familiarized by the concerns of our daily life. Whether Dante has ever seen the Evelino tumbling from the Caduta del Marmore, I know not; but even if he had, it would not have afforded elements at all comparable to those which would most powerfully have impressed themselves upon his mind at Niagara. The Evelino is not terrific; nowhere does it appear frightful. Every eye-witness of both the cataracts, I fear not, will agree with me.

The color of Niagara, when not changed by heavy rains, is a peculiarly beautiful green, differing from sea-green, as it seems to me to have more of an emerald hue in it; I can only compare it to the dye of the Neckar, yet the Niagara is much more beautiful. I have already spoken of the salient angle in the line of the Crescent Fall, and the comparatively straight line to the west of it. I send you a *croquis* of the currents and eddies above and below the Falls; I have taken and verified it from the little wooden house above Table Rock, from the turret, from the spot where the road along the Canada shore bends down to the ferry house, and according to the observations I had an opportunity of making, when I swam in the river immediately below the Falls. I had the pleasure of making a copy of this chart of currents for Mr. Ingraham; but I was obliged to make it on a very reduced scale, from the original *croquis*, so that it was impossible for me to enter all the many currents and counter currents below the Falls. Yet it contains a delineation of the chief currents of the irritated river below.

From the accompanying *croquis* you will perceive, that, by the different sweeps of the water, a much greater quantity rolls over the straight line of which I have just spoken, and which occupies less than a third of the Crescent Fall. The most beautiful part of the finest of the cataracts is owing to this circumstance. This immense thick mass of water remains unbroken down to the middle of the Falls, and the color being of a fine emerald hue, it produces one dense and deep sheet or mass of uncommonly beautiful color. On the one side is the pointed angle which gives the very picture of irresistible ingulfing, and on each side a large white foamy sheet, like large borders to the green central piece. This emerald part has such a compound character of compactness, united with a transparent crystal elegance, it rolls over the crest so majestically, and has, with all its velocity, such an appearance of steadiness, owing to its thickness and density, and yet the swelling lines on its surface, as it rolls over and de-

scends, form such a graceful contrast with the turmoil and uproar close at hand, that there is nothing in the world to which I can possibly compare it: I have never seen any thing similar, even on a smaller scale—never before, majesty and grace thus blended. Some of the best views of this part are from the window of Biddle Staircase, by which you descend from Goat Island to the river below,—from the middle of the river when you cross in the ferry,—and from Table Rock, a rock which, in the form of a plate, projects and forms a precipice close to the north-eastern end of the Crescent. It is a hundred and sixty-three feet from the depth, and it projects so much that when you look down,—lying, of course, flat on the ground, as every experienced traveller does in such cases,—to *enjoy* a *precipice*, you can see not only perpendicularly down, but even under the rock. To your right you have the Crescent Fall, and you may see the upper part of the emerald sheet to more advantage from here than from any other spot; while the rest of the great cataract has, from this point, the character of the terrific. None of the three falls *tumble;* they *leap:* and from Table Rock you may see the long leap which the waters make, down to where the horror of an eternal mist covers the still more horrific depth. The terror of Niagara from here is like the fury of a lion, who leaps with grace upon his prey.

I remember well all I felt when I was on the brink of the crater of Vesuvius, and, since my return, have read over again my journal, in which I have entered a somewhat detailed account of my expedition to that volcano; but the awfulness which it inspired is not to be compared to that produced by Niagara seen from this point. The unceasing noise, the tone of which I have named to you in a previous letter,* interrupted only by still deeper tones occasioned by the falling of some more compact masses, and very similar

* It was the first G below the first line in the bass. This tone was mentioned in a previous Letter on occasion of the Trenton Falls, but by some inadvertence it is called there G *on*, instead of *below* the first line—an erratum which the reader will be kind enough to correct.—Editor.

to the sound produced by large masses of snow breaking from the high Alps, and rolling upon the loose snow in the valley—a tone which resembles distant thunder,—the thick mist below, through which you see, toward the river, the ever-boiling and madly dancing foam, and the volumes of dense spray rising above a hundred feet, and through them again aquatic meteors ascending to a hundred and twenty feet and then bursting; the ingulfing character which the falls have from here, give them something far more awful in their effects upon the feelings than the crater of Vesuvius.

Yet, as if placed here to comfort man, and to show him that, though nature may seem for a moment to move in rebellious lawlessness, and to have broken from its fixed lines, yet every atom carries its eternal law along with it, and cannot move out of its character,—floats over all this roar and riot of the elements a consoling rainbow formed of the very water which but a moment before carried destruction in its heedless hurry,—to remind you that there is order in nature where you perceive but wild disorder, and that fearful struggle or loathsome dissolution returns to the beauty which graces the universe,—that "the spirit of God moveth upon the face of the waters."

The lunar bow is equally beautiful; I saw it one night, tinged with a slight hue of its brighter mate, to whom the sun lends his splendor. It looked like a rain-bow, pale from grief; and as it rested over the foaming waters of Niagara—truly like "Love watching madness with unalterable mien." This madness of the waters is found, however, only in the gulf below; where the boiling, and gushing, and leaping element, as if fury had changed its nature wrestles with the firm rocks and conquers them in the long struggle.

In all other places, the character of Niagara Falls, is very different. I recollect the Evelino well, and a more beautiful passage of descriptive poetry, than that of Byron: "The roar of waters, &c.," I know not; yet it does not describe Niagara. He would have employed different colors, a different grouping, and another style to paint this cataract. However, great as Byron is in description, should I wish for

one of the Falls, and could I choose among all the masters, I would say, let Shakspeare sketch it with his firm hand. The words of his descriptions, as of all his other passages, are "spaced" with thought.

There is, strange as it may sound to you, a character of majestic steadiness in the Niagara Falls. Those gigantic masses preserve their compact form, throughout one half of their entire fall, and as they roll over the precipice, and descend to midway, almost unchanged, present such an unbroken front, that the whole picture has about it an appearance as if the waters had been commanded to stand still, and had been suddenly stopped in their course. It is the contrast which this distinguishing feature of the cataract forms with the bounding leap, and the actual and known velocity of the waters, together with the many other contrasts which this phenomenon presents, the deafening noise and blinding spray, with the bright rainbow, and the sparkling surface of parts of the waters, the solemn roar and the piercing single tones, the cheerful vegetation on the banks, and the thriving helpless weed whipped against the rock—it is the thousand contrasts which you meet here, that lend so inexpressible a charm to this stupendous and lovely phenomenon, and which cause every one to take leave of it, as of a friend you have learned to love, in spite of the esssential sternness and grandeur of his character.

The *emerald*, of which I spoke above, is not seen with the Schlosser, nor Central Falls; they leap in a sheet of foam from their immense height. About two-thirds of the surface of the water, enclosed by the Crescent Fall, are covered with impenetrable spray and mist, out of which the peculiar meteors or jets I mentioned are seen to shoot up. Captain Hall calls them cones, or comets. I saw them rather in the shape of a hay-stack, the top of which was formed by a compact body of water, from which a thick spray descending, gave the outline of the sides.*

* This spray diverges, in descending, from the perpendicular line passing through the centre of the globular top, in an angle of forty-five degrees,—

Where the mist becomes thinner, you perceive the leaping and foaming surface; a little lower down the river, the surface becomes comparatively calm, yet is covered with one thick coat of foam, which extends a considerable distance down the river—farther on the Canada side than on the opposite,—forming what might be termed the snow-field of waters. It was to this snow-field that I endeavored to approach as near as possible, and if practicable to get into it, when I made the excursion mentioned above with Mr. Ingraham. I was desirous of determining the buoyancy of this foamy water by immersing my body in it; but the boatmen could not take us close enough up to it. I therefore went into the water some rods below the margin of the snow-field, intending to swim down to the Canada ferry house, but I met with two difficulties which interrupted my progress. The waves of the river, short, high and troublesome, without any real swell,—like the waves between breakers,—had, besides, the peculiarity that they did not throw over their foamy crest *with* the current, and, therefore, *from* the swimmer,—as the waves of the sea always throw over the crest with the *wind*,—but *against* the swimmer, owing to the extreme velocity of the current. The motion was at the same time violent; and it became as difficult to keep my breath as to struggle against these retrograde motions. The eddies in different directions were besides very numerous, and irresistible by human force: sometimes I would find myself on a spot at which the water boiled up from below, while at the surface it glided off in all directions, which made it difficult for me to work my body. I do not know whether it was alone the difficulty of swimming that gave me the feeling, or whether the water, not having discharged all the air, was sensibly less buoyant; certain it is that it seemed to me so. I have often swam in the sea and the surf, even near rocks and breakers, and having besides once proved by an uninterrupted swimming of three hours and a quarter, that I can stand great fatigue

sometimes in very distinct outlines; at others, they are dissolved in indistinct mist.—Editor.

in that way, you will believe me when I say that the difficulties were not slight. Yet if I go another time to visit the magnificent spectacle of the Cataract, I shall try to get in nearer toward the north-western end of the Crescent, where, as I said, the foam extends much lower down.—Here you have enough of my own personage. I once asked a compositor why he had an unusual quantity of the capital letter I in his case. "Sir," said he, "I am composing a book of travels." But what can a traveller do? he cannot speak in the third person as a Cesar or Napoleon.

I have often watched the different forms which the single parts composing this great phenomenon, adopt in falling. I succeeded nowhere better in doing this than at the south-western part of the Crescent, where I approached the foot of the Cataract as nearly as I could, without having my sight obstructed by the heavy spray. I was looking up nearly perpendicularly, and saw the water rolling over and descending a considerable distance in a green, transparent arch, the outside of which was rippled by the friction of the air. These ripples increased as the body of water fell, while the water itself began to divide. Soon it assumed the form to which all liquid strives, if left to itself —the globular, and looked like large crystal balls, of a much lighter dye than when it was united in one mass. These balls again subdivided into smaller ones, and became of course lighter in color with each subdivision, while the friction of the air caused particles of the surface to fly off as little satellites of spray. The balls now divided so much, that they appeared like drops of melted glass. You may have seen the exact appearance, in glass works, when drops of melted glass are allowed to fall into water, to produce Prince Rupert's drops. I was reminded at the time of these heavy drops, which deviate from the globular form by having a larger (lower) and a somewhat tapering (upper) end. The tapering end of the water-drop becomes thinner, and the color, from a state of transparency, changes to a white, owing to the intermixture of air, and a foam appears on the outside of the drops, which now assume the form of

descending comets, with a tail of foam, and compact body of water for its head. This soon splits, forms rapidly a number of other smaller comets, which gradually split again until they become mere spray. A part of this changes into mist, and rises out of the valley of roar and struggle. Like a heavy cloud it is sometimes seen hovering over the scene of contest, and, in fair weather, little clouds now and then detach themselves from the larger mass, and rise to unite themselves with some high cloud of the sky, as if to tell the tale of the fearful contest below, and to sail away with it to calmer regions.

The rise of the mist depends much upon the state of the weather, the wind, and the time of the day. A very heavy spray often rises out of the deep basin, draws over Table Rock and drenches the trees. My observations respecting the forms of the water in descending, apply, of course, only to the outer parts. In the centre those heavy masses are precipitated, which reach the water below entire and create the rumbling thunder which I mentioned. Behind the Central Fall, on Mr. Ingraham's path, I observed the same changes of forms, which, in fact, are very easily accounted for.

Here, at the foot of the south-eastern end of the Crescent, I heard again, and very clearly and distinctly, the third sound peculiar to the Falls. The deep roaring tone, with the thunders between, I have mentioned before; but if you go very near to the water, you hear now and then a shrill piercing sound very much like the horn or trumpet of one of our stage-coachmen, or of the guards of the mail, as I have heard them in London, when hurrying along the Strand. I have not found this peculiar noise of the cataract mentioned any where, yet I am sure that I do not deceive myself; for I have repeatedly noticed them, and found my observation confirmed by several other persons whose attention I had directed to the subject. It is necessary to listen with some attention, otherwise the sound is swallowed up by the overpowering general noise. It seems to me not difficult to explain it: among the endless forms which the water must adopt in this constant and violent motion, it can be easily

imagined, that sometimes a mass of water happens to include a quantity of compressed air, which, if opportunity offers, escapes through a small opening, producing this disagreeable shriek, well comparable to the trumpets of evil spirits sounding from the abyss of torment.

A staircase leads from the brink of the eastern bank, and a steep path from the top of the western bank to the ferry-houses below. I have suggested that, to save the trouble of descending and ascending, an apparatus should be constructed for hoisting visiters up and down in a large comfortable basket on iron chains. It is done in mines, why should it not be practicable here? and a fine view would be afforded by this means during the whole time of descent. Architects, when engaged in building high steeples, often resort to this means, when otherwise the superintending of the work might easily throw them into a consumption. I have seen the scene-painter of the Theatre Royal in Berlin flitting up and down in a seat of this kind.

Another staircase, leading from the brink of Goat Island to the water below, I have mentioned already. It has its name from Mr. Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, at whose expense it was erected; and though the expenses cannot have been small, it is an excellent investment, bringing interest such as few capitals do. No traveller can leave this sacred spot of nature without feeling grateful to Mr. Biddle, since, in fact, some of the best views and spots of observation have thus been rendered accessible to the traveller. The path behind the Central Fall, the walk to the foot of the south-eastern end of the Crescent, the best views of the Cataract from below, the true views of a waterfall, have thus been presented to us, because it is only by way of this staircase that we can reach the respective point, except by means of boats, which are troublesome and expensive.

Some of the best views of the Cataract are—from above, from Table Rock and Terrapin bridge,—at a distance, from the point where the path winds down from the brink of the Canada bank;—from below, from the ferry, where the stair-

case on the United States side reaches the rocks below, from the window of the Biddle Staircase, and at its foot. Quite at a distance, a noble prospect presents itself on a certain spot, about two miles from the Falls on the road to Lewiston. A vista through the forest gives you a view of the Cataract, and as all greatness, physical or moral, requires distance for its full impression, so also does the Cataract appear to you on this spot in still more solemn grandeur.

I went with a party to the whirlpool, where the waters abruptly turn from a north-westerly course, to a north-easterly, and so swift is the current that the water, sweeping round the corner of the ravine, actually does not find time to put itself on a level, so that you have before you the peculiar phenomenon of a river having in its middle a high water ridge, which I must consider from seven to eight feet high at least; for it can be seen very distinctly from the crest of the bank—here so high that large timbers in the river look like little sticks, and the waves of the rapids, which are very high, appear quite small.

There are yet many interesting subjects connected with Niagara—the Rapids, the Whirlpool, many vistas and phenomena which ought to be detailed, had I promised a picture or even a complete sketch. Take the whole I have given you as a hasty *croquis*, of which I have filled up certain parts only. The work of Mr. Ingraham will be so complete, that I should unnecessarily tax your time, were I to describe more. But however correct his work may be, certain it is that no description can give a satisfactory idea of many traits of the great Cataract. Sound, movement, color, form cannot be conveyed upon paper, so as to burst upon you like Niagara itself.

There have been fought some battles, even near Niagara, but they are not of sufficient importance to add an historical interest to the scene. It is essentially a phenomenon of nature, and if you view it as such in connexion with the whole chain of lakes and waters of the west, it will stand before you as one of the noblest works of nature which man can behold.

From the moment when you first see Niagara, to the hour when you leave it, one of the great characteristics with which it strikes the soul of man, is that like the sea or the Alps, it does and will exist without him. He cannot change it; it spurns his skill and power, nor does it heed thunder or season or time. The changes it undergoes are worked upon itself by its own unconquerable force.

Niagara besides uniting the characteristic of grave solemnity with that of continued and rapid motion, stands before you like a giant thing, alone but perfect in its construction. The sea affects us by its boundlessness, and its thousand historical and geographical associations; by its horror and destruction at some times, and its graceful movements and refreshing coolness at others, and by the depth of its womb filled with the elements of life; Niagara affects us by its power, its horror, its grace, and its gigantic beauty all united.

Where there is so much motion, so vast a subject presenting itself under such a variety of aspects, you cannot exhaust the interest of the subject, and of the new views and phenomena which are continually arising to your notice, and the longer you tarry the dearer Niagara becomes to you.

As Niagara is essentially a beauty of nature, and on a narrow spot in the new world, it is in my mind the counter picture to the view which I enjoyed from the tower of Acrocorinth, which, indeed, is one of the finest on earth for natural scenery; yet it is history which mainly bursts upon you there, as nature at Niagara. I have been, I think, the first traveller since Sir George Wheler, who has entered the castle of the Acrocorinth and given a public account of it.* Wheler visited the castle at about 1680, and I was there in February of 1821. Have you read the description I gave in my journal on Greece? Perhaps not; here it is:

* The jealousy of the Turks allowed no foreigner to visit the Acrocorinth as long as they had the sway over Greece. The author visited that country soon after the expulsion of the Turks: Sir Wheler travelled in the Morea when it was in the power of Venice.—Editor.

"The view from this tower richly rewarded me for my trouble. I have spoken several times in this small volume of beautiful prospects, but why should I not do it here again, when the country is so rich in them!—It is true, what Strabo says, that in the north you have a view of the high and white Helicon and Parnassus, with their long and beautifully delineated chains, upon which rests the softening azure haze or ether of a southern climate. In the west extends the Bay of Corinth as far as Crissa, along it the ridge of Cithæron, and the Alcyonian Sea with the Olmiæan Promontory. In the east the Saronic Gulf washes the islands of Salamis and Ægina, toward the north-east, the shores of Attica. There were before us Pentelicus, Hymettus, and Laurion, even down to the Cape of Sunium. The day was serene; we could discern the Acropolis. In the south I looked far into the territory of the Argives, in the west I saw Achaia and Sicyonia. In one view around me I beheld the spots where the best art, science and valor of favored Greece had dwelt and flourished.

"Beautiful as the extraordinary view was from this chosen spot, justly sacred to Helius, the god of the sun—of light and beauty, it was not less instructive for a clear geographical perception. The many peaks and mountains, with distinguishing forms, afford you convenient points for so vast a panorama, and after a short time you are enabled to impress upon your mind a very distinct image. What a field we viewed! Sicyonia, Achaia, Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, Megara, Attica, Salamis, Ægina, Argolis and Corinth, and beneath us the Isthmus with Lechæum and Cenchreæ, and the spot where the ivy and pine rewarded the Isthmian victor."—History was concentrated here as art is in the *Tribuna* in Florence. Greece lay around me like one great epic, while Niagara is like a powerful ode, a rhapsody in which nature herself has seized the mighty harp and plays a rapturous tune.

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